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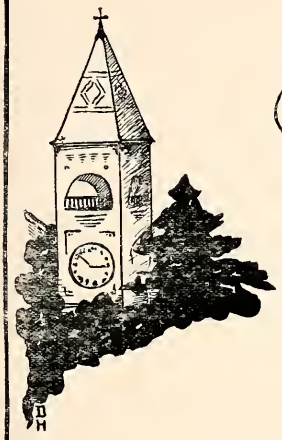
The Carontawan

Alias

"The Little Town on the Hill"

MANSFIELD STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY
MANSFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

"A jolly good book
where-in to look is better
to me than gold."



Greeting

If you should "con" some evening,
O'er these pages, "all alone"—
And, dreaming, "see the faces"
Of the friends, that you have known;
Should sudden, tender, memories
Go singing thru your heart,
Should the long, long dreams of youth-time
Spring to life, while tear drops start;
Should your love of Mother Mansfield
Make life seem more true and wide
And you gently—turned these pages—
Then—
We would be satisfied!

—E. Manley.

27003

TO
WILLIAM RINGGOLD STRAUGHN, Ph. D.,
PRINCIPAL.

In recognition of his worth as head of the school and as a sincere friend of the class of Nineteen Eighteen, we affectionately dedicate this book.

WILLIAM RINGGOLD STRAUGHN

WILLIAM RINGGOLD STRAUGHN, Ph. D.

Dr. Straughn, the subject of our sketch, was born April 23, 1882, in Mardella Springs, Wicomico county, Maryland. He is the son of Reverend John Lee Straughn, a Methodist minister.

His early education he received in the public schools of Maryland and Delaware, later entering Baltimore City College, from which he was graduated with honors in 1902. From City College he entered Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he was graduated in 1905. While taking his post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins he taught in the public schools of Baltimore, and in Baltimore City College, later going to Millersville (Pa.) State Normal School as head of the department of English and Pedagogy. There he remained for six years—the last two years as assistant to the Principal. In 1908 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Kansas City University.

While at Millersville he was elected City Superintendent of Schools in DuBois, Pa., remaining about two and a half years, until elected Principal of Mansfield Normal.

He is a member of the American Political Science Association, of the Johns Hopkins Club, and of a number of literary organizations.

For several years he was a reporter on Baltimore daily newspapers. He is an occasional writer for magazines, both of poetry and prose. His first book, "Home Authors—Pennsylvania," is a literature of this State.

Dr. Straughn lectures at Teachers' Institutes, High School Commencements, and on special occasions. On literary and educational questions he is within his realm and holds a unique place. Among the leading educators of the State he stands as a potent factor.

By his prudence Mansfield Normal under his leadership has made marvelous strides and has taken her place on the pinnacle with similar institutions.

Dr. Straughn is a profound, broad and keen thinker, and a man of liberal thought. His affable manner, his generous desire to aid the humblest student are at all times in evidence. He is held in high esteem by every person in the school, and to us he will ever be known as a wise counselor and a true friend.

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EDITORIAL

THE "CARONTAWAN" MAKES ITS FIRST APPEARANCE.

For many years past the various Classes had raised the question of a class annual. The seed of that thought has at last grown into a huge tree that now yields her matured fruit. The Class of Nineteen Eighteen, willing to bear the burden, grasped the suggestion of former classes, fondled and grappled with it, and at last made the dreams of all previous classes a reality by undertaking the stupendous task of publishing a Class Annual. The completion of this publication is the consummate wish of the Senior Class. We trust that as time rolls on no less shall be said of all future classes.

Immediately after the selection of the Board the preliminary steps incident to this publication were taken up and at the same time the task readily came within our comprehension. No time was lost in reaching a wise solution of the problem involved. The Board in beginning their duties were confronted with many complex entanglements that were slowly and logically effaced only by keen diplomacy. The means of financing our project was the question of moment. Despite this perplexing phase of the work of publication rational plans were established and a definite course pursued. As a result progress and a successful completion of this issue free from all incumbrances were soon in evidence and our efforts were crowned with success in every department of the book, which to us gives much gratification.

During the progress of the work the Board sustained a great loss in the death of James O'Brien, Business Manager. Mr. O'Brien was a young man of great intellectual quality and of rare ability. His whole heart and soul were enveloped in the completion of the class book. No service was too great for him to render; work to him was a pleasure. The absence of his aid and cheerful counsel has been keenly felt. Fortunately his assistant and successor, Donald Arnold, full of vim and determination took up the unfinished task that remained before him and proved worthy of his exalted position on the staff.

We alone do not wish to covet all the praise for the completion of this annual, but take pride in sharing with those who in an especial, or in an humble manner, assisted in the work. For their kind assistance we desire to thank all those who in any manner contributed toward the publication and wish to express our deep appreciation.

The prevalent harmony and the kind spirit of co-operation which obtained in the class have been a potent influence in the perfection of our plans. Ready and united assistance were always available. This is quite in keeping with the spirit of the times, in fact, it exemplifies more fittingly the true and innate spirit of Americanism. A persistent endeavor to accomplish great things seems to be the dominant thought of the class. We shall do well to foster this motive in the great tasks that shall follow as a sequence to our school life, remembering at all times to do it well or not at all.

In presenting this volume we trust that no person will take offense from any portion of its contents. Nothing derogatory to the standing and preeminence of any person, either by word or inference, is intended as part or parcel of our motive and thought.

THE SPIRIT OF 1918.

"One of O. Henry's finest stories is 'Roads of Destiny.' The central thought is that but one conclusion is reached from given conditions, no matter if one follows different routes. Try as one will, if he pursues his inclinations he is sure to come to the same end.

How many realize the inexorable laws of life? How much is left to chance? One will be what he has prepared himself to be, if he pursues his inclinations. Some students do not realize the value of the preparatory period spent in school. They assert, with an air of unconcern, that they will later make up the time wasted; but they cannot. They would sow pleasures now—butterfly pleasures—and reap profits; but they do not. They would leave to others the cares that now appear as burdens, and arise on the morrow to find that these same cares have become the responsibilities that develop men and women of character.

I recall, from boyhood's memories, the chorus of an old temperance campaign song, which runs something like this:

"Oh, you pumpkin head, that's what the people said;
Oh, you pumpkin head, yes you are!
You sowed a field of pumpkin seed; yes you did.
You planted it and 'tended it; 'deed you did.
Then down upon your marrow bones, night and morn,
You prayed both late and early for a field of corn."

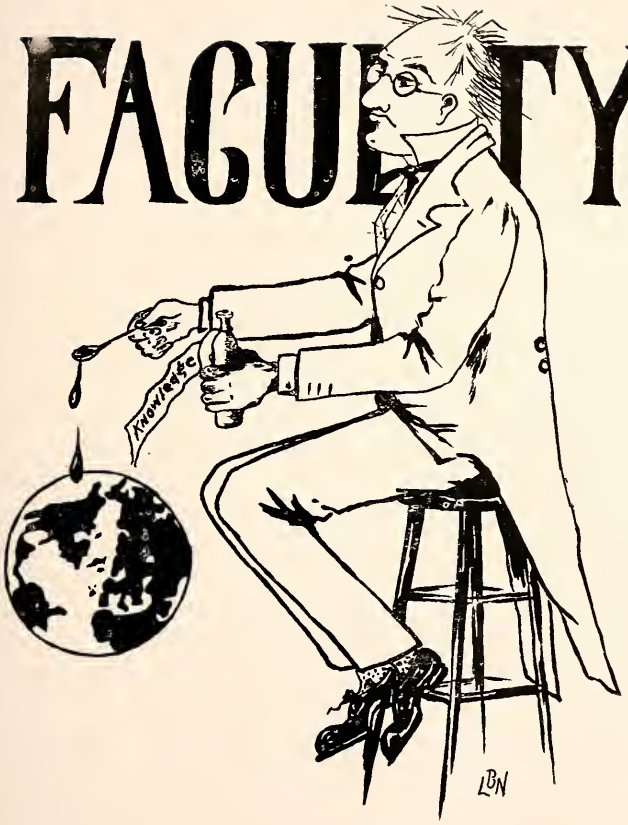
Do you know what he reaped? Even a city boy can answer that. Of what use were all the prayers of the farmer? Even God himself could not grow corn from pumpkin seed. And yet boys and girls still try to grow a successful life out of a dissipated preparation.

These are the times that call for the best in us in order to preserve ourselves, our traditions, our faith, our future. The class of 1918 finds itself presenting its individual talents to the professional and business world at the critical period of our National history when some of America's best talent, drawn from the industries of peace and trained anew for the business of war, is being sacrificed (not in vain) on the battlefields of Europe. Have you fittingly prepared yourselves to meet the test?

The successful completion of this class book—the first of its kind in the history of the school—is an indication of your spirit of enterprise. You can, with loyalty and confidence, point to this book as a perpetual memorial to the spirit of your class. It is more than a book. It is an ideal, an achievement, a sign-post on the road of destiny."

—W. R. Straughn.

FACULTY



"Achievement, of whatever kind, is the crown of effort."

Speed on your way.
Nor stay
To note the critic's frown,
To heed the flatterer's smile.
But if in some sad heart
Thou canst smite sorrow down,
Then tarry there awhile.

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

"We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

"O man! thou who art honored above all other of God's creatures with Image, with Intellect, and with spirit, study to merit this distinction by striving to gain His daily approval of thy living."

FACULTY OF 1917-18

WILLIAM R. STRAUGHN, Ph. D., Principal.
Baltimore City College, Johns Hopkins University, University of Kansas City.
ETHICS, SOCIOLOGY.

Our Principal, whom we love and respect more deeply than he can ever know. There is no greater tribute we can offer than this—his wisdom, his love for us, his untold patience, the purity and uprightness of character as manifested in the life he lives, has been one of the greatest influences for good that has ever entered our lives.

HERBERT GRANT, B. Sc.
Vice Principal.
Columbia University.
PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY.

He guided us thru the mazes of Physics "Lab" and Chemistry as only a man like Professor Grant could. He has the respect and love of every one of us. We have felt the influence of the life he has lived and because of him we are better, truer, young people.

HARVEY J. VAN NORMAN, B. S.
Cornell University.
GRAMMAR, FRENCH, BOOKKEEPING.

We can never forget Professor Van Norman, of our faculty His sterling character, his sense of justice, his courtliness of manner and his faith in us has endeared him to the hearts of all M. S. N. S. students.

GEORGE W. CASS. A. M.
Dickinson College
HISTORY, HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

When "the time that we were Seniors" has long slipped into the "yesterdays", there will be a warm glow about the hearts of countless Normalites when they recall Professor Cass. His cheeriness, his interest, and his wholesouled generosity has meant much to us.

ALICE HORTON DOANE
Syracuse University.
LATIN.

We wish that in some way we could express to her just what she has meant to us and what high esteem we have held and will always hold her. Gentleness of manner, a brilliant intellect and a friend to everyone of us.

GEORGE BENNETT STRAIT, B. S.
Syracuse University.
AGRICULTURE, BOTANY, ARITHMETIC.

A man, whom we hold in greatest esteem; a teacher, of things more vital to us than facts found in books; a friend who we trust and love; an example of truthful living and nobleness of character; Professor Strait.

"Few know, how much one has to know, in order to know, how little one knows."

Forenoon and afternoon and night—
The empty song repeats itself.
Yea that is life: Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer
And Time is conquered and thy crown is won.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

"Oh sir: I must not tell my age.
They say women and music should never be dated."

"Time and tide wait for no man, neither does a real man wait for time or tide."

"In order to be strong mentally, we must be strong physically."

CHARLES A. PLATT, A. M., Ph. D.

Ohio Northern University, Grove City College.

Well do we remember our former teacher of Psychology! His individuality, good fellowship and uprightness has left so deep an impression on us all that we would consider this book incomplete without him.

ANNA LORETTE ROSE, A. B.

George Washington University.

GERMAN, ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

A woman of high ideals, a teacher of excellence and great enthusiasm. To her has come a revelation of the part woman may play in this world crisis—and in Red Cross work she has revealed to us the plan.

GERTRUDE M. ALLEN.

Mansfield State Normal, Emerson College of Oratory.

HEAD OF ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT.

A friend, in whom all confidences are sacred. We love her; her whole-souled interest and enthusiasm in whatever we undertake has endeared her to all of us. She has added much to our memories of glad M. S. N. S. days.

S. J. SEKOL.

Scranton-Lackawanna Business College.

PENMANSHIP.

He guided us thru the mysterious penstrokes and mazes of all we found connected with the Palmer System. He knew his profession well and thru him we learned courtesy and thoroughness.

ASTRID NYGREN.

Freeport Normal, Emerson College of Oratory.

ASSISTANT IN ELOCUTION.

She came to us this year and her sunny disposition immediately won us over. As assistant in the Elocution Department she has done much for the course in making it interesting and profitable to us.

GEORGIA LOCKE HOAG.

Syracuse University, Cornell University.

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF PIANO.

"Little Miss Hoag", whose ready wit, kindliness of nature, and talent has won her many friends among the students. We love to hear her play, for no one can play quite so wonderfully. We can't forget her either.

RONALD C. KICHLINE, A. B.

Ursinus College.

GEOLOGY, ASTRONOMY, ECONOMICS, ATHLETIC COACH.

Our Coach, our well beloved Coach! Loyalty—loyalty to the Black and Red and loyalty to the man who has been back of each hard fought game on football field or gym floor, is what the students of M. S. N. S. offer because of him.

Each for the joy of working,
Each in his separate star,
Shall draw the things as he sees them
For the God of things as they are.

There is but one happiness—That is Duty.
There is but one consolation—That is Work
There is but one delight—The Beautiful.

I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all.
And every winter change to spring.

Yesterday is but a Dream.
To-morrow is only a Vision.
But To-day well lived,
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distrubute.

LAURA WHEELER.
Syracuse University.
FREEHAND DRAWING, PAINTING, BASKETRY,
SENIOR METHODS IN DRAWING.

Miss Wheeler came to us at the beginning of our Senior year and an ever-willing, helpful and enthusiastic teacher she has been to us. We cannot thank her enough for the interest she has shown and the real effort put forth toward making our "Carontawan" worth while.

STELLA DOANE.
Mansfield State Normal.
PRECEPTRESS, LIBRARIAN.

Our preceptress! Whose wise judgment, great patience and large heartedness will always cause her to be remembered by the class of 1918. Proud may the school be who has such a woman at its head.

MRS. JENNIE FARRER AVERY.
Mansfield State Normal
ASSISTANT IN MODEL SCHOOL, CRITIC.

Mrs. Avery, whose unfailing patience has made us better teachers, whose thoroughness and originality have been a marvel to us all and whose classes we looked forward to with eager expectation. Memory of you shall ever linger with us.

JESSIE GRIGSBY, B. Pd.
Mansfield State Normal.
ASSISTANT IN MODEL SCHOOL, CRITIC.

Miss Grigsby, who has the love and respect of every girl in the school. Her quiet, sweet and unassuming manner has had a marked influence on every one of us. Quiet strength is in her voice and supreme faith shines from her eyes.

MILDRED GRIGSBY.
Mansfield State Normal.
CRITIC, ASSISTANT IN MODEL SCHOOL.

She has patience unlimited, and our blunders in Model School have been less tragic because of her kind and quiet sympathy and supervision; and because of this we will always remember her.

C. BERNARD KEIM.
Wooster University Conservatory, Pupil Herbert Greene,
American School of Normal Methods, Directors Music Department,
Public School Music, Berry School Instructor.

Because Professor Keim has meant so much to us, because his quiet faith and unassuming manner showed us how truly great he was, we of the class of 1918 feel this year book would not be complete without him.

And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermon in stone, and good in everything.

"Give us calmness of mind and steadfastness of purpose."

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions
think."

"Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old;
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly."

ELSIE FARNHAM, MUS. B.

Syracuse University.

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ORGAN.

Miss Farnham, sweet, straight-forward, Miss Farnham. Indeed we love her, both for her own sweet self and for the wonderful melodies her fingers evoke. We know her as one of the best loved of M. S. N. S. teachers.

EDNA YOUNG BOND.

Pratt Institute, School of Kindergarten Training (Froebel).

A favorite with both faculty and students is Miss Bond. To those who have had the good fortune to be in her classes, she has been an inspiration toward high ideals and thorough efficiency.

Note:—Her gowns are really the envy of every "Normal" girl.

OLIVE STRYKER FARWELL

William Smith Institute, Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Stryker, "dear little Miss Stryker," whom all the girls adored! Cupid was on the job, however, and now it's no longer Miss Stryker, but Mrs. Farwell and we know her no more as a teacher.

REX DIMMICK.

Mansfield State Normal.

PRINCIPAL MODEL SCHOOL.

Professor Dimmick's funny stories in critic meeting, his patience with our fumbled teaching methods and his never-failing optimism are golden links in our chain of M. S. N. S. recollectons. We have received from him desired material with which to build up our teaching profession.

MRS. ELLA G. HOAG.

NURSE.

Our sick days at M. S. N. S. carry with them a remembrance of smiling Mrs. Hoag, whose aspirin tablets have cured our colds and whose liniments have eased our pains. Those cures for homesickness will never be forgotten.

MRS. HERBERT GRANT.

Mansfield State Normal.

ASSISTANT IN MODEL SCHOOL, CRITIC.

Mrs. Grant; sweet, well beloved, adored Mrs. Grant. Her's is the admiration and loyalty of every M. S. N. S. girl and boy. Her Model School teachers are never tired speaking her praises. May Mansfield know her for many years to come.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

"There is a balm for hearts o'er laden
In the magic of the brew.
Though one may dream of days to come
And one, of long ago."

"For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had.
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad."

"The man who is true to the present, is true to his best; and the soul that wins the ground immediately before it, makes life a triumph.

"What one fool can do, another can."

MARION VAIL.

Mansfield State Normal.

PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"Attention! Hands on hips! Place!" Will we ever forget it, and will we ever forget the delightful person who uttered the words. No, never! Our "gym" teacher will live in our memories.

SADIE SMITH.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Miss Smith has been with us only two terms, but we have already learned how indispensable she is in these present times of food conservation. There remains in our minds a lasting impression of a countenance always beaming with a smile.

OLIN DECKER.

Mansfield State Normal.

MANUAL TRAINING, MECHANICAL DRAWING.

He left Mansfield, larger things called him; but we remember him and his good natured smile, and so we wish him to be shown this token of our regard.

WILL GEORGE BUTLER, MUS. DOC.

Mansfield Normal School, University State of New York,

Pupil of Jacobsohn and Musin.

HEAD OF MUSIC DEPARTMENT

VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS

DIRECTOR OF ORCHESTRA.

Dr. Butler, whose name counts for so much in the musical world and of whom we are so very proud. He has done much for Mansfield. The music of his own violin and the music of those men and women he has brought to our school has done much for us. We honor him.

MAYME ROGERS.

Mansfield State Normal.

CIVICS, GEOGRAPHY.

Miss Rogers, the best loved of all chaperons, jolly, quick-witted and able. Robin Hood picnics, Oakwood excursions, find her much in demand. Her smile is ever ready to flash out at you.

F. E. RUPERT, A. M.

Hobart College, University Michigan, University Wisconsin.

MATHEMATICS.

We can't forget him! For it has been his optimism, his patience, his sympathy and neverfailing encouragement that made the thorny path of mathematics less hard for us. He has taught the lesson of cheerful living. We are better because of him.

"To give! To give without hope of recompense, without question, without fear! That is the message of life."

"Would you win success in life?
Always do your very best;
God and time will do the rest."

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

MYRON DEILEY.

Mansfield State Normal School, Boston University.

RHETORIC, SPANISH, FRENCH.

Professor Deiley's French and Spanish classes have been a source of pleasure to us all and we feel that in the future, when we are asked, "Parlez-vous francais?", we shall cheerfully respond, "Oui, oui, monsieur."

VIVIAN REYNOLDS.

Rutger's College; Teachers' College, Columbia.

Miss Reynolds, who supervises wriggly little animals in the Model School and shows them how to operate their vocal organs, very thorough and conscientious is she in all of her work.

ELSIE BACH.

STENOGRAPHER.

Miss Bach, who set us straight when we were Juniors, who kept the mysterious Book of Marks and whom we all speedily learned to regard as a friend. Generous-hearted and always good-natured Elsie Bach.

HELEN REDCAY.

Mansfield State Normal.

Model School Critic.

A person evidently favored by the gads—for magic lies in her finger tips; a few strokes of her pencil and behold a masterpiece. The body of Model School faculty would not be complete without her. She shows great interest in the various affairs and activities of the students.

MISS HUTCHESON.

BOOKKEEPER.

Systematic as her work is Miss Hutcheson. She it is who makes out "those awful bills" that we somehow incur. We ,like Miss Hutcheson, she makes those frequent excursions to the office less dreaded.

VIVIAN ASTON.

Institute of Music Art, New York; Pupil of Edward Stronk;
Newcombe School of Music, New Orleans.

VOICE.

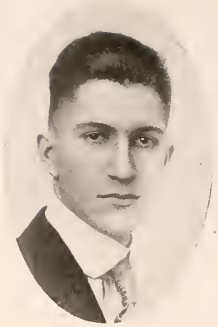
That soft Southern voice has charmed us all. Miss Aston's willingness to play for "gym" dances has won her our admiration and lasting gratitude.

S.N.S.
Seniors
Culture
Character
Scholarship
Service
1918

HARTLEY DEAN Wellsburg, N. Y.

Emersonian Society; Varsity Football; President af Senior Class.

Our Worthy President! Look at him! That patrician brow! Those deep-set eyes! That aristocratic nose And forgive him these, he can't help it, and he wouldn't give a flip if he smashed the first, or cracked the last, or blacked the other. He has one failing—for a yellow-haired, blue-eyed impulsive little Senior Girl. The most conspicuous things about him are, first, longheadness, and second, long-leggedness. He is an all-round man; athletics, "Lit" work, studies and social duties all claim a part of his time. He's dignified, efficient and responsible. We're proud of our president.



ANNA B. Austin W. Pittston, Pa.

Athenaean Society, Membership Committee.

"That reminds me," says Anna and off she starts —there's no use trying to stop her, she can't be stopped. To look at her you'd never dream it, but we assure you she'd rather talk than eat. Got a toothache? Hie yourself to Anna. Got a grouch? She'll cure it. A better heart never beat under a middy blouse than Anna's. Being such a talker she loves to "Elocute", and record has it that she has in time past been requested to omit certain voice exercises during study hours. Luck go with you, Anna B.

THEODORE AYRES Rendham, Pa.

"Ted"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club; Scrub Basketball, Scrub Football.

Theodore is a wonderful boy; to look at him you would almost think him intelligent, but on second thought you would say with Browning, "Surely nature hath made strange broomsticks in her day". Goodnatured and happy is Ted; there is one thing he simply can't do and that's study. Still Ted is an ardent student of "Life", as frequenters of the library can testify. Theodore has hair that sets the girls wild with envy, but he doesn't go in much for co-education, so it doesn't bother him at all.

RUBY ANDRUS Burlington, Pa.

Combine fluffy yellow hair, round baby-blue eyes, pink cheeks and a quaint, quizzical smile, with a slightly romantic turn of mind, an avowed hatred of all things in a Science Laboratory, and you have Ruby. She's quiet and still she isn't. She is the kind you can best imagine in a big bungalow apron with a spoon in one hand and a fudge pan in the other, and still we do not even know if she can cook. She is more or less of a conundrum, and as yet she hasn't been solved.

DONALD ARNOLD Mount Lick, W. Va.

"Tuckey", "Don"

Alta Petens Society; Basketball, Varsity Football; Senior Class Treasurer; Assistant Business Manager of Carontawan; Class Will.

"Tuckey" hails from the lumber camps of West Virginia, and a more quiet (?), bashful (?), little fellow never set foot on a Normal campus. Indiana ws not good enough for him, so he wisely came to us, woe unto the susceptible hearts of certain blue-eyed maidens, for "Tuckey" favors brown when it comes to eyes, and we have it on good authority that such a pair exists in Scranton. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that so far this year "Don" has remained heart-whole and fancy-free.

HOLLEY ASHCRAFT Westfield, Pa.

"Petey Dink"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club; Scrub Football, Varsity Basketball; Organization Editor of Carontawan.

This is "Petey Dink", or, simply call him "Petey", it makes no difference to him, for let us whisper it gently, in some things he is simply "Batty". Out of the Cowanesque Valley he comes, wearing both football and basketball laurels cocked rakishly over his ears. He doesn't say very much, but he expresses a great deal with a slightly condescending amused grin which is a puzzle to all. "Petey's" idea of Heaven is a mixture of tennis courts, gym floors. and racquets; give him these and he is supremely happy.

ELEANOR BATTENBERG Scranton, Pa.
"Batty"

Philomethean Society; Captain Girls' Basketball;

This is "Batty", and if we tried to enumerate all her good points we'd have to print this book in two volumes, so we desist. "Batty's" face is round and rosy. She makes you think of Cream of Wheat advertisements. Health and fun just bubble out of "Batty". Of all the merry "Ha, Ha's" that echo thru the hall, "Batty's" is the merriest. Though you be a Diogenes, you can't help smiling when "Batty" winks a dimple at you. Blue Devils breathe their last at her approach. Here's to "Batty", bless her.

EMMA BEACH Columbia X Roads, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

The maiden with the bright brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

A better-hearted, more whole-souled girl never lived. Nothing is ever too much trouble for Emma. She is a faithful and conscientious student. She has the rare ability of remaining agreeable and sweet when everyone else is grouchy. Faithful to the end is Emma, loyal, big-hearted, true-blue.

PAULINE BENNETT New Milford, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

This is Pauline. We sometimes think she is teetotally disgusted with us and life in general. But be that as it may, we have to admit that she's wise with the wisdom of sages; she vows she has found the way to uplift all (man-) kind, namely, thru the course of least resistance. "Thus only," says Pauline, "can you get at a man's heart, and, as it is an established fact that the way to that organ is thru his stomach, take therefore this way, and proceed to uplift him." No need to say that Pauline is a Senior in Domestic Science.

ELSIE BIDDLEMAN Factoryville, Pa.

Athenaean Society, Athenaean Contributor.

BRAINS! WHEW! She looks innocent enough, but looks are most deceiving in the case of this fair-haired, blue-eyed slip of a tning. She knows everything that a normal person should know, and some that abnormal persons don't know. And still she's as human as any of the rest of us. She torments her bosom friends until they yell in self-defense and then she sits back on her heels and grins. And with it all she is just as sweet and obliging and tender-hearted as one could wish. (Can't tell any more, space limited.)

CLIFFORD BALCH Westfield, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

This easy-going individual hails from Westfield. Would you think him capable of a "dirty, measly trick"? Well he is, for we have it on record that last year he actually cheated State Board men out of their perfectly ligitimate right of torturing him. How? Ask him if he didn't oppo tunely develop a case of measles on the Sunday of that auspicious week, thereby causing himself to be removed to the hospital and fed on toast and marmalade. Clifford had an affair of the heart once which accounts for his dreamy expression.

LOUISE BARNHARDT Elmira. N. Y.

Athenaean Society; President Glee Club; Assistant Art Editor Carontawan.

This is Louise. Louise of the red cheeks. Louise of the bright eyes. Louise, the gifted. Her fingers have magic in them, gentle reader, if you don't believe it, look thru these pages, searching for the tiny letters L. B. Louise can knit. Louise can sing. Louise can draw. There isn't anything Louise can't do. We have only one fault to find with her and that is, she looks so much like St. Cecilia that she's fooled the faculty as regards her real character, and this we maintain is a grievous sin.

DORIS BARTLE Mansfield, Pa.

The quietest, most demure little girl in the class. She's a reserved little thing, you don't get to know her in a minute. A sweet lovable disposition is hers; she's industrious by nature, and is a faithful student. Doris has that quiet, unassuming manner that never fails one in the accomplishment and aim of purpose. Here's to you, Doris, luck go with you!

MANDERVILLE BARTLE Mansfield, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

"The man with the violin", that is Manderville Bartle; and within him we believe there are the sparks of that which we call genius. We can't forget his music; it appeals too directly to our hearts. He is a quiet fellow, quietly observing and quietly going about his own affairs. Ever ready is he to help out with any program, be it a Y. M. musical number or a literary meeting. He's a valuable fellow; here's to Manderville.

GERTRUDE BATCHELLER Knoxville, Pa.

"Gerty," "Trudie"

Emersonian Society.

"Celestial pools of light", "gray shadow wells", call them anything you wish, you can't describe them. When she was a Junior she was known as "The girl with the wonderful eyes," and the name still sticks. As a safeguard against the possible results of such eyes, Providence gave her her last name. A mighty good student is "Trudie", but we never see her working. She is one of the lucky few who do not have a hollow feeling when Model School time comes round.

GORDON BAILEY Elkland, Pa.

Athenaean Society; Music Editor; Orchestra, Glee Club.

Attention please! This is Gordon! Behold his physiognomy. What? Who IS Gordon? Well don't you know? Of all gross ignorance! He is the one and only such being existant; his socks and ties are the last word in color harmony! His fingers evoke most wonderful melodies from instruments that have pipes and pedals, and flat and sharp keys. He is generally found sitting on a bench in the fifth floor corridor of North Hall. Some day we expect he'll be a matinee idol with bushels of notes and flowers from the maidens whose hearts he has enthralled. Meanwhile we cherish him as our budding genius and wish him all the luck in the world.

MARGUERITE BROBSON Scranton, Pa.

"Marge"

She's known as "Marge", and she lives in Scranton, and among her many, many faults she cherishes a hideous one. She LOVES to study, gentle reader, she LOVES it, the one redeeming feature about her is that she doesn't care who knows it. She studies everything from Sociology to Zoology, but her specialty is French. Her idea of future happiness consists of a large white house, filled with French furniture, French windows and a French husband. We hope you get the whole "caboodle", "Marge", and luck go with you.

NETTIE BURT Ulysses, Pa.

"Peg"

Emersonian Society.

Look at her! Just look at her! Does she seem to you a MAID MYSTERIOUS. You can't always sometimes tell! If you'd ask even her closest friends if Nettie ever took even the slightest interest in coeducation, they'd promptly and decidedly answer you, "NO". But—then—how do you explain the little letter which regularly as we get breadpudding on Saturdays, appears each noon in the mailbags? No one ever got a peep at those letters and no one ever expects to. Beware of this Maid Mysterious.

ANNA BEVERIDGE — Avoca, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

Here is "Nan". We like her! She stars in German and, oh, how she loves it (?). We almost think she might teach it, but we are informed by a reliable personage that she has already specialized in "drugs", and her mind is made up and nothing can change it. Even-tempered is "Nan". Her eyes betray her thoughts, sometimes—those far-a-way dreamy expressions—but we have the key to them all, it's "drugs", pure and simple, and still we don't think she's "doped". We all have our favorite beverage, but here's a rare draught for the "Dutch".

ELIZABETH BRAINARD — Mansfield, Pa.

A quiet and modest maiden is Elizabeth, with eyes of brown and lips that look like real red cherries. We have heard that they have been mistaken by many a youth for the luscious fruit, but he has found out only too soon that they were the forbidden kind. Of all her studies Elizabeth likes her Spanish best. Here's good luck to you, Maid of the Cherry Lips, but do not become so absorbed in Spanish Literature that you lose your affections in a distant Cuban home.

MARGARET BRAINARD — Mansfield, Pa.

There was a maid in Mansfield town
And she was wondrous wise,
She knew the quirks and little ways
That blind a poor man's eyes.
In tennis togs and rubber soles
She seemed to him a dream—
She played the game; he rudely found
Life was not what it seemed,
For when he found the game was up,
With all his might and main
He dived into the reservoir—
He's not been seen again.

LOUISE BLAIR Mansfield, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

Louise is goodlooking, her eyes are brown and her hobby is coeducation. Some of us have still memories of a 9:15 Geometry class and the beautiful propositions which she so gracefully applied to the blackboard, and which she so disdainfully condescended to explain for our benefit. Louise never smiles—she grins. Her chief problem seems to be how to fill two "dates" at once and be in two places at the same time, and rumor has it that on several times she has succeeded in accomplishing that difficult stunt.

GLADYS BLAIR Mansfield, Pa.

Not very tall, not very short, not very thick and not very thin; brown, wavy hair and big brown eyes; that is Gladys. She would make you think more of a brown-eyed Susan than any other flower. She is not a wall-flower either. She likes the outdoor life as all wild flowers do and she does not dread cold wintry winds or deep drifted snows because she has a "Frost" near her both summer and winter.

HELEN CASSE Mansfield, Pa.

Her very name signifies light and we believe that is why her hair is of the shade which most people call red, but although we know it is only auburn, we have to admit that it has dazzled the eyes of one youth to the extent that he bought diamonds for the fourth finger of her left hand. This same hair has lighted the way of many another youth, but we don't wonder they like her, for she is jolly and gay. She has the least bit of spunk, but what good is auburn hair if it does not have the qualities that go with it.

AGNES CHILSON Mansfield, Pa.

We don't know Agnes very well—some of us—she hides behind a wall of quiet reserve, and makes—we know this to be true—the most wonderful medallions and laces, and embroideries. Her fingers are never idle, and neither are her brains. Mere man doesn't interest her—yet, but you never can tell. Cupid does unexpected things sometimes. Success and happiness go with you, Agnes C.

ALICE CANFIELD Mansfield, Pa.

"Alice of Wonderland", we call her, tho she is just Alice of Mansfield. She is known well and liked by all in the town where she's spent her tender years. Once you behold her sunny countenance you won't forge it. Her brown eyes are full of kindness, and Alice is always happiest when she is doing for others. She's not much interested in the other sex, but in these war times who can tell but what she'll lose her heart to a soldier boy?

NORMAN CHAPMAN Genesee.

"Chappy," "Charlie Chaplin"

Emersonian Literary Society.

This is "Chappy". Look at him! Look at his ears! We are proud of those ears. For did not an experimental pyschologist take especial notice of them last year. He dubbed them "affectionate", and we've cherished them ever since. Round and rosy is our "Chappy" and ever happy as the day is long. He has one possession which is dearer to him than life itself. What is it? Ask "Chappy" what his favorite song is and he will tell you, "That Old Cornet of Mine".

HELEN CLARKE — Thompson, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

"A Modern Priscilla". That's Helen; her prim little ways take us back to the days of Priscilla Alden, but we doubt if she had the brains that our Priscilla has, tucked away in her small head. Neatness is Helen's middle name. Willing always to help, goodnatured as the day is long. She's pretty careful where heartstrings are concerned, she doesn't let them float about indiscriminately, but one did manage to get caught, in a Cupid's Love Knot (We know she denies this, but it's truth, so let it stand.)

VERA CARTER — Old Forge, Pa.

Philomethean Literary Society; Glee Club.

"Brown eyes, with the wondrous sparkling charm." Her lashes bring despair to every girl and heart failure to many a boy. Her dancing is sensational as her hair is black and curly. A merry, sunshiny disposition is Vera's; 'twould be hard to find a girl more full of pep and whole-souled good-heartedness. There's something contagious about her that goes to make her a favorite in both North and South Hall.

ELIZABETH CORNELIUS — Tioga, Pa.

"Betty"

Alta Petens Society, Orchestra, Glee Club.

We asked Helen to give us some material on Betty and one day when she happened to remark to "Don" that she had no idea what to write, that young man fell back in utter amazement and ejaculated, "Good Gosh! You could write themes and themes on a girl with THOSE eyes." At 11 a. m. you will find Betty doing the only studying she ever does, huddled up in front of the radiator with her Latin grammar on her knees. She loves to dance and she loves to do dare-devil things in spite of the fact that she's invariably caught doing them. All boys like her.

LINN CARD — **Sylvania, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

We asked, "What are Linn's characteristics? Tell us something we can work into his write-up." They hemmed and hawed and then every last one of them said, "Well, I don't know, but he took Domestic Science last year." So you see Linn is noted in this respect. Linn has brains and class rooms have no power to strick terror into his soul. He's a generous fellow, quiet and good-natured. We wish him loads of success and we know he'll get it.

HAZEL CLEVELAND — **Covington, Pa.**

"Ten after eight!" "Never mind, I don't care if I am late to classes." This lateness is Hazel's one besetting sin. "Better late than never", is her slogan Hazel is a good sport and she has many friends. At one time it was thought that Hazel would not finish school, but would be teaching a school of one. Perhaps Uncle Sam helped to disarrange her plans. If, sometime, you see her with a far-a-way look in her eyes you may know she is thinking of someone "Somewhere in France."

RUTH COLLINS — **Wimmers, Pa.**

Athenaean Society; Glee Club.

(Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

I.

Talk, Talk, Talk, our Ruth is talking,
Cheer up, Roomie, she's begun;
It's no use to wail and weep,
We must shoot that man Van Fleet,
Then perhaps our Rufus' talking will be done.

II.

Grin, Grin, Grin, our Ruth is grinning—
See the twinkles in her eyes;
It's no use to mope and frown,
Rufus' grins won't be put down
Till they chase the storm clouds all from out the skies.

INEZ COON Ransom, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

A quaint and quiet little maiden with nut brown hair and bright brown eyes, a great big supply of common sense and an unfailing source of good humor. Inez is ever ready to help some of us unfortunate mortals who find Physics problems and experiments utterly beyond our comprehension. She is capable, too; is somebody needed to help fix up the gym for a reception or something—Inez is right on hand with something else beside advice. She is all right and all there, is Inez.

FRANK CIHOCKI Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Athenaean Society; Orchestra.

Frank, tall, dignified, quiet, grave, courteous, honest and straightforward; are not these qualities worth while? Somewhat of an idealist is Frank, but he has the brains and the initiative to work out his ideas. He has had military training and experience. He is a thorough and conscientious student. He has grit, determination and will power. He is a cherished member of the orchestra and the class. We could go on enumerating his good points till the year 2000, but out of consideration of him we will desist.

RUTH CHASE Scranton, Pa.

Alta Petens Society; Glee Club.

A small, dark haired, dark-eyed girl with a keen appreciation of a joke and a whole-hearted love of dancing (and she can dance, gentle reader, and she can coax dance music out of our rattly old gym piano). She is quick of speech and quick of action. We always know when she is coming down the hall by the merry click, click of her little French heels, and the subdued little hum of a song. The Montessori Method interests her mostly, but somehow we wouldn't be surprised if someday those same little French heels would dance their way into the hearts of a movie audience or the chambers of some man's heart.

THOMAS CAUFIELD — **Miners Mills, Pa.**

"Duke"

Alta Petens Society.

There is a red-haired Irishman
From Miners Mills, P-a.
Because he is good natured
We're glad to have him stay;
His name is Caufield, "Duke" for short—
No claim for royal blood;
His A. B. C. is to popular be
Upon this Ball of Mud.

HELEN CARPENTER — **Scranton, Pa.**

"Carpy"

Alta Petens Society.

Helen, better known as "Carpy", is a very cheerful child who blew in last year from the hard coal regions, as testified by the flannel shirt. Immediately she became popular with everyone and was initiated into that wonderful secret order known as the D. D.'s. She is now the last remaining member of that organization. In this, her Senior year, she has developed a very strong liking for holidays, especially EASTER. "Carpy" has "pep"; watch her at a football game if you don't believe it.

REVA CROUT — **Harrison Valley, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

She is a slim, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl; rather tall; she has a small sweet face, with a rather tip-tilted nose, (just enough to show that there's a bit of that quality which generally goes with red hair). Some of us still remember the recitation of a certain 1:45 Chemistry class of our Junior year. From this you probably gather that she is a bright student, which, indeed, is just what we wish you to do. She likes to tease and she has learned the art to perfection. We think she will be a successful teacher and not the "school-ma'amified" kind either

MARGARET CUMMINGS Lawrenceville, Pa.

This picture doesn't show Margaret's left hand, we wish it did, for it would speak for itself! You know the most significant of all significant stones, don't you? Well, then, one resides on Margaret's fourth finger! We don't wonder that it's there, for Margaret is a dear of a child, jolly, generous and agreeable, efficient and willing. She has more good friends than you could count in a year and they are all of a 'true-blue" color. She is a mighty good student, and Model School holds no terrors for her, Well, here's all the luck of 1918 for you, Margaret.

DORIS CROSIER Thompson, Pa.

We honestly believe she is the neatest girl in Mansfield! Every lock of that smooth dark hair is always in place, no breeze ever succeeded in tugging it loose. We asked about some of her characteristics; we found that she enjoys nothing so much as teasing her dearly loved friends; but notwithstanding all the torment which they are called upon to endure, they remain true and loyal to their merciless chum. We rather suspect there is a reason for Doris is jolly and sunny and never blue. Lots of friends are Doris' and here's the good will of the class.

MARY CROAK New Albany, Pa.

"Johnny"

Emersonian Society.

Here is Johnny! She is ready for an argument, any place, any time, on any subject. If we had a debating team we imagine "Johnny" would be a star member. All her worst troubles are those that never come; you see she has a habit of crossing bridges before she comes to them. Wyoming Seminary holds a peculiar fascination for "Johnny" at all times, except when she's "back on the farm." She's earnest, very much so, persevering, curious, and last, but not least, very kind-hearted. We have heard that she's smashed all records for discipline at the Model School. Good luck "Johnny" Croak.

LESTER CHILSON — Nichols, N. Y.

Emersonian Society.

A strange mortal! He moves among us, quiet and unobtrusive, seeing everything, missing nothing. At times a rare and radiant smile illumines his countenance, gently appealing and winningly winsome. He likes girls, but there's only one to whom he's willing to entrust his heart. He dances, but there's only one whom he's willing to pilot over the slippery expanse of our gym floor. He talks, but there are only a few with whom he cares to make conversation. He's a good fellow and we wish him all luck that's good.

MARGARET COMER — Old Forge, Pa.

"Peg"

Philomethean Society; Glee Club.

She has red hair and the tiny little freckles to match. Very quiet is Margaret, but "still waters run deep," you know; and we have it that in her own home town—but there—never mind! There is sometimes a little glance out of the corners of her eyes that belies the Margaret most of us know, and we have had it forced upon our dense and muddled editorial minds that certain South Hallites find Margaret very attractive. She studies hard, but she isn't so sure that teaching is her life-work; perhaps she has something else in view.

ALMET CASE — Waverly, N. Y.

Athenaean Society; Orchestra.

He comes from that state which has produced so many great men, but when it came to choosing his alma mater he came to the good old state of Pennsylvania, and its M. S. N. S. Almet is right on hand when it comes to stage setting and theatricals. We couldn't get along without him. If you happen to be looking for Almet some day, go straight to the office, there you will find him. If you want information on Almet, go to Harriet, she knows all about him. They "are as one." Luck go with you, Almet!

FLOSSIE COREY — Mansfield, Pa.

She's a Mansfield girl and she's full to the brim of pluck. She does not live in town, but a mile and a half out, but Tioga's gentle winter breezes have no terror for her, for every morning she hikes serenely thru them, bound for M. S. N. S. She graduated from M. H. S. Mighty good-hearted she is, indeed, some have taken advantage of that quality and her ready willingness to help, quite shamelessly. She's a good student, and the wish of the class is that all the luck in the world be her's.

ALMA DILLS — Duryea, Pa.

"Kelley"

Philomethean Society; Glee Club.

"Kelley" is foremost in everything, height, gab and knowledge of all things internal, including the flutterings of a man's heart; all things gossipy, faculty decisions, and what-not. This experience has come mainly thru contact with the outside world, for instance: Syracuse, Bellefonte or State (?). If ever you need an undertaker, "Kelley" can direct you. "Kelley" is a leader in dancing. Want to know the whereabouts of a lost friend? Ask "Kelley," she knows! She can "rag" the gym piano till your feet itch to dance; she sings and if no one else has "pep" at a football game, "Kelley" furnishes plenty for everybody with her cheer-leading.

DORA DAVISON — Canton, Pa.

"Dory Ann"

Emersonian Society.

Get out your microscope, gentle reader, for this is "Dory Ann." She is somewhat larger than a peanut shuck, tho indeed, we have it for a fact that once when lights were out she fell into her own thimble and remained kicking there half the night before she was discovered. A regular little pepper-pot is "Dory", so be careful that you do not up-set her; also if you're easily shocked you'd better desist from reading further, because we're going to say what a member of our honorable faculty said not long ago, namely that "'Dory' is a gritty little devil", and she is; the very soul of truth and "pep" and jollity.

MILDRED DAVIE — Covington, Pa.

"Mil"

Senior Basketball.

"Te, He, He, He, Ha, Ha, Ha!" "Laugh and the world laughs with you!" That's Mildred's motto. Altho very "highty, flighty", she is a friend to all; rich and poor, old or young, good or bad. Thinking, perhaps, there would be some chance for her if she learned to cook, Mildred took Domestic Science. We think she was successful in carrying out her plan, so we cannot understand why she then took "Regular." Oh, "Mil", can you explain?

DAVID F. DAVIS — Taylor, Pa.

Philomethean Society; Editor in Chief of Carontawan.

Our Editor! When we first thought of the possibility of our class putting out the Carontawan, we wondered despairingly "who on earth can we have for editor?" Then quick as a flash, we knew; David Davis! It was no easy task, but the Brains, the Sense of Responsibility, the keen business insight of Mr. Davis, has made this, our book, possible. He has earned a big reputation out in the world, and, knowing him, we feel that still bigger things wait for him. Our faculty is proud of him, so why shouldn't we be?

LOIS DOUD — Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

She has big, brown eyes and a face that's sweet and strong. She is quiet and reserved at times and then she is as jolly and carefree as any of the rest of us. She's a friend, true-blue, solid gold, a person you can depend upon. She graduated last year in Domestic Science, but she returned to us to pursue further work and she finishes with us this year also. She is bright, she's a good student and we all love her; so here's to Lois!

N. B. We forgot to say she's a veteran hiker, no one in M. S. N. S. can keep up with her.

ESTHER DRUM **Laquin, Pa.**

Glee Club.

This small-faced maiden comes from the blue mountains near Laquin. Very, very quiet she is, even when you know her. When we look at her we are immediately reminded of the song, "The Maid With the Delicate Air." She loves little people and she seems to have a rare gift in managing the wriggly little creatures. Therefore, she was wise when she chose Kindergarten for her work here. We have it from a dear friend of her's that Esther is kept busy answering the letters of three swains "back home..'

RUTH EVANS **Scranton, Pa.**

A very, very little girl! The tiniest of feet and hands! She's one of the smallest in our class, but from this do not gather that "spunk," the good old-fashioned kind, that makes things buzz, does not reside in this small individual. Dame Fashion is one of her closest friends, and she leads that estimable lady a merry chase. Ruth delights in matinees! Imagine this child in a country school! Horrors! No! Scranton is her home town! Ruth can dance, and Friday night Gym Social always finds her on hand. Here's the good will of the class, "Ruthie."

HUBERT DOWSON **Mansfield, Pa.**

Emersonian Society; Orchestra; Scrub Basketball.

Hubert is now a resident of Mansfield, but he graduated from Brooklyn High. He's interested in most anything and everything, from girls and dancing to basketball and tennis. He's really an all round fellow; even music comes in for a share of his time. Rumor has it that the inmates of a certain room in South Hall were severely disciplined at one time. No insinuations as regards Hubert, you understand, tho he did happen to be present. He is a rather quiet fellow, of strong convictions and possessed of a very likeable personality. We wish him luck!

JENNY VIDA EMBERGER — Wellsboro, Pa.
"Did"

Athenaean Society.

She has Brains! Spelled with a big "B". We have never known her to fail in a recitation. Newton's Laws are as clear to her as if she had formulated them herself. She is not a grind, in fact she is just as frivolous as her tip-tilted little nose would indicate. She has a voice most admirably fashioned for babytalk, not that she ever does! She made a hit as Cupid's Partner in the Elocution play; we wonder why. She's a very clever elocutionist, and some day we are afraid she will work herself into such a state of feeling that she'll fly to "Flights" beyond us and be Vida E. no more.

MYRTLE EVANS — Sherman, Pa.

She's very quiet, is Myrtle, quietly moving among us, busily intent on duties that call her; we wonder how anyone can be so busy and keep so good-natured, for we have never known her to lose her temper. She is a thorough, conscientious student, she does not allow little trivial things to interrupt her work as most of us do. We think she must love to mix up batters and things. She has one of the kindest hearts that ever thumped and we wish her all the success in the world.

FREDERICA FREY — Lloyd, Pa.
"Freddie"

Philomethean Society.

Who said Lloyd, Pa.? That's where "Freddie" comes from! There isn't anything about a farm that "Freddie" can't tell you. Rural problems are her hobby; social service her aim. Freddie has all her spare moments taken up with keeping a soldier boy in camp from being lonesome, and she is looking forward to the end of the war when "Tommy will come marching home." Furloughs, home and formal dances are uppermost in Freddies' mind just at present. Everyone likes Freddie and all her friends wish her success.

WALTER FORREST Mansfield, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Orchestra.

He is a distinguished member of our orchestra and he is indispensable! He is tall and lanky, is Walter! And, by the way, Walter, what are all these rumors we have come across, floating about the campus? Has Cupid actually ensnared those heart strings so hopelessly? He's a regular shark in Model School! (We asked someone about that, so we know it for a fact). Also he is a mighty good student and if we judge from the marks he gets, he has an unusual amount of brains stowed away.

ROSARII FADDEN Olyphant, Pa.

Basketball; Philomethean Society.

"That old sweetheart of mine," is what "Ro's" red cheeks and blue eyes make you think of; and still it is "Ro's" laugh that oftenest goes sailing over transoms and into the halls after the bell for "lights out" has struck so you see "Ro" isn't exactly what you'd call quiet and unobtrusive. She has a string of admirers worshiping from afar, for her affections are not easily won. She's quite an athlete and altho talented along the elocution line, is a real "Math" shark. She knits a blue streak, but Latin is her specialty(?).

EDWARD FINN Scranton, Pa.

"Eddie," "Ed"

Emesonian Society.

Edward Finn is better known as Mayor of Blossburg. Ed spends much of his time in Bloss this year (????). He is very clever when it comes to dancing. Don't miss the sensational "Jazz Dance" of this exquisite fellow who spent his youth learning the terpischorean art under his personal instructor in Scranton. "All right, orchestra, a little jazz music." Who could have guessed at the beginning of his Freshman year that shy "Eddie" would become such a fusser par excellence? Ed has the art of climbing fire escapes down to perfection. Good luck, "Eddie"!

LETITIA FARRELL — Scranton, Pa.

"Tish"

Philomethean Society; Glee Club.

Letitia came to us as a little round eyed, fluffy haired, short skirted, be-ribboned lass of sixteen; she is leaving us, now, with bangs, chronic grin, and a certain line of talk which has been one of her accomplishments here; "Evolution of Species," it is, and we have watched the change with wondering eyes. "Tish" finds boys very attractive; also vice-versa. "Tish" finds boys very attractive; also vice-unquietness of quiet hour is due, but we won't tattle, not now, "Baby Tish," just as you are going out in the world as a mighty school ma'am.

IRVING H. FRANCIS — Parsons, Pa.

"Irv"

Alta Petens Society; Captain of Basketball, Football, and Track Teams; Glee Club; Dance Committee.

"There might have been better men born
than I am, but I doubt it."

"Irv" hails from Parsons, but it not a true son —(get it?). The fact that he was chosen captain of three teams proves to us that he will be missed on the roll as an athlete. "Irv" is a good student, standing high in his classes!!!! Society work was not neglected as "Irv" has often been on Alta Petens programs. Last, but not least, he is a great admirer of the fairer sex and his name is always found near the head of "movie" lists.

MARY FINLEY — Olean, N. Y.

"Pat"

Philomethean Society.

She is usually called Mary, but occasionally "Pat" by her closest friends. We wish her pictured physiognomy could grin for you, but inasmuch as it can't we will tell you what would happen. When Mary grins, "Devil-imps" go tumbling thru her eyelashes, and when you think you see one you look again and it's gone; it's a case of "Of again, on again, gone again, Finnegan". Did she ever parade past you on the street? Don't mind it, it is only her bad memory. She is one of the best-liked girls in school. Kindergarten is her hobby and "Sequence" is the password. An all 'round brick is Mary, the best ever.

MARYON FARRER Mansfield, Pa.

"Chubby"

Maryon, that's "Chubby", is a sweet, jolly lass and she keeps her friends laughing in most every class; that the axiom "just laugh and grow fat" is proven in her case we all know. She's a star in History and a planet in Deutsch, but the place where she gets most of her fame is in "yanking" the kids of that awful eighth grade; it has even been suggested that some day she may be "supervisor", But Maryon rather slyly intimates that "Dum Science" appeals to her chiefly, so don't be surprised if next year finds her sewing and cooking and learning just how to keep that man's stomach the way it should be.

LYLE FERRIS Little Marsh, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Orchestra; Glee Club; First Vice President Y. M. C. A.

Who is he? Where does he come from? What does he do? Well, he is a rather large and comprehensive specimen of the race called man. He was unearthed somewhere near the edge of Little Marsh, and he does just as little as he finds it agreeable, convenient and comfortable for other people not to do. He is found most generally browsing in a corner of the Physics Lab. He has a voice that goes "Boom, boom". He's never worried, the troubles of this Vale of Tears touch him not. He is of a constructive temperament; all "Carpenters" are exalted in his eyes; he has a favorite song, the refrain of which consists of three words—"There's a Carpenter"—(Thyrza Carpenter).

LUELLA FIELD Canton, Pa.

"Lollypoluzer"

Emersonian Society.

"Where's my 'Ag.'"? She never knows where it is, gentle reader. She chases it up and down the halls, raving as she goes, but she never finds it. In all other respects she is sane as can be expected, excepting none; somewhere there's a heartstring involved, but that we'll not mention. Her eyes are brown; likewise her hair, and she has an "AIR". (Expect to be murdered for that.) She has a voice especially adapted to penetrate carefully closed transoms at the unholy hour of one a. m. She's been squelched till she's immune. Slightly romantic is "Poluzer". a good sport, and we love her.

GLADYS GILBERT **Knoxville, Pa.**

This child hails from Knoxville, a very vivacious child she is; giggles are her specialty and she has the art down to perfecton. Dance! She could dance forever and a day and not be tired. Her eyes are big and brown and sparkly; her cheeks are rosy and red. A small, piquant face is hers and an abundance of thick curley brown hair. Altogether Gladys is a mighty attractive girl, as a certain individual in State can testify. Ask Gladys about Phi Psi!

GORDON GRANGER **Towanda, Pa.**

"Gus"

Varsity Baseball; Scrub Football; Editor Joke Department.

"It's such a very serious thing to be a funny man," at least, so thinks "Gus" for he is Editor of the Joke Department of this book. If he has had to howl as hard for material as the rest of us, he sure has all the sympathy of the staff. There is one thing about "Gus" which sets him apart and incline North Hallites to consider him a very desirable young man—he hates girls—he simply can't stand 'em, has no use for 'em what-so-ever. "Gus" is liked by everyone, even Dr. Platt tells us of the time when "Me and 'Gus' Granger came to Mansfield." A crack athlete, a good student, an enthusiastic member of the staff!

DORA GRACE **Towanda, Pa.**

Girls' Senior Basketball; Glee Club.

This girl has B R A I N S ! ! ! And no small amount of them either! Physics or Chemistry never caused her any hideous nightmares of a night! Watch her in "Lab", she always knows North from South poles and where wires and batteries and dry cells belong and how to fix them so they'll be "connected". Watch her on the gym floor in a Senior and Junior basketball game! She's "right there", every time. She's jolly and good natured and capable! Gracious, she "makes a go" of whatever she undertakes!

VERNA GARDNER Factoryville, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

Here's a girl from Factoryville,
It's simply impossible for her to be still—
She talks while she studies, she talks while she eats;
She talks all the day-time, she talks while she sleeps;
And the queer thing about it is the 99 mark,
Which mark her in classes as a regular shark.
But, listen, she's human, for in Latin we hear
She drives to distraction her poor teacher dear.
So here's to the girl from Factoryville,
Whose tongue keeps wig-wagging and who just can't be still.

HAZEL GAREY Wyalusing, Pa.

"Fudge"

Emersonian Society.

When Hazel learned that we were working on the Senior write-ups she asked us particularly that we should not describe her as "quiet". It seems that in some way the impression has gotten about, and o we, who know her, hereby testify that Haze is no such mixture. She is reserved, howeve , until she makes up her mind that you're square and fair and all right. The amount of brains she has is amazing, and the way she rattles off Livy translations makes us gasp! Her delight is taken in teasing her dearest friends! Quiet? Hardly.

BYRON GOLDEN Peckville, Pa.

"Prof."

Philomethean Society.

"Doc. of Penmanship at Model School."

"Little men may cast great shadows."

Golden is his name and he is as bright and "rare" as his name signifies. Byron is brimming over with the wit of old Ireland, and his smile is an ever present arrangement of his features. He hails from Peckville, and while there "danced his way thru high school", at least, he says so. (He hasn't forgotten the art acquired there either.) He greatly enjoys gym socials and is always on hand to trip the fair maiden on "light fantastic toes", always—except when he's social privileged. Byron is well liked in M. S. N. S. by both sexes, the fairer in particular. Lots of luck, Byron.

CECIL GARRISON Mansfield, Pa.

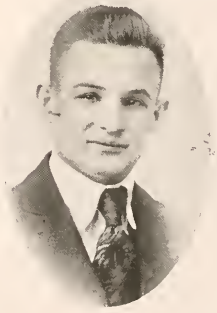
Here you behold a good student; he is a very thorough and conscientious student; pluck, grit and determination to succeed, are part of his make-up. He drives in to attend Normal. We who grumble because we have to tumble out of bed at ten minutes to seven feel rather ashamed when we think of what he's doing. A joke never fails to bring a response as far as this individual is concerned; indeed his face is generally wreathed in a rather humorous amused look. His classmates, each and every one respect him and wish him all success.

MICHAEL GAZELLA Olyphant, Pa.

"Gazook," "Mike"

Philomethean Society; Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Varsity Baseball.

We point with pride to this stalwart young athlete, whose touchdowns in football have made Mansfield famous, and whose "strike-outs" in baseball are proverbial. We have found him to be a valuable asset to the school—so has Margaret! "Gazook" has already won a name for himself, and we expect him to take Ty Cobb's place. He dances, he sings, he plays tennis, especially "love games." Ask Margaret, if you don't believe it. Altogether he's a mighty fine accomplished fellow.



ANDREW GOMBAR Throop, Pa.

"Andy"

Emersonian Society.

Here's Andy! Our little Andy, and how he loves to talk!! He can talk at any time, anywhere, on any subject. He's well liked, is Andy, and he's a good student. Once in the dead, dim past, Andy had a heart affair; it was also at the time that he had appendicitis. Who figured? Can't you guess? The white frocked, white capped nurse who brought the thermometer in for him to smoke! But he recovered and today Andy is a perfectly healthy and normal being. We like Andy, so "here's to him"!

HENRY GEISS Scranton, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

This nice little fellow with the rosy cheeks is Henry. We were a little puzzled at first to know just what to say about him, but after we went canvassing his characteristics, things were easy. One person informed us that he surely knows how to spend money; another volunteered the information that his jokes are the funniest ever; still another that he's brighter than any (Normal) person ought to be; still another that sparks fly if his feelings are rubbed the wrong way. So you see, Henry is a mixture, but "variety is the spice of life", so, here's to Henry.

GOLDIE GRICE Scranton, Pa.

Philomethean Society; Glee Club.

Goldie comes from Scranton,
And how she loves to talk—
She has brown hair and she has brown eyes,
And a characteristic walk.
To supervise in music
Is the thing that brought her here;
She's a musical touch and a musical mind
And she's training a musical ear;
And now she's leaving Mansfield,
And so, we find, are we—
But we wish her luck, and all she can pluck
From the limbs of the big Fame Tree.

ESTHER L. GERE New Milford, Pa.

"Dutch"

Philomethean Society.

"Man alone is interesting to me." Esther made herself known to us in rather a violent manner; once, last winter. Esther went a-skating and accidentally (?) tripped up two of the unmarried male members of our faculty; one of these gentlemen has to this day not been able to disentangle his heart strings. She used to be of a very constructive nature, house plans, etc., but now it's military tactics, queer, isn't it? Hand embroidered towels and frat pins are taking quite a lot of her attention. Her pocketbook is always flat, due to purchasing thousands of postage stamps.

ESTHER GLOVER Starrucca, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

This is Esther Glover; some are known who call her quiet, more are known who call her not. She has one failing, she loves to read her letters of long ago, she spends half her study periods gloating over them, we have heard; we have also heard that she has one trunk full of nothing else. When she is not reading old letters, she is writing new ones; she has never told us where they go after she drops them in the mail box; but rumor has it that several camps are the recipients of these epistles. All good luck, E!

KATHLEEN HAYES Taylor, Pa.

"Tiny"

Emersonian Society.

Here is "Somebody's colleen from The Emerald Isle"—a veritable little beauty from Erin. Kathleen wishes she might have another dresser in her room on which to place more of Marcus' pictures; this is why she seems indifferent to MOST Normal boys. "For Cats' Sake," we hear someone say up the hall and then we know "Tiny' is going to take her elocution lesson. A mighty clever little actress is Kathleen; we wouldn't be surprized to hear of fame and renown and "Tiny" Hayes some day; still it has been rumored she wanted to buy a set of dining room furniture which she saw on her way back to M. S. N. S.

HELEN HITCHCOCK Knoxville, Pa.

Behold her! She, this dearly beloved member of our class, has left our protecting arms in preference for someone else's. "Woe is we"! For she wears, on the fourth finger of her left hand, a very significant stone. We might as well admit it, she is about to embark on the unknown waters of the Sea of Matrimony; Uncle Sam helped rob us of this shining light by putting a uniform on the body of a certain well-known, erstwhile M. S. N. S. graduate. May not a storm ever arise to upset your little craft, is the wish of the Senior Class.

AGATHA HAVERLY — New Albany, Pa.
"Mutt," "Getha"

Athenaean Society.

"Mutt' is a veritable Mark Twain, for jokes are her specialty; she always goes about with an extra amount on hand; in tight places they come in handy. We don't know what this means, but we were told to remark that the "tableaux enacted in room 416 would win a fortune for these modern impersonators of "Mutt" and "Jeff". "Getha" reaches the high water mark in classes, as testified in a certain Virgil class. She's plump and—whisper it softly—she never goes to breakfast. South Hall is a nice place Agatha thinks, indeed, she's very interested in the inmates.

RUTH HUGHES — Scranton, Pa.

Alta Petens Society; Glee Club; Music Committee.

A little, dark-haired, dark-eyed thing, with a voice sweet as a linnet's and clear as a bell; when she sings, it seems to us like a misty rain of golden notes. (We're afraid she'll laugh at us for that "explatheration" but we mean it if our method of expression is crude, so let it stand). She is happy and fun loving and gay. She has ambitions, lots of them. We know full well she'll soar to heights we cannot reach, but we are content to sit in the dust and watch her flap her silvery pinions in realms above us.

JEAN HALL — Arnot, Pa.

This slender, dark haired girl hails from Arnot. Glad we are that she decided to leave her hills and graduate in the illustrious class of 1918. We have heard that the "lesser" sex finds her most attractive and after a glance into her round hazel eyes we can well believe it. She's efficient, she's independent, she's cheerful and she's fun loving. Friends seem to be her specialty.

BESSIE HUNT **Westfield, Pa.**

This light-haired member of our class is another one of those lucky individuals known as "good students". Model School, we hear, is just play to her because you see she has taught country school and knows all the "in and outs" of discipline. She is rather quiet in manner and goes serenely and confidently about her own business. We don't think mere man troubles her peace of mind to any great extent, but you never can tell. Bessie is never caught napping, she is wide awake tho that dreamy expression might belie it, if you didn't know her.

FERIEDA HOMET **Wyalusing, Pa.**

"Patty"

Athenaean Society; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Chairman Finance Committee.

When we told Ferieda, just for fun, that we were going to describe her as a "rattle-brained." yellow-haired, impulsive, little Senior girl, she immediately had fifteen fighting "catniptions"; we hurriedly substituted "Happy-go-lucky" for "rattle-brained", and she came down to earth, but really she isn't "rattle-brained", for doesn't she aspire to became a "Dean"? Ferieda has push and blue eyes, talent in dramatics and an explosive laugh; also the kindest heart that ever thumped under a middy blouse. We wish her heaps of good luck and success, and we know she will have it!

GRACE HEISER **Taylor, Pa.**

"Gizza"

Emersonian Society.

Here is a good student and a humorist of real cleverness. If at any time you should desire a parody on any song of any age, Grace will easily and willingly supply you. She will supply you with a store house of ideas, but she'll not always guarantee that they will always and forever work out. She enjoys herself most when singing humorous words to a sad melody over the disconsolate body of some dear friend who has been compelled to "play dead." Don't gather from this that "Gizza" is a blood-curdling individual, she's not, she's only "different."

J. ALBRO HOBAN — **Dunmore, Pa.**

"Bud"

Emersonian Society; Orchestra; Glee Club.

"Bud" hails from town of Dunmore and in his estimation the sun rises and sets there. Albro is quite clever with the violin and also a real favorite of the fair sex. Albro has brains, and he can talk, not in airy nothings, either, but good solid common sense. Grove City claimed him for awhile, but now he's back with us, greatly to our gratification. "Bud" is well liked by both North and South Hallites.

"It is nice to get up in the morning, but it is 'nicer' to stay in bed," is Albro's favorite song.

RUTH HOWARD — **Wyalusing, Pa.**

"Buddy"

Athenaean Society; Chairman Room Committee; Glee Club.

This brainy, blue-eyed, slender, yellow-haired person hails from Wyalusing and she's never fo gotten it, nor have we, she's "but a stranger here, Bradford is her home." Loyal to the end is Ruth, a good worker, a jolly, happy-go-lucky sort, nothing ever bothers her. Does a bubbling, infectious giggle and burst of laughter go sailing over a transom to greet the listening ears of a hall teacher? It's Ruth. Some have said that if Ruth would undertake the task of keeping herself quiet the problem of noisy halls would be over. And how she can "elocute"!!

PAUL HETTES — **Hop Bottom, Pa.**

Emersonian Society; Glee Club; Second Vice President Y. M. C. A.

He's a quiet fellow and he holds the distinction of keeping what he knows under his hat, which is saying a good deal. At all times, and in every place, Paul is a gentleman. Athletics are not his forte, exactly, but he's played at a far more thrilling and fascinating game. Don't call Paul a bookworm, just because he stands so very well in his classes. As we have hinted, Paul likes North Hallites and gym socials. We are not prophets, but we predict a successful future for Paul.

BELLE HORTON — **New Albany, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

Never in all our eventful lives as students here, in M. S. N. S., have we ever seen Belle's serene, quiet, good-natured self upset; we believe she must have a gyroscope connected with her disposition in some way. We have never heard, either, that she's ever lost her temper; and her slow, quiet, easy voice was never publicly known to be "cranky." Big blue eyes, she has, and wavy brown hair and an ever ready smile. May your years to come be as peaceful and happy and serene as you, yourself—is the wish of the class.

DOROTHY HOARD — **Mansfield, Pa.**

Alta Petens Society; Editor Art Department of The Carontawan.

Dorothy, the talented! Dorothy, the good-natured! Because of her genius with paints and charcoal and brushes, we chose her for our Art Editor; because of her good nature we vote her one of the best liked girls in school. Dorothy finds boys very agreeable and boys find Dorothy very agreeable, so it's a case of good will all the way around. Dorothy sings, Dorothy plays. Dorothy is bright; she is an "all-round sort", for there doesn't seem to be anything she can't do. She'll win success, and we wish her all she can manage.

CATHERINE HEALEY — **Scranton, Pa.**

Emersonian Society; Senior Basketball.

Here is an Irish study in black hair, fair skin, blue eyes and dimples. No wonder then, at that enormous amount of mail from Camp Dix; really, Catherine, wouldn't it save time, money and long suffering mail clerks, to have them saved and sent by parcel post? Catherine is a "fresh air fiend" as testified by two shivering "roomies", who are made to endure Tioga's gentle winter breezes because she "won't have that room a bake oven." If we didn't know her we'd tell you she is quiet, but we do know her, so take it vice versa, please. All success Catherine H.

RUTH JONES Nanticoke, Pa.

"Reddy"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

This is Ruth, the optimistic, the happy-go-lucky, the ever cheerful "Reddy." She is blessed with a crowning abundance of fluffy red gold hair and a disposition bubbling over with good fun. We think Ruth might be a succcess as an osteopath, judging from some of her demonstrations. Being a "good kidder" she is liked in both "Dorms"; she dances, she plays tennis, she does everything a healthy "Normalite" should. By the way, when she came she was a most demure little thing; queer isn't it, how things change? Altogether, a more agreeable sort of lassie would be hard to find.

FAYE JEFFERSON Laquin, Pa.

"Jeff"

Black eyes! Black curly hair! A very small person! She's full of life and sparkle. She is also a very good student, really studying, but from this do not gather that she is a grind, for such is not the case. We rather think she finds boys rather attractive, judging from certain things we have observed, but she hasn't let them interfere with her peace of mind during her stay here. She likes the funny side of life and always manages to have a pretty good time. Her many friends say, "Good luck 'Jeffy!'"

JOSEPH F. JOYCE Rendham, Pa.

"Joe"

Dance Committee; Varsity Football, Basketball; Vice-President of Senior Class; Glee Club.

He came from "Bloom" to us, and it was a very good change, for "Bloom" wasn't half good enough for him. However, tho he's a "hustler" in every other respect, our Joseph would "rather sleep than eat," consequently the dining room doors frequently close before his very face. We fear he keeps late hours because of late we have noticed queer far-a-way expressions hovering over his face; perhaps, however, it comes from his thorough and most ardent study of the Book of Samuel. We wonder! He's a champion tennis player. Good luck, Joe!

MARTHA JAQUISH **Mansfield, Pa.**

Her cheeks are red, and her hair is black and her eyes—oh her eyes! They snap sparks at you! Needless to say you know from this that she is "full of the very dickens," also we wish to add that she is the only sister her seven brothers have; so she hasn't been spoiled. She's a wonderful cook and she's great for argument. She's going to be a doctor, yes she really is, and we bet she makes folks sit up and take notice as well as medicine.

HAZEL JONES **Morris Run, Pa.**

Athenaean Society.

Here's a red-haired lassie, whose temper isn't a bit troublesome. Her eyes are blue as blue! We like Hazel very much, because while she's funny and full of life and mischievous, she has a great deal of good common sense and a sense of humour that keeps the blue devils away from all of us. She is a very bright sort of person, too, and stands high in her classes. People find her very agreeable, and vice versa. By the way, Hazel finds boys to be nice little animals, but more of a curiosity than any thing else.

CHARLES JOYCE **Old Forge, Pa.**

"Chuck"

Varsity Football; Scrub Basketball.

He's a football man! A dauntless, daring football man! Well do we remember how he starred in the game with "Bloom" at Wilkes-Barre! Plenty of grit and determination are his. He has also a great gift —a gift from—well opinions differ, so we won't commit ourselves, but those who hear him sweetly warbling that pathetic ditty entitled "The Rock," know what we mean. He's fond of hiking, so very fond indeed, that once "Daddy" chose him to walk to Canoe Camp one night after school. He's a good "stude" but never caught grinding. Good luck, "Chuck!"

MARY R. JONES **Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

Philomethean Society.

Here is the face of Mary R—
Looks like a talker? Right you are!
She begins with the rising morning sun,
And when it sets she isn't done.
A little excitement in the land?
Mary's sure to be on hand—
To cook and sew is Mary's aim—
And may "Dom" Science bring her fame!

HELEN JONES **Troy, Pa.**

Athenaean Society.

Here is another shining light from Bradford county, and right here we do declare to all who read, that she can shine! We still remember a certain Chemistry class of our Junior year and we have visions of a Physics class and brilliant recitations of this, our Senior year. Her one besetting sin is an unconquerable desire to talk to a sleepy roommate after "lights out." She studies, but she is not a grind, far from it. She has a great amount of common sense and "pep" and a cheerful disposition. We like you, Helen!

VIVIAN KENNEDY **Olyphant, Pa.**

"V-i"

Athenaean Society.

She lives "near Scranton"; her home, she says, is in Jordon Hollow on Tog Hill, Lackawanna county, in Craig Township; but when she finished high school she performed the ceremonies in Waverly, going forth into the world from the sheltering walls of Waverly high school and when she now boards the train for Mansfield she gets on at Dalton. She's a very studious child and delights in making 99's. Her hair is slightly tinged with red, but is mostly golden; her temper isn't at all obtrusive; she's most generally good—most generally, but watch out for her mischievous moods.

ALICE KEATING Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Skinner"

This is strong, sturdy, athletic Alice of the brown hair and blue eyes. She is found much at the "gym" dances and most on the tennis courts. "Skinner" made a reputation for herself last year as guard on the Junior basketball team. The inmates of North Hall will miss her low chuckle of glee for this was the signal that the "eats" were being passed around. We doubt if Alice will ever teach judging from that earnest look in Charles' eyes when the old gym piano starts up a waltz.

BERTHA KELLEY Cleveland, Ohio

Glee Club.

Here's a reserved lass whom we find hard to understand and hard to appreciate, but take it from us, here's a friend. Funny about those frat pins, too. We have never yet been able to find out, but there's a reason, to be sure. If ever you wish to know what show is on in New York City ask Bertha. She can tell you. Shows, operas, railroad trips. Yale-Harvard games, are all a past experience with Bertha. Her love for her work and her systematic way of doing things are bound to bring this Ohio maid success.

MARION KELLY Mansfield, Pa.

Marion, a hard worker, a conscientious and very thorough student. Marion, who always receives the wonderful marks! Marion, the girl with the masses of beautiful tawny hair! She is very quiet, she never intrudes, she goes on her way serenely, attending strictly to her own business! Don't gather from this that she is hard to approach for she is friendliness personified. We think she likes to teach and we know her grit and determination will bring success wherever she goes.

MAUDE LUSCUMB — Lanesboro, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

Here is a lass with a glint of gold in her hair and a few little splashes of the same color on her nose. Maude loves her books, but she also loves to enjoy herself, so she's properly balanced. We wonder why it is she intends to specialize in language, especially Italian, and why she wants to go to Albania to complete this subject. We also wonder about those letters with the foreign post-marks. She's a wonderful teacher, but no rural school work for her, she had two years of it before she came here; she can manage something better.

MADGE LUTES — Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

The red lipped, black haired little thing hails from Wilkes-Barre. When Madge was a Junior she had an awful attack of heart trouble. This year the object of her affections was seen no more at Mansfield, but we understand she remains ever faithful. Madge is a mighty obliging little person and here we wish to tender thanks for these weary hours she willingly spent at the gym piano, pounding out rag-time and dance music for our pleasure. And she knows how, if anyone does, the special manner of cajoling said piano so that it gives forth of its best.

VIOLA LOFTUS — Jessup, Pa.

Philomethean Society.

Viola is a staunch advocate of city life and when it comes to an argument of the subject, she certainly can convince you that there's absolutely nothing to "small town talk." Her eyes have a peculiar way of looking at you which makes you feel yourself growing smaller and smaller, but never mind, it's just her way and under those Parisian robes there beats one of the kindest hearts imaginable. An ardent student of "Vogue" is Viola, as her dresses sometimes testify, you see, she likes to be "different." Good luck, Viola!

LURA LA BARR — **Knoxville, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

Just a look at her picture can never convey half an idea of what Lura's eyes are like; they dance and gleam and sparkle—they dream and snap and burn. and Lura is really just what her eyes proclaim her to be, she changes her moods in the twinkling of a moment; she's generous, and witty and clever; she's restless and quick and impulsive; she loves to talk and she does it well; she's a member of that clique known as the "Fifth Floor Hospital." We hope she gets all the good things that belong to her. She gets wonderful marks.

HELEN LOWE — **Montrose, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

Out of Montrose she comes, bringing with her an unusual amount of a gray matter known to us poor unfortunates as the highly desirable thing called Brains! Helen loves to "elocute" and the opportunity has often been afforded her. She loves a joke and the funny side of life never fails to appeal to her; perhaps that is the reason that we always find her so cheerful. A smile is the easiest expression that Helen can register, we have never known her to be blue. Well, here's the hope, Helen, that you need never be!

WALTER LIPPERT — **Honesdale, Pa.**

Emersonian Society; Secretary Y. M. C. A.

We asked, "What are Walter's chief characteristics"? and they said, very briefly, "Brains." He is a bright and shining light in classes; Senior Arithmetic does not petrify him, as it does most of us. Walter is a cheerful sort of fellow and optimistic as they make 'em. As secretary and worker in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. he has proved faithful and efficient. He numbers very many Normalites as his friends, all of whom vouch for him. He is a clean, manly fellow. We wish him all the success in the world!

MARY MONAHAN — Lakewood, Pa.

"Monie," "Mac"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club; Assistant Literary Editor of Carontawan.

Of course she is a student and a good one, but WE think her good fortune lies in other directions. She played the part of an old maid "Preceptress" wonderfully well in the play "Quits." But if the war ends we need not worry about Mary being an old maid. We have a sneaking suspicion that she will soon have an opportunity to play Juliet to a Camp Upton Romeo, rather than a Romeo to a Juliet of Miss Allen's selection. Mary's favorite expression is, "Ah, he's somewhere in France now." Mary's sweet smile will win her way through life as it has already through Normal.

LENNA McCRUMB — Wellsboro, Pa.

"Crummy"

Philomethean Society.

When we went quizzing about for Lenna's characteristics we got this from several people—'OH, SHE'S A PERFECT SCREAM", and we asked them to explain themselves further, and they elucidated thusly, "Laugh, goodnight, I never saw the beat of her, she can say the darnedest funniest things—" so you see tho not very elegantly expressed, you have some idea of her. Lenna finds the other sex very agreeable, tho one night she went to sleep while a specimen of it was endeavoring to entertain her. She finishes Home Economics this year. The class' best wishes, Lenna!

ESTHER McCARTHY — Luzerne, Pa.

"Sunset"

Emersonian Literary Society; Orchestra; Basketball.

Esther came to us a quiet, reserved, curly-headed, light-haired little girl with innocent blue eyes, ably chaperoned by her world-wise brother. But he soon left her to drink from the cup of Normal knowledge alone, having had his fill. Her little Irish brogue adds a distinct charm to her slow, subdued voice, but her hearty explosive laugh came to us as a real shock. She has no use for the opposite sex, but she pursues the D. S. course and who knows but that her lovable disposition may not captivate some sensible lad. Her stick-to-itiveness is a quality sure to bring to her the laurels of success.

HARRY McINROY — **Middlebury, Pa.**

Athenaean Society; President Y. M. C. A; Baseball, Scrub Basketball; Athletic Editor of Carontawan; Glee Club.

We'd call him the most representative of all M. S. N. S. boys. What does that signify? It means this! There is not a phase of M. S. N. S. life in which he is not prominently active. Athletics? We know of his prowess on the baseball diamond. "Lit" work? He's indispensable! Social affairs? He's right there! Class standing? 90's! Theatricals? Right in the limelight! As president of the Y. M. he has proved faithfulness, responsibility, earnestness in purpose and generosity of nature. He's a friend worth having and has regular "Fields" of them. One of the best liked fellows in school. Some eulogy! Whew!

ELAINE MANLEY — **Canton, Pa.**

"Nubbins"

Emersonian Society; Literary Editor of The Carontawan; Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Class Poet; Glee Club; 1917 "Spotlight" Staff.

"What would we do without Elaine!" In the hallowed cortical recesses of this dreamy-eyed, fluffy-haired maiden, the most wonderful work goes on! Verses just flow from her lips; our class poem and everything literary in our Carontawan has issued from this inexhaustible spring of talent and good will. She portrays society roles in plays as successfully as "old lady" roles. She's intensely human and loves the funny side of life. Sometime we shall hear of her as the poet laureate of America. Here's to Elaine, "The Maid of Astolat."

HELEN MALIKOWSKI — **Forty Fort, Pa.**

Philomethean Society; Assistant Editor of The Carontawan.

This slender, dark-eyed girl is "Helen Mal." Well do we remember a certain class meeting in which she figured. At first sight she impresses you as being live wires of "pep", efficiency and brains, and first impressions are right impressions as far as Helen is concerned. As Assitant Editor of The Carontawan, she's right there! She has a keen appreciation of a joke, whole-souled enthusiasm in whatever she undertakes and hosts of friends. Her tongue wig-wags busily from morning till night. We know she'll succeed, being Helen, she cant help it!

LOUISE MAYER **Dalton, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

I.

There is a young lady named Mayer,
With brown eyes and likewise her hair.
She rivals the sages, eats print off of pages—
A very bright child, we declare.

II.

This maiden has one grievous fault,
She's perfectly crazy to talk;
She talks while she sleeps, she talks while she eats,
She talks, and she talks, and she talks!

MARY MAC LAUCHLAN **Morris Run, Pa.**

Athenaean Society.

Scotchy, did you say? Oh never! (Still she has an uncle or cousin or someone, we have forgotten just who, who bears the name of "Lauchlan Mac Lauchlan".) Oh, yes, she's SCOTCH, with the Scotch dignity and brains and dry humour. Mary has loads of friends, every one of whom love her. The way she rattles off Latin translations is wonderful to see! She even taught a Caesar class for a while. She has a disposition weather-proof and a sweet and lovable nature. We know success will be her's, and—here's to Mary.

RUTH F. MOORE **Binghamton, N. Y.**

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

Of all quarters and dollars and ten cent pieces which you might use to tempt her, none will succeed in gaining from her one flicker of interest; but just you place a measly little five cent piece before her, and watch her pocket it. Yes, nickels are her specialty, especially when there's enough of them to make a "Bill." "She's the best hearted thing", say more than one of us, she will share till there is nothing to share—eats or anything. She has a keen appreciation of a joke and how that girl can laugh!

SABINA MURTAUGH Scranton, Pa.

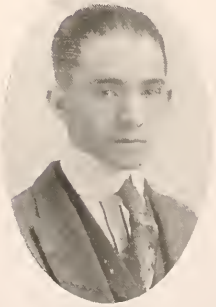
Emersonian Society.

Red hair and Irish blue eyes are Sabina's and the kind and generous big heartedness that nearly always go with them. She's most indifferent to the other sex, they interest her not at all; mere man counts for nothing with Sabina; indeed, we have proof, for is not her favorite song, " The Night That Paddy Murphy Died"? She insists on singing and warbling it at all hours of the night and day. Quiet, did you say? Well, hardly. She seldom worries; we think her motto must be—"I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

MARJORIE MILLER Scranton, Pa.

"Marje"

"Marje" is a girl who is a friend to everybody. She is quick, impulsive, a trifle nervous, but very generous. Her "roomie" once said, "No one understands Marje like I do," but really we doubt it, for most of us find Marje very understandable, especially when we see a little cash—"nickles" for instance. It is then we catch a glimpse of that merry, light-hearted nature beneath.



HAROLD MEEHAN Miners Mills, Pa.

"What is this I see before me?"

We fully and honestly believe that it was Harold who originated the saying, "Silence is golden," because he certainly lives up to it. He keeps his thoughts to himself; on occasion he can become as uncommunicative as a clam. As far as Cupid is concerned, we know nothing, at least Harold hasn't succumbed to his wiles here—but who knows, in his home town—"things are not always what they seem," you know. But, tho "Silence has become his mother tongue" you imagine some day the spell will be broken. All success to you, Harold!

GURNEY MATTESON — Knoxville, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

MODEL—In some ways—quite advanced.

BODY—Good—softly cushioned.

PAINT—None; except on threatrical eves.

MUD GUARDS—No. 12's, with rubber heels.

IGNITION—Slow, under extreme provocation.

TIRES—Never when fed and resting.

ACCESSORIES—An easy going disposition, "fog horn" that delights the soul of Miss Allen, and a happy and cheerful outlook upon surroundings thru two front windows.

HARRIET MURDOCK — Scranton, Pa.

"Harry"

Athenaean Society; Bible Committee Y. W. C. A.

She's another Scrantonian, but she's a mighty little one; she's so small that we live in constant fear that some of Tioga's gentle breezes will waft her off the continent and we can't afford to lose her. She has a little dry humor all her own, and one of the sweetest dispositions in M. S. N. S., which is saying quite a lot, for we are all extraordinarily agreeable. Try as hard as she can she can't help but get wonderful marks. Harriet is a distinct influence in the school and all love her.

RUTH E. MOORE — Scranton, Pa.

Alta Petens Society.

This retiring little person is really a Queen of Hearts, if we can judge from the inside information volunteered. Many a youth, it seems, follows faithfully in the wake of her footsteps. The best natured little thing you could wish for, and the most generous; that's Ruth for you. Kindergarten is where she shines and we don't wonder the kiddies love her! Light fluffy hair is her's and blue eyes. She slips thru the halls and, if, suddenly rounding a corner, you are confronted by a sunshiny little smile, rest assured it's one Ruth scattered as she passed.

CARL MERRITT — Plains, Pa.

"Lucius"

Alta Petens Society.

This is "Lucius", sleepy and good-natured, ever-present "Lucius". He's really very reasonable on every subject but one, and as regards that he's hopeless. He deems it absolutely nonessential that he be in the dining-room before the doors are closed in his face. He is a great tennis enthusiast, especially that kind known about M. S. N. S. as "bench tennis", being especially proficient in "Love games". Football, basketball and baseball hold no attractions for "Lucius". He's formed some wonderfully interesting friendships, especially one with Willson.

WALTON McCLELLAN — Cattaraugus, N. Y.

"Mac"

Alta Petens Society.

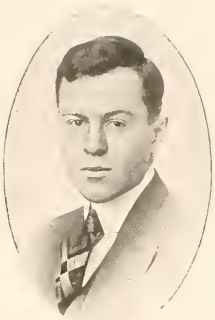
About the only thing we know about Walton is that he's a great talker on the subject Fraternities and Frats. "Mac" will no doubt be a stock-holder if he takes a post-graduate course next year. We really believe he could revise the History of Education text book with ease. We hope that "Mac" will go to college and join a Frat. Ha! Ha! "Mac" loves a joke and can crack his share of them. As for girls—well the fair sex manages to attract a good deal of his attention and the library a good deal of his time. "Mac" has friends and he loves to entertain them by means of a most active organ—his tongue. Loads of luck, "Mac"!

FLORA NOLAN — Williamsport, Pa.

"Wopsie"

Athenaean Society.

Who does not know Flora? Flora, whose tongue wig-wags from morning till night; Flora, whose black eyes see everything and miss nothing; Flora, the ever cheerful and the quick witted. She is about the size of Tom Thumb's sister, if he had one. She holds enough energy in her little finger to store a battery. "Pep" and bubbling good spirits mark her as one of the happiest individuals in M. S. N. S. Elocution is her forte; indeed, sometimes she acts TOO well, for instance, when as "Dandelion Mugg," she fell off a high stool, necessitating crutches till Christmas.



JOHN NEWELL **Rome, Pa.**

Emersonian Society.

He's got red hair! He's also got a temper! He's got Brains and he knows how to use them, which is saying quite a lot. He comes from Rome, which perhaps accounts for the excellence of his Latin translations, we do not believe it otherwise. Girls are creatures not worthy of much serious thought in his estimation, so we are patiently waiting the time for his ideas to change. He has discipline in Model School down to a science, he'd be right in his glory as a High School Principal. Here's to John!

LILLIAN NAUMANN **Cresco, Pa.**

Athenaean Society; Class Artist

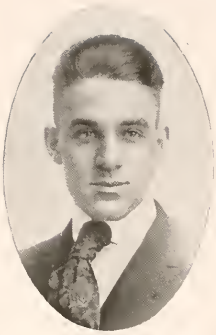
Lillian is clever! Pretty good introduction, isn't it? But there is no denying it. Lillian is! There is a certain dignity about Lillian; quiet, yes, the quiet in which fun bubbles over in voice and eyes! We love to watch her laugh, because she is so honest about it. You never see anything affectatious about Lillian! She is simply wonderful with her pencils, brushes and paint, and so we chose her for our class artist. Lillian is well liked by both boys and girls; she is a good friend and that stands for a lot.

EDNA NAUMANN **Cresco, Pa.**

"Ted"

Athenaean Society; Publicity Committee Y. W. C. A.

Here we have "Ted." "Ted," the merry, the merry, the irrepressible! We have never known her to have an attack of the blues; troubles and cares never trouble Edna, her happy disposition won't allow it! She sadly misses "Mose" this year, but "Hiram" is doing his best to fill the place. She is clever with her fingers; a paint brush, a needle and thimble or a tennis racquet are equally at home there! As head of the Publicity Committee she has served well in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. May success and happiness follow you ever, "Ted"!



GEORGE NAVLE — Wellsboro, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Dance Committee; Senior Class Secretary; Assistant Athletic Editor of The Carontawan.

"The glass of fashion, the mold of form, the observed of all observers."

George is one of the few boys who have held up the colors of Mansfield for four years. It is rumored that the fathers of the fairer sex of Wellsboro conspired to send George to Mansfield (reason not given). He is a "wizard" in woodcraft, and spring always finds him ready for a few days in the woods. On the tennis courts he holds his own with the most active there. Taking George as a social man, he has no equal, indeed, M. S. N. S. finds him a most likable and agreeable fellow.

ETHEL NORRIS — New Milford, Pa.

"Etel"

President of Kindergarten class.

"Etel" is daringly original in two respects. Altho she lives in New Milford, she does not consider it the hub of the universe. Then she does not think, as most of us, that there are no men other than Mansfield men. In view of a need of a more general acceptance of these two facts, Ethel cannot do better than to convert her fellow-townsmen to the first belief stated, and her fellow students to the other. Lots of luck, Ethel!

HERMAN NORTON — New Albany, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Varsity Basketball; Glee Club.

He comes from that highly favored and much-lauded section of the country known as Bradford county. We are mighty glad that he chose Mansfield for his Alma Mater, for otherwise we would have lost him to our own basketball team; by the way, Hermann contributes considerably to the halo of light about that organization; we who have seen him play can vouch for that. He's a good student; we think he rather likes girls, but he doesn't let them trouble him. His crooked little grin is a puzzle to us all, for it expresses more than we can understand.

WILLIAM NICHOLLS — Throop, Pa.

"Bill," "Billie"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

Behold "Dr" Nicholls, "Professor" of Physicial Geography, whose favorite expression is "Cats' Pajamas," and whose mother calls him "Williee." He has a perfect genius for visiting the five and ten cent store just to keep the other "nickels" company. We have been told, confidentially, that he is never satisfied with what he has, but always wants a little "Moore." Nevertheless, we admit he's bright, and a bit of a grind, too. Brains, "brass" and "nickels" ought to make a good combination, Bill.

ANDREW NICHOLLS — Throop, Pa.

"Andy"

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

This is Andy, brother to Bill—but more retiring, less student and a more enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex. Last year he was caught "(K)napping," but this year he favors Hildebrand. His friends have deemed him worthy of high office, but even THEY don't appreciate your abilities, Andy. A pretty girl, a few "movies," refreshments (Library), a fond good-night and Andrew calls it the "end of a perfect day."

JAMES O'BRIEN — Miners Mills, Pa.

"Jimmy"

Alta Petens Society; Business Manager of The Carontawan; Dance Committee.

Born October 9, 1898. **Died February 15, 1918.**

FRANCES O'MALLEY — Avoca, Pa.

"Sadie"

Philomethean Society.

Round and "roly-poly" is Frances, but she can "knock" as some unfortunate beings know. Better use the door-bell "Sadie". She is blest with a gift of gab, and naturally this combined with an inborn instinct of looking out for herself, prompted her when she chose her life work. She is going to be a lawyer; Lawyer O'Mally; sounds good, doesn't it? We expect to hear from her in years to come, and trust she will help us out of all our scraps and difficulties. Her frontispiece is her chief asset. Beneath all is a little "chicken heart" and a peculiar generosity.

HELEN O'DONNELL — Scranton, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Chronicler of Carontawan.

Helen has curiosity of a very curious nature; we think the jewelers in town will understand what we mean; "Curiosity once killed a cat," but it never dawned on her that it could stop the activities of a wrist-watch. If conversation runs down and gets dull Helen always has an interesting tale to relate. She weighs not quite a hundred pounds, which accounts for her fairy-like dancing. Helen is also a great admirer of art, if you don't believe, take a tour of her room some day and view that immortal piece of sculpture called "Hold Still."

GRACE FAYE PECK — Fleetville, Pa.

Athenaean Society; Glee Club.

Faye came to our Alma Mater from Keystone Academy as a reserved, shy, maiden. To our surprise, we heard of her many accomplishments, which include Elocution, Voice, Mandolin and we were also informed, confidentially, that she is greatly interested in cotton growing. To those who have the good fortune to know her, she is a real friend and we find her friendships extend even to Georgia and perhaps France. She has pursued elocution in the Chambers School of Oratory and she will finish here in both courses.

MARGUERITE PALMER — Shinglehouse, Pa.

"Peg"

Emersonian Society; Treasurer Glee Club.

Here is another member of the "Fifth Floor Hospital Bunch." We must admit that she comes from a town with the most outlandish name we have ever heard, but notwithstanding all that, we are perfectly sure she's going "to put it on the map" someday, for "Peg" is clever; her fingers have magic touches in them; look at some of her drawings in this book if you don't believe it. She's forever busy, and she's always good natured, when she laughs her eyes twinkle little "grins" at you. She can sing, too. Good luck, "Peg."

ESTHER PHILLIPS — Westfield, Pa.

Here is a girl whom you simply must know before you can appreciate all her qualities. Esther is quiet and reserved, it is only to those who have the privilege of knowing her well that she will let her real self be known. Willing she is and a very agreeable person. She has also a mind of her own, which can be very determined at times, but Esther never forces her opinions upon people, she has them and she lets people know that she has them and she wends her own sweet way without troubling other people or letting them trouble her. Good luck, Esther!

ARLINE PHILLIPS — Du Bois, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

Arline of the red cheeks and the brown, sparkling eyes, in which a glint of laughter always lies. (Sounds like poetry, doesn't it?) Arline is reticent, but she's not a retiring maid by any means. She loves the funny side of things and appreciates it as well as anybody. But most of all she loves her piano and exercise books and great heavy magazines they look to be, with Chopin and Beethoven printed in big letters on the cover. Arline is talented, there's no doubt about it; music oozes right out of her finger tips! Here's to Arline!

WALTER PASSMORE Mansfield, Pa.

First we will describe him as we see him move among us. He's tall, you couldn't gather that from his picture, but we assure you his legs are yards in length! He is as far removed from fat as anything can well be. He wears a smile that won't come off. His eyes hold a faraway dreamy expression. You are sure to find him in the Library at any time of day. And besides all this he has more than he needs of a certain gray material called Brains. Walter is bright and there's no denying it!!

LUCILLE PALMER Shinglehouse, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Glee Club.

Lucille is tall, taller than most of us, very much proud of Shinglehouse, her home town. She loves to sing, she can, too, and to the everlasting gratitude of various program committees, both she and her sister WILL. (She's good to look at, by the way.) Sometimes she makes us think of a Southern lassie, with her slow, soft, languid voice and her easy manner. She doesn't care much for boys here—but we have heard that at home, etc. She is a good student and really works. She likes to talk. Here's all good wishes, Lucille!

ALMA PRINCE. Nichols, N. Y.

"Al"

Emersonian Society; Kindergarten.

We are almost certain that Alma will not continue in a state of single blessedness very long. For: First, she is uncertain as to what she wants to do; Secondly, because she is a good cook. If her friends wish any general information they always go to Alma, who seems to have an unlimited fund of knowledge. Kindergarten is where Alma's heart lies, and we have it that the kiddies love her! She showed her common sense in coming to M. S. N. S, instead of choosing a New York Normal. As we hinted before, the "lesser sex" finds Alma most interesting and attractive; how do we know? Observation is a good teacher. Well, here's luck, Alma P!

HELEN PRICE **Carbondale, Pa.**

Alta Petens Society; Glee Club.

Two years ago a little, yellow-headed duckling slipped quietly into the waters of our duck pond and went paddling serenely and contentedly about. We were first made aware of her presence by the faithful guardianship shown by an older and more way-wise brother duck. After awhile, however, this duck left, to paddle about in distant and still deeper waters. Then our little yellow duckling shed a few tears, shook out her wings, paddled out to the middle and made herself know to us. Now SHE is ready to explore new waters and when she takes the spring we wish her a great big "splash" all her own.

ATALA RUGER **Towanda, Pa.**

"Atlie"

Alta Petens; Kindergarten Department.

Here's another one of those still waters that run deep. But don't think her only art lies in the Kindergarten work, for "Atlie" is a wonder at keeping house. Her friends expect her to entertain week-end house parties "Down on the Farm." A brilliant student, a loyal friend, and a pleasant companion, she has learned well the art of making and keeping friends. And it is with great pride that we name her one of us. A little girl she is with round blue eyes and fluffy yellow hair. She numbers both girls and boys as her friends and each vote her a true brick. Oodles of love, "Atalie."

RENA REINHARDT **Scranton, Pa.**

"Reina"

Alta Petens Society; Glee Club.

Yes, gentle reader, this is Rena; Rena of the pink cheeks; the yellow hair, the sky blue eyes and the doll-like stare. The next issue of "Who's Who In Mansfield" will undoubtedly contain the record of some of her favorite pastimes; having feeds, losing her voice and entertaining boys, etc., etc. She likes to keep up with Dame Fashion and that estimable lady leads her a merry chase. She is a rather impressionable lass, upon meditating upon her various heart affairs, she once exclaimed greedily, "Would that I could marry them all!" By the way she rather expects to live at Arnot some day. He lives there.

ADELINE REED — Tunkhannock, Pa.

"Addie"

Athenaean Society; Glee Club.

It's an established fact and we all accept it—where "Addie" is, there also is Harold. If you do not believe this statement, merely ask her to allow you to glance thru her "stunt book," there you will find ample proof. As for characteristics—she's CLEVER, both in looks and talent. She can play, she can sing, she is clever with her fingers, she's enthusiastic as regards tennis. (Harold, too, is a crack tennis player.) She can write. Rumor has it! But for proof, look for—"Getting Even With Sis." We all like "Addie" and wish her good luck in every thing.

DORA ROSS — Towanda, Pa.

Here is a girl from Bradford county and a notable Indian district. Let us tell you right now that Dora has brains. She also has a sense of humor as we who took Astronomy with her in her Junior year can testify. She is an inveterate giggler, and when you hear Dora giggle, you invariably do the same stunt yourself. Dora thinks boys are queer animals, but rather nice creatures after all is said and done, and really attractive. Dora is also capable and full of vim and "go-to-it-iveness." We know she will make good as a teacher, she can't help it.

ALICE ROCKWELL — Mainesburg, Pa.

"Allie"

Athenaean Society.

Alice of the big, brown, sympathetic eyes; Alice of the hearty and whole-souled interest in all our suggestions, even the most trivial; Alice in whom all of our confidences are safe. She has served for four long years in "No Man's Land," (The Library), but what a harvest she will have reaped! For has she not, during those years, extended willing hands to Cupid and have they not worked untiringly for the future happiness of all who have entered there? Alice numbers her friends in hundreds; we love her!

THEODORE SMITH — **Shohola, Pa.**

"Ted"

Emerscnian Society; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Pike University.

"Ted," the boy who never lies,
Likes large words and apple pies;
Treasurer he of the boys' Y. M.
Rarely with women, mostly with men.
We think we know him thru and thru—
When up he pops with something new.
A kidder he of studious (?) mien—
The oddest mixture we've ever seen.

CLARA V. SONN — **Throop, Pa.**

"Sonny"

Clara, or "Sonny" has a perfect genius for making 99's when she's looking for 60's and vice versa in "Ag". It is really uncanny and we can't understand it. She is the personification of goodness, generosity and good will,there's nothing narrow about "Sonny," in either mind or body; she thinks breakfasts were made for thin people. Her hearty laugh and broad smile makes everybody crazy to accept an invitation to her "sauer kraut spreads," as she calls them. She can make sandwiches out of nothing and if you don't believe it, she's quite willing to prove it. She used to be at "Bloom" but Mansfield suits her better.

HARRIET SAMUEL — **Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

Athenaean Society; Glee Club.

Wilkes-Barre has sent us many charming girls, but none can surpass Harriet. She enjoys life and makes all around her happy, Many of the boys have fallen captive to her pleasing ways. This year she has been receiving mysterious postcards from such widely different cities as Syracuse and Lambs Creek. Yet always these messages are signed by the same cryptic initials, J. J. Her picture vouches for her looks, but it can't portray the pink of her cheeks or the blue of her eyes. Here's all success to you, Harriet.

DOROTHY STONE — Taylor, Pa.

"Dot"

Emersonian Society.

A small person; rather light hair, round, wide-awake eyes, a tip-tilted nose and one of that clique known as "The Taylor Bunch." She is a very good "stude," but grinding is not a favorite pastime with her. She loves, just loves to "spite" people, but her little haphazard shots have no sting in them that rankles. Boys are very nice creatures she thinks, but nothing to waste much thought about and certainly no sleep. She is an adept master-hand in one way, you see she plays "chief" in the above-mentioned "Taylor Bunch" and the way that they slide away those spreads is wonderful to see.

GERTRUDE STEVENS — Dundaff, Pa.

A henaean Society; President Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club.

Gertrude is tall and quietly dignified. She has wonderful hair and eyes; because of her sweet and winning personality, as well as her sense of honor and responsibility, she was elected President of our Y. W. C. A. She has served well in that capacity; and now that she graduates we feel the school has lost an influencing factor in its organization life. But Gertrude is jolly and funny and fun-loving as well as quiet and thoughtful. She sings wonderfully well; she is an out-door sort and loves athletics as well as the rest of us. She's an "all-round girl" of the 20th Century, and we love her.

WILLIAM STAGAMAN — Wellsboro, Pa.

Here is Bill! Will we ever forget him. Bill! Bill! Where on earth did you ever get those legs! Tall did you say? Why, one day we saw a man walking up the street from down town and we thot it was two telephone poles cavorting along, but it turned out to be Bill! But Bill has found his mate, in height, at least, and we scurry to the corners of the gym when he and "Kelley" "trip it on the light fantastic toe." Bill is all right and he has many friends. Here's to Bill!

LILLIAN SCAIFE Covington, Pa.

"Billy"

Emersonian Society.

This round-eyed child is a native of Covington. Innocent, did you say? Well, even the greatest of us sometimes make mistakes. She really does study, but dramatics are her forte. how she does love to be something other than she is; a born actress we think her. We have never known her to be blue; she's about three feet tall, may be a little more and round and "roly-poly"; she looks like a "Mellins Food Advertisement," dimples, rosy cheeks and all. There are all sorts of Lillians, but only one Lillian Scaife. Here's to "Billy," our "little Dutch Doll."

JANE SMITH Wellsboro, Pa.

There are Smiths and Smiths and Smiths and here is Jane. She's a little thing, quiet and rather demure; she's never in a hurry, never; and she is always on time, nevertheless. She's also very deliberate and painstaking, as her room and exam papers testify; we never heard, but we believe neatness is her middle name. She studies hard, does this little "Smithy" child. She's slightly conservative about with whom she's willing to make friends.

N. B. Someone just volunteered the information that she is also of a dreamy nature.

STANLEY STOGOSKI Luzerne, Pa.

"Stogey"

Philomethean Society; Scrub Football; Orchestra; Basketball.

Stanley made his debut at M. S. N. S. as a dancer and as yet he has found no one who can stand on equal footing with himself in this line of diversion. By the way, "Stogey" is great on diversion, he even has been known to cut classes to break the monotonous monotony. A ladies' man? Hardly. still we don't know, they seem to like him! He can do most everything; his violin responds as much to the musical touch in his fingers as his feet do to ragtime. He's one of the most popular fellows in school. Good luck!

GERTRUDE SMILES — Pittston, Pa.

Athenaean Society; Senior Basketball.

Gertrude is quiet until you know her. Camp Meade seems rather foremost in her thoughts lately, why, we wonder; letters with little red American flags seem to be persistent in their attempts to be found in M. S. N. S mail bags; but then, it's "just an old schoolmate", so of course, you see, etc., etc. She is blessed with brains and a rather unusual amount, too. She's a mathematical shark, enough so to delight the heart of poor, long-suffering "Daddy" Strait. She has even taught Arithmetic to some poor, harmless little Freshmen. Brains! Whew!!

GLADYS STEARNS — Starrucca, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

Here is a girl from Starruca, Pa.,
And we're wondering just what we are going to say;
Her hair is the color of sun-shiny gold,
Her eyes are sky blue—
And we have been told
That misty air castles
And dreams of Some Day
Form part of her dreaming in fanciful sway.
Well, here's to the girl with the big dreamy eyes;
May the years make her happy and wealthy and wise.

ARLINE STALFORD — Wyalusing, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

Here is Arline Marie! Impulsive and enthusiastic. She loves to talk, and she does, night and day—we mean that literally, for record has it that one night upon hearing a cat wail mournfully upon the campus, she sat up, dreamily declaring, "Some one is calling me!" As for class room standing, you ought to see the marks doped out to her. She accepts 100 per cent. as calmly as we do 75 per cent. Livy translations are mere A B C's to Arline. She has lots of friends and a great love of "hikes", country air, and a little town on the banks of the Susquehanna.

RUTH SMITH — Westfield, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

All Smiths are great people, and Ruth is one of the greatest. She is famous as a dispeller of blues, a good disciplinarian and a tease. And to cap all this she is known as one of the most efficient and well-liked girls in M. S. N. S. She loves to hike and embroider, to talk and to laugh at really funny things. Ask Ruth to show you how she proves Darwin's Theory of Evolution. Ruth is no prude, but a jolly and very natural person, full of vim and pep and bound to succeed.

VICTORIA SIEBER — Dunmore, Pa.

"Vicy"

Emersonian Society.

This pink cheeked lassie is another representative of Dunmore; and all that "Vic" stands for and represents counts for a lot. She is never too busy and tired to do just one thing more for some one. We will all remember "Vicy" and the library in the same breath, for well has she performed her work there. She is well liked by both girls in North Hall and boys in South. We have heard she has had many charming romances, especially those that occur after "Lit" Society on Emersonian Saturday nights. You never told, "Vicy", but "murder will out."

LENA SMITH — Shohola, Pa.

Emersonian Society; Social Service Committee of Y. W. C. A.

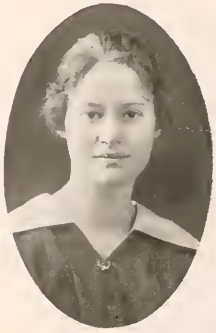
When Lena came to us as a Junior she was immediately known as "The Girl with the Rosy Cheeks." There's enough grit and determination stored up in her to furnish three of us ordinary mortals with a plentiful supply. When she attempts a thing you know it will be done. There is no guess-work about Lena. She's invincible as the Rock of Gibraltar. Right is right with her and wrong is wrong. She's sweet and honest and straightforward. She will stick to her friends thru thick and thin; she's a brick, and every one likes her.

REVA SHERMAN — Mansfield, Pa.

"More length than breadth"—that is Reva. We have it from one of her dearest friends that when she is in an especial hurry to reach Model School that she opportunely stubs her toe on the last step of the Normal, when she gathers herself up from the intervening garden space she finds herself at the desired place. She is quiet, but when she expresses her opinion, oh, my! oh, my! Here's a secret, also contributed by above-mentioned friend—she has a case on the Man in the Moon—also, that when it's "apple blossom time in Mansfield", but —that's telling!

ALMIRA SPENCER — Millerton, Pa.

This is Almira, we all know Almira. Horses are first in her affections and boys next. The farm for Almira every time, and really there isn't much about a farm that Almira can't tell you. She is a good student, standing high in her classes; she is witty and full of fun. She loves to talk, oh, how she loves to talk. Her hair has a reddish tinge and she has the "pep" that goes with it. She is a sort of a naturalist, for she loves to make herbariums and press flowers and all that sort of thing. Here's all good wishes for her.



LURA STERLING — Kingsley, Pa.

Born November 28, 1897. — Died March 11, 1918.

MARGUERITE TAYLOR Wyalusing, Pa.
"Monny"

Emersonian Sociey; Glee Club.

Nice looking little thing, isn't she? Yes, Marguerite is "good to look at", as some of the boys say, but we, too, who are counted as her friends, are very sure that it's much better to know her. She's loyal—to friend, society, school and what not. When she laughs you want to laugh too (which is very convenient in every place but one, namely, class.) Marguerite finds boys very attractive. She's an impulsive little thing, and her small head holds a goodly amount of common sense. She knows how to make the "welkin ring" as long suffering hall teachers know. So—here's to Monny", we like her!

MARIA THOMAS West Pittston, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

A quiet, demure little girl—oh, no! not if you know her. Some people are singers, others are speakers, but our Maria is a well-known giggler. Energy and perserverance have made this maiden a steady thinker, which accounts for her success as an arithmetic teacher, so we don't wonder at her ambition in life—to be at the head of the mathematics department in some high school. When '18 sets sail, Maria will be on deck.

MILDRED THOREN Port Allegheny, Pa.

Alta Petens Society.

She's tall and straight and slim and fair,
Her eyes are blue as turquoise—
Her cheeks are pink, the kind that wears—
(Will nothing rhyme but porpoise?)
Her step is light and firm and quick
The Model School her hobby—
Her brains are not the kind that's thick—
(We think of naught but nobby).
Oh classmates dear, we beg of you,
Forgive this awful rythm—
This editor's song is not for long,
May her sins be forgiven.

ADA VON WOLFFRADT — Milan, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

She's quietly observing, is Ada, and she's perfectly capable of sizing you up in about five minutes. Wit, of a dry and subtle sort, peeps out of her quiet and easy manner. She is a good worker and she is a good friend and she has lots of them; it takes a pretty hard jolt to upset Ada's evenness of temper. We wonder what all those letters to camp mean, but when we discover that her favorite song is "The Campbells Are Coming," we think our dull minds can nearly fathom it. Success be yours, Ada.

HARRIET VAN DUZER — Waverly, N. Y.

Out of New York she comes, from a region famous for its Indian history. To her is due great honor, for it was she who suggested the name for this, our year book, and Carontawan it was that the Board of Editors finally choose. Harriet is a dark, slender girl, and she has a case, oh, such a "Case", who is most devotedly devoted to her. Harriet loves to dance and has at last succeeded in inspiring Almet with the same love. She is witty in a dry little way all her own. All success, Harriet.!

RALPH VAN FLEET — Dalton, Pa.

Emersonian Society.

Ralph plans his work and works his plans three hundred and sixty-five days a year. He works on schedule (?), sleeps on schedule (?), eats on schedule (?). One look at the marks Doctor hands him will convert an "Eat, drink, and be merry—for tomorrow is examination week" philosopher. Ralph is tall and long-legged and inclined to be good-looking. Nothing on earth ever troubled him. His favorite song—"Along Came Ruth."

CELESTA WARREN — Alba, Pa.

"Celest"

Emersonian Society; Orchestra.

Music lies in her finger tips; she can play the piano, the violin, the organ, and the horn; she can sing soprano, or alto or tenor or baritone or bass; (we don't know positively about the last two, but it wouldn't surprise us). She can study, she can teach, she can pass her exams; we have yet to find something she can't do! Out of Bradford county she comes, with an undying affection for that favored spot, a disposition that is weather-proof and a keen appreciation of all things humorous.

FREDA WILLARD — Moosic, Pa.

"Jess"

Emersonian Society; Emersonian Contributor; Glee Club.

Freda cast a shadow over Moosic when she decided to leave for Mansfield. Freda has reached the highest in Elocution and will be missed as an entertainer for the coming year, both for her readings and her charming laugh, for one who has heard her laugh will never forget her "snort." She is also an enthusiastic onlooker at athletic contests, her personality, which is made up of pleasant ways, witty savings and winning smiles, has won for her a host of friends who wish her the best luck in her coming work.

MARGARET WILSON — Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Slivers"

Philomethean Society.

Margaret created somewhat of a sensation when she first arrived as a Junior, first as a crack tennis player, then secondly, her proficiency in love games, which tho last, is not least, as "Gazook" soon found out, "Gazook", whom we thought immune as any hardened athlete could be. But now, it's taken for granted wherever you see "Slivers", there also is "Gazook". Happy and go-lucky is "Slivers", skillful with brush and paint, even-tempered and an altogether desirable lass to have around.

CATHARINE WILSON **Hornell, N. Y.**
"K", "Katrine"

Emersonian Society.

"Dainty as a butterfly, light as thistle down". But her mind does not resemble butterflies or her ways a thistle; oh no, indeed, with her two small feet propped up on her neighbors best bedspread, her lap laden with Red Cross yarn and her fingers busily poking knitting needles in and out, you'd think she carried the weight of the world on her shoulders, but you'd guess wrong; "K" never troubles trouble and it never troubles her; she won't let it. Oh, she's a wise little thing, for how she dearly loves to putter around with a cookbook and batters and things; you see, like Postum, "There's a Reason."

EDNA WRIGHT **Thompson, Pa.**

Edna hates mathematics,
She can't get "ecstatics"
Over fractions and things bought and sold;
O'er equations quadratic; she gets quite dramatic;
The things she says can't be told.
As for characteristics—
She's quite optimistic—
She's quiet, a good worker, too—
But tho she does risk it, she gets pessimistic
Wherenever there's problems to do.

FRANCES WEEKS **Osceola, Pa.**

She's a loyal native of Tioga county; she isn't very big, but we imagine she has a rather extra amount of common sense stored away in her small head. Frances makes us think of a little dormouse, she is so quiet and unobtrusive; she studies hard—her lessons are never neglected. She goes quietly about her own business, molesting nobody, attending strictly to her own affairs. Frances is hesitant about making advances, she feels her way carefully before venturing very far. Here's to our little dormouse!

MARY WATKINS **Covington, Pa.**

"Oh, Mary, be careful," should constantly be said to Mary, for she is always getting her friends and herself into scrapes. Her ready wit and dimpled chin make her popular with all who know her. Altho by her looks one would think her dignified, yet Mary is full of the "Old Nick." She's a natural born "rhymster," for from her childhood she has been able to make jingles. Her latest efforts have been "There's a boy in the heart of Maryland." For further particulars inquire of Miss Watkins.

RUTH WILLIAMS **Taylor, Pa.**

"Fat"

Emersonian Society.
We wish to rhyme a little
About this girl called "Fat,"
For when we say she's "fond of George,"
We know we have it pat.
She studies some, she studies none,
She always has her lessons.
But how she gets those lovely marks
Just keeps us all a-guessing;
She hails from out of Taylor-town,
And all the natives love her;
May sunny days and happy skies
Forever be above her.

HELEN WOOD **Mansfield, Pa.**

"Much in little". That's Helen. Very accomplished, very cheerful, very bright. She likes to study, keeping in a class-room is one too many for Helen. She has heaps of friends, everyone of whom votes her a brick. Helen loves Tioga and she'll sing her Alma Mater as enthusiastically as any of us, but Normal boys simply didn't come up to her idea of a Prince Charming, she went searching and in Bradford county she found him. She was the one Tiogan who didn't give a flip which way the Susquehanna Trail macadamized itself.

CLEMENTINE WOODMANSEE Starruca, Pa.

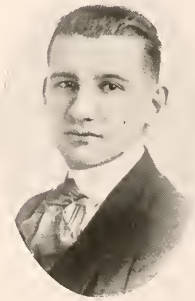
Emersonian Society; Orchestra; Glee Club.

This is a little girl with a great big name, but, as sometimes isn't the case, she is capable of living up to it. She finds boys very attractive and they seem to find her pretty agreeable, too. Her most cherished possession is her violin, which she plays more than well. They tell us she has a wee bit of temper and we are glad of it for if a person doesn't have pepper in his make-up we don't consider him worth his salt. All good wishes, Clementine!

EVAN WILLIAMS Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Athenaean Society.

Evan Williams, no relative of the famous tenor, is an all-round fellow and what he lacks as a famous singer is counterbalanced by his proficiency in German class (?) for he has an idea that when Uncle Sam gets his work in "over there," there will be no need of a German language. He is full of ideas; he even knows that after twilight falls, day breaks. He will be well remembered as a candidate for presidency in a well-known class meeting. He's a patriot too, but it's hard luck about those ears, "Ev."



HAZEL WILCOX Milan, Pa.

Here's a girl with a cheerful grin,
A gloomy face she deems a sin;
So while she walks and moves about,
Her mouth curls up and her dimples out;
She loves to cheer and comfort folks,
And so she has a line of jokes—
And if at you she'd let one spring,
You'd have to smile spite everything.

WILLIAM WALP — Nanticoke, Pa.

"Billy"

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'Campused again!'"

Poor Billy! We love him, but our love is unavailing; it can't prevent members of M. S. N. S. faculty from blundering upon him just at the climax of some escapade; we do the same things that he does, but its always "Billy" to whom the punishment is meted out. He's goodhearted and happy as the day is long and chuck full of wit. Long words are his delight and friends his specialty. Here's to "Billy"!

WILLIAM WALTERS — Nanticoke, Pa.

Athenaean Society; Varsity Football; Basketball.

Bill came to us during the Fall Term of 1917. He was a senior at Stroudsburg, but a bird whispered Mansfield Normal to him and he came, and we are very glad to have him with us. He starred in the athletic games, in football and basket ball. He's a most engaging cuss, and has a knack at dancing. Bill likes to kid people and rather dotes on that style of self-entertainment. Bill's chief amusement is letters from "one (?)". Bill is a fair kidder, but, nevertheless, he's "True Blue".

HELEN WEIBEL — Taylor, Pa.

"Brick"

Emersonian Society.

This is Brick", tall she is and slender and she is a member of that organization known as "The Taylor Bunch. She is a very agreeable sort of personage; but she has one besetting sin, she delights in tormenting her dearest friends till they are nearly speechless (we get this information from a reliable source). We have also heard that she manages to keep one corner of fourth floor in a healthy and lively circulation of giggles. She rather likes the odious creatures called men but she doesn't let them disturb the equilibrium of her mind. Good luck, "Bricky"!

MARY YOUNG — Moosic, Pa.

Alta Petens Society; Chairman Social Committee.

And here we have Mary! Mary with the creamy complexion, Mary of the sweet smile, Mary of the round wide eyes, Mary of the "unup-set-able disposition." You can't make Mary cross, some who have tried it testify. There are no prickly edges about Mary; her's is one of the sweetest dispositions in M. S. N. S. Mary's "write-up" would not be complete without mention of "Scoop". For where Mary is there is "Scoop" also. Robin Hood picnics are occasions dear to their hearts, as certain "snaps" and individuals can testify. Mary has friends who love her so here's to Mary. Mar(r)y Young"? Perhaps!

THUSNELDE ZELLER — Scranton, Pa.

"Thuzzy"

Philomethean Society; Vice President Y. W. C. A.

"Thuzzy", who also answers to the name of "Zophie", charms us not only with her voice, but with her winning ways. Altho she comes from Scranton, she is fond of rural life and really dotes on pastoral scenes, for nothing pleases her more than a walk to Robin Hood, regardless of weather conditions, that is providing she has the proper escort. "Thuzzy" is clever, and she has succeeded in making a member of our honorable faculty think the same, namely, our Spanish professor.

EDWIN SCHOTT — Sabinsville, Pa.

"Eddie"

Emersonian Society.

"Eddie Schott"! Will we ever forget him! "Eddie", whose tongue wagged from morning till night; "Eddie", the personification of wit, good will and generosity. "Eddie" took camp cookery at M. S. N. S., (Watch the smile on 1913's faces as they recall this), and Uncle Sam took due recognition of the fact. "Ed" has done well and we are proud of him. Here's to you Eddie, and Uncle Sam!

RANDOLPH GRACE — Towanda, Pa.

Randolph is another boy of our class who is upholding the honor of the Stars and Stripes. We remember one of his most marked charactertistics, namely his unfailing good nature; nothing ever upset Randolph. He used to shine down on the ice pond too, for he is one wonderful skater. As for a shark in a chemistry classroom!! Randolph was right there! And we know he'll be right there when Uncle Sam needs him, too.

THOMAS GALLAGHER — Factoryville, Pa.

"Tom"

Here is another fellow who represents us in the service of Uncle Sam. "Tom" has bright red hair and all the dry wit of Old Ireland. He is also possessed of the brains that go with it. Basketball found him ready and floor games found him shining. He danced and gym social found him always on deck! The class backs you to the last ditch or trench, Tom, and wishes you all the luck in the world.

THOMAS VOITEK — Luzerne, Pa.

"Tom"

"Tom" was one of the first to go in the "first draft," and that's why we miss his cheerful countenance among us this year. He has reminded many of a hero in an Algier book— fighting against odds, possessing ambition, and a lot of grim determination, etc. These soldierly qualities have been well placed, too, as is proved by his steady advancement at the training camp. Miss Doane quotes him as a wonderful Latin student, so we know he's brilliant. Good luck, Tom!

JOHN KANE — Arnot, Pa.

"Johnny"

Everybody remembers Johnny Kane! We can't help but recall those dances— bruised toes, scratched shoes and sudden bumps linger in our memories! And then that curley hair and those bright brown eyes and a certain song sung at a certain minstrel that went to the tune of "Where the Tioga River Flows"—all these things, we remember too. But we know that military demands will find John right there. Here's the best luck to John!

MILDRED WILKINS-BEACH — Mansfield, Pa.

Our Bride! Married in the fall of '17 to Horace Beach.

HAZEL WATKINS-CARSON — Scranton, Pa.

Philomethean Society.

Another bride! Married in the fall of '17 to Alex Carson, Scranton.

Philomethean Society.

MARGARET FINN Parsons, Pa.

Here you behold the Junior representative of The Carontawan Board. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, we have been unable to place her picture in that of the staff group, but take a good look at her for her work deserves mention.

In Memoriam

JAMES O'BRIEN

Born October 9, 1898. Died February 15, 1918.

OUR TRIBUTE.

Thy days with us have softly passed
And saddened to an end—.
How much, how well, we loved thee,
O my friend, my friend!
With Courage strong and purpose high
Your days were made worth while—
Your clean young life was symboled
In the beauty of your smile.
Oh, we shall meet again,
Dear friend, my friend;
We'll clasp thy hand, and live—
Life without end!

LURA STERLING

Born November 28, 1896. Died March 10, 1918.

OUR TRIBUTE.

O vast, still God—
All quietly, thy sacred will is wrought,
We cannot understand thy ways—
With pain and sadness fraught.
But oh, dear God!
From knowing her, this slender, dark-eyed maid—
We hear the passing of Death's wing—
And trust on—unafraid.

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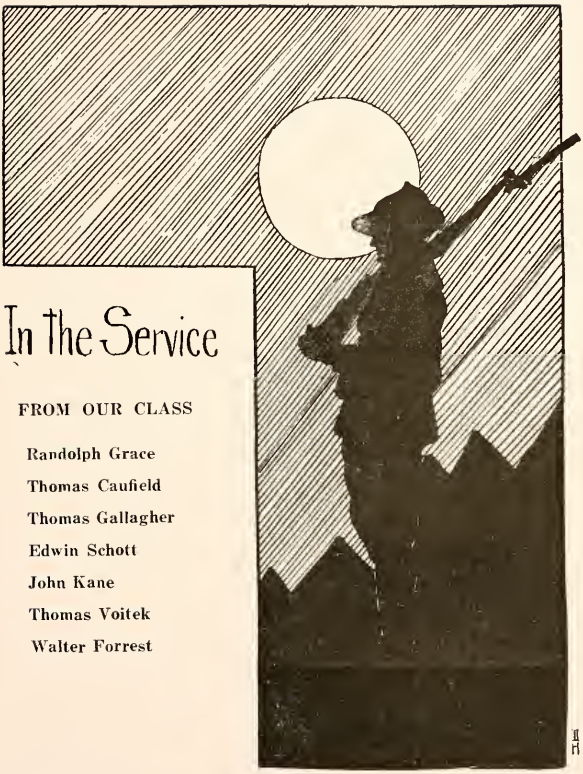
HELEN ROGERS

Born June 9, 1898. Died June 7, 1917.

OUR TRIBUTE.

We only knew her for a little space—
  But knowing, loved
The gentle sweetness of her face!
We loved the light quick footstep
  Coming up the stair,
That ever seemed to us
  Like answer to a prayer.
Where hast thou wandered
  In that vast amaze,
Since yesternoon, when parted
  All our ways?
That day she softly passed from out our ken—
But what we were, we cannot be again!



In the Service

FROM OUR CLASS

Randolph Grace

Thomas Caufield

Thomas Gallagher

Edwin Schott

John Kane

Thomas Voitek

Walter Forrest

M. S. N. S. HONOR ROLL

Sergt. Harold Adams
Lieut. Lester Albert
Sergt. Leigh Allen
Lieut. Col. B. M. Bailey
Edward Bailey
Leo Bailey
Stephen Beach
Frank Bardwell
Harry Briggs
Warren Briggs
Harry Brink
Grant Carpenter
Thomas Caufield
Willard Cass
Joseph Clarke
Malcolm V. Clark
Second Lieut. J. Bryce Cogswell
Joseph Conlon
Howard Connelly
William Connors
Sergt. Todd Coronway
Second Lieut. W. S. Capp
George Davis
Elmer Dayton
Walter Decker
Capt. John H. Doane
Walter Everett
John Frey
Jay Foley
Thomas Gallagher
Russell Gee
Randolph Grace
Manley Gregory
Philip Guiles
Fred Hardy
Lieut. Lee Hughes
Lieut Benj. Fleitz
Harold Johnson
Corp. Francis McCarthy
Walter Forrest
A. Ford Johnson
Wade W. Judge
John Kane
Leon Kelly
Tracey Laurenson
Corp. Kimble Marvin
Douglas Miner
Second Lieut. S. Moran
Corp. Louis Munnell
George Myers
Lieut. John Nealon
Lieut H. G. Peterson
Sergt. Frank Reckus
John D. Ritter
Hugh Rooney
Louis Schrier
Sergt. Edwin Schott
Sergt. Eldridge Shoup
Clifford Scouten
Harold Sonn
Don Sweeley
Rayburn Smith
Wayne Van Auken
William Viglione
Corp. Thos. Voitek
Harry G. Walton
Sergt. Myron Webster
Orson Wilcox
Reid Wilcox
Sergt. Raymond Williams
Maurice Woodrow
Clarence Ollendike
Carl Webster
Charles Wey Oliver
Howard Hanyen
Donald Hoard

Red Cross Nurses

Ruth Runkle
Sylvene Nye

JUNIORS.

JUNIORS

CLASS HISTORY.

Upon the arrival of the class of '19 from all parts of the country, classmates immediately became acquainted with each other and one by one learned to know the instructors, each of whom informed us that his was the most important subject. And there were among us people of all crafts and positions, philosophers, rich men's son's, metaphysicians, soldiers, mine workers—and even politicians. Thus each individual displayed his wit and brilliancy until it was finally decided that the Junior Class would break the record in all sports and lessons—and so they did.

We graciously accepted the introduction from Prof. Deily, to those great men in Literature who spilled ink worthily; while Prof. Grant escorted us thru the mysteries of Chemistry and the ordeals in the Laboratory, which took a great deal of our time from "gym" socials and the "movies." In Latin class we heard of the heroic deeds of Cicero as an orator. In History class we lived in the ancient days of our ancestors. In Spanish class, or in other words, "Social Period," we all shine—especially when our teacher tells us those "Dreadful Bear Stories." We are inclined to believe that our Physiology note-books deserve a place in history, but we will leave that for Miss Vail to decide. Psychology teaches us to manage the mysteries of our brains and minds, but it remains for Methods to show us how to manage others.

The Junior Class represented one of the best teams in her history during the past season and as a result, Alex Brown, Fred Bedenk and Edward Bailey starred. It is with extreme modesty that the writer relates the important facts concerning the athletic ability of her class, nevertheless, we have stars in the Football Team and Girls' Basketball Team.

We proved to the school our activity as Red Cross Members, by knitting and contributing to their funds.

We also took part in the programs of the various literary societies.

Not only are we represented in the above organizations, but also in the army. Space will not permit the writer to give due praise to these young men, also the others who unselfishly offered themselves, but were rejected. We are, however, proud to say that we are represented in the Aviation Corps by Edward Bailey.

The following are serving as officers of the class: President, Harry Bergan; vice-president, John Evans; secretary, James Norton, treasurer, James Toole.

As the time draws on and brings the Spring term to a close, we earnestly hope that we will be able to assume the dignity and responsibilities of our worthy seniors, whose kind ways and friendships will be missed by all. We also hope that our departure will be as great a loss to the school as the departure of the present seniors.

—Margaret M. Finn—'19

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

NETTIE ADAMS Millerton, Pa.
As merry as the day is long.

DIANTHA ASHLEY Covington, Pa.
Her looks were fond and her words were few.

DOROTHY ASHLEY Mansfield, Pa.
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

DOROTHY AYERS Mansfield, Pa.
The mildest manners with the bravest mind.

FRED BEDENK Mansfield, Pa.
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever—

HARRY BRENNAN Carlondale, Pa.
God helps those who help themselves.

DOROTHY BAKER Nelson, Pa.
A sight to dream of, not to tell.

GORDON BATCHELLER, Knoxville, Pa.
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

EDWARD BAILEY Mansfield, Pa.
I did not like to teach, I did not like to dance,
A soldier's what I wanted to be, so I went away to France.

MARION BARNES Starrucca, Pa.
If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it.

HARRIET BARTON Scranton, Pa.
She that has patience may compass anything.

LERA BARTOO Harrison Valley, Pa.
Nothing succeeds like success.

VERA BELL Olyphant, Pa.
"Ring out wild bells," say the poet's lines.
But "Our Bell" doesn't ring, she only shines.

HARRY BERGEN Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
The look in his eye, and the blush on his cheek,
Would cause any girl to flirt for a week.

HAZEL BROOKS Elmira, N. Y.
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!

CLYDE BAILEY Wellsboro, Pa.
It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.

ERNESTINE BARNES Orwell, Pa.
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

ISABELLE BATTENBURG Scranton, Pa.
Her very foot hath music in it,
As she comes up the stairs.

ANNA CLEMENTI Old Forge, Pa.
Be there a will and wisdom finds a way.

BELLE CLARKSON Forest City, Pa.
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a "Belle."

DERNA CARLEY Ulysses, Pa.
I know everything except myself.

CASPER CLEVELAND Wellsboro, Pa.
Men of few words are the best men.

ALICE COURTRIGHT Duryea, Pa.
I am the very pink of courtesy.

GLADYS COBB Scranton, Pa.
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

PHILIP CAMPBELL Burlington, Pa.
Thy thoughts are deeper than all speech.

MARJORIE CHAFFEE Rome, Pa.
She makes solitude, and calls it peace.

MARION CLARKE Elkland, Pa.
More lovely than Pandora.

NELLIE COLWELL Susquehanna, Pa.
To err is human, to forgive is divine.

MERTIE COOKE Rutland, Pa.
I am here a long time—and here I shall remain.

JOHN COX Mansfield, Pa.
His only fault is that he has no fault.

MARGARET COLLINS Leolyn, Pa.
She looks as clear as morning roses
newly washed with dew.

MARGARET CULLEN Scranton, Pa.
And I find pleasure in the pathless
woods,
Playing with "Cappie's" affectionate
moods.

HAZEL DAVIDSON Wyoming, Pa.
There was a silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath—
For a time.

HARRIET DAVIES Rendham, Pa.
What female heart can gold despise.

HIRAM DARTT Wellsboro, Pa.
And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place.

RUTH DECKER Mansfield, Pa.
The star of the unconquered will.

ALMA DECKER Pittston, Pa.
My tongue within my lips, I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

LEORA DIMON Rome, Pa.
She is one who has many friends,
For many a broken heart she mends.

HELEN B. DAVIS Mansfield, Pa.
A flower worthy of paradise.

JOHN EVANS Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Have you not heard the poets tell
Of "Jerry" and his "Shining Bell"?

STANLEY EASTER Geneva, Pa.
A lion among the ladies is a most
dreadful thing.

RUTH M. EVANS, Jr. Carbondale, Pa.
Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer.

MARY EVANS Seminole, Pa.
The music in my foot I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

HELEN EVANS Taylor, Pa.
Tho' small in size, great in mind,
Humble, womanly, gracious, kind.

ELLSWORTH EVANS Wellsboro, Pa.
Handsome is that handsome does.

HELENE EVANS Parsons, Pa.
The secret to her success is constancy
to purpose.

PANSY ERWAY Mansfield, Pa.
Patience is a necessary ingredient of
genius.

MARGARET FINN Parsons, Pa.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er has it been my chance to meet."

HARRY FISH Arnot,Pa.
He wears the "Rose"
Of youth upon him.

NORMA FRISBIE Elkland, Pa.
If the heart of a man is depressed with
cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman
appears.

MARGUERITE GILLETTE Ulster, Pa.
I live in deeds, not years, in thoughts,
not breaths.

BERNICE GRIFFIS Sayre, Pa.
My life is like a summer rose.

CLEMENCE GILLETTE Ulster, Pa.
Let thy words be few.

BEATRICE GIBSON Wellsboro, Pa.
She makes sweet music with th'
enamell'd keys.

MARY GAVIN Olyphant, Pa.
O happiness! Our being's end and aim!
Good pleasure, ease, content; where'er
thy name.

CASPER GILLETTE Mansfield, Pa.
I always thought variety was the very
spice of life;
But alas—I found her who taught me
different.

RUTH HART Morris, Pa.
The price of her wisdom is above rubies.

MARY HAYWARD Plymouth, Pa.
Give me neither poverty nor riches

RAYMOND HORAN, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
For there's daggers in men's smiles.

JOSEPH HAYES Pittston, Pa.
First in the fight and every graceful
deed.

MARJORIE HATHERILL
Wellsboro, Pa.
In her tongue is the law of kindness.

THOMAS HISCOX Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.

HELEN HOWE Herrick Center, Pa.
The magic of her face.

IONA HUNT Troy, Pa.
The game is up.

RUBY HUGHES Tioga, Pa.
Our priceless "Ruby".

FAYNE HEDRICK Mansfield, Pa.
A heaven on earth.

HELEN HILDEBRAND Scranton, Pa.
Of all our parts her eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

HELEN HUSTED Painted Post, N. Y.
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my schooldays.

JESSIE HILL Waverly, Pa.
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.

JOYCE INGERICK Antrim, Pa.
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.

HARRIET JOHNSON Laceyville, Pa.
The glory of a firm capacious mind.

JOSEPHINE JAQUISH Mansfield, Pa.
Where'er she moved, the goddess shone before her.

LOUISE JONES Taylor, Pa.
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

RUTH JENNINGS Scranton, Pa.
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

ELIZABETH JANNICELLI Forest City, Pa.
Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

MARGARET KEEFE Arnot, Pa.
The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

HELEN KEATING Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

ROSE KELLEY Pittston, Pa.
As the rainbow comes and goes,
It shows the beauty of "Our Rose".

HARRY KROTZER Throop, Pa.
I war not with the dead.

KATHLEEN KEOUGH Arnot, Pa.
Whatever is worth doing at all, is done well.

RUTH KNELL Westfield, Pa.
I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.

MURIEL KERCHNER Plymouth, Pa.
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.

BEATRICE LINDSLEY Binghamton, N. Y.
My heart is fixed.

LELA LINDSLEY Ulster, Pa.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

LUELLA LORD Waverly, N. Y.
A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

MABEL LOUNSBERY Antrim, Pa.
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.

HILDA LEBER Scranton, Pa.
Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain.

MARGARET MAUGHAN Pittston, Pa.
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love forever.

MILDRED MARVIN Athens, Pa.
Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

MARY MORAHAN Avoca, Pa.
I, thus neglecting worldy ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind.

MARGARET MARBLE Wellsboro, Pa.
Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

GERTRUDE MILLER Dunmore, Pa.
Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.

GRACE MEINE Galeton, Pa.
Alas—He knows a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

FLORENCE MORGAN Scranton, Pa.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you.

WARREN MILLER Mansfield, Pa.
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.

BESSIE McDERMOTT Jessup, Pa.
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

ALICE MOLYNEUX Forksville, Pa.
Words sweet as honey from her lips distill'd.

ALICE McANDREW Jessup, Pa.
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

ETHEL METCALF Ulysesses, Pa.
Where joy forever dwells.

CHARLES NAUGLE Nanticoke, Pa.
He was ever precise in his promise-keeping.

BAYARD NEARY Carbondale, Pa.
The man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

JAMES NORTON Carbondale, Pa.
Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!

HELEN NORTON New Albany, Pa.
A soul as white as heaven.

EDNA OLLENDIKE Dickson City, Pa.
Her face is like the milky way i' the sky.

ENOLA OWLETT Knoxville, Pa.
I hate nobody. I am in charity with the world.

GLADYS PETTET East Port, N. Y.
I dote on his very absence.

JOSEPH PURVIN Throop, Pa.
The laugh that wins.

IRENE PERRY Lawrenceville, Pa.
Be wisely wordly; be not wordly wise.

DAVID PARSELS Philadelphia, Pa.
Who thinks too little, and who talks too much.

LILLIAN PHILLIPS Towanda, Pa.
There is not in this wide world a "Lily" so sweet.

TILLIE PALMER Powell, Pa.
Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

MARJORIE PRESTON Canton, Pa.
Knowledge is more equivalent to force.

ALMA RICHARDSON, Dickson City, Pa.
Her chief aim was, howe'er to do her best.

DANIEL REGAN Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
The wild, wild women are making a wild man out of me.

GLADYS RHODES Scranton, Pa.
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

HELEN RUNDELL Canton, Pa.
Is she not more than painting can express?

FORREST RICHARDS Mansfield, Pa.
Man wants but little, nor that little long.

MABEL REIDY Shickshinny, Pa.
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

EDNA REPPARD Mansfield, Pa.
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.

MARION REYNOLDS
Truth needs no color, honesty no pencil.

WALTER SHERWOOD Mansfield, Pa.
Give thy thoughts no tongue.

ANNA SHOPAY Olyphant, Pa.
Smooth is the water where the brook runs deep.

BLANCHE STRAUGHN Mansfield, Pa.
Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

GERTRUDE SKELLETT, Starrucca, Pa.
No labor tires.

GLADYS SHEIVE Millerton, Pa.
The memory of the just is blessed.

GEORGE SQUIRES Mainesburg, Pa.
He had sighed to many, tho' he loved but one.

ANNA STEIN Dunmore, Pa.
Her locks are smooth, black and curly.
She is never late, but always early.

MARION STEVENS Towanda, Pa.
Knowledge is power.

GRACE STREBY Overton, Pa.
She was good as she was fair.

MICHAEL SIROTNAK Throop, Pa.
Earth sounds my wisdom and heaven my fame.

EMILIE SCHMIDT Scranton, Pa.
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

LYDIA SCHWENK Scranton, Pa.
For we that live to please must please to live.

VERNA STROUSE Elmira, N. Y.
The endearing elegance of female friendship.

LOIS SQUIRES Mainesburg, Pa.
I bear a charmed life.

JOSEPHINE SQUIRES Mansfield, Pa.
Her modest looks the fellows would adore.

MARGUERITE SCHMIDT
Dickson City, Pa.
Who mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth.

MARTHA STRANGE Mansfield, Pa.
None but herself can be parallel.

SUSIE STERLING Kingsley, Pa.
The very pink of perfection.

GEORGE TUROCK Priceburg, Pa.
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt.

FRANCES TWADDLE Scranton, Pa.
Measures, not men, have always been my mark.

MARY THOMAS Taylor, Pa.
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred.

JAMES TOOLE Miners Mills, Pa.
His wit invite you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.

FLORENCE UPDIKE Millerton, Pa.
To be, or not to be, that is the question.

CATHARINE URELL Tioga, Pa.
My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health

NELLIE VAN NESS Westfield, Pa.
She appears to be a part of wisdom.

MIRIAM WARDLE Scranton, Pa.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

LAURA WELLS Forest City, Pa.
She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed, a disposition.

SIBYL WELLS Wyalusing, Pa.
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

HELEN WHITNEY Thompson, Pa.
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues.

IRENE WALSH Scranton, Pa.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

BEEATTRESS WEINER
Port Allegany, Pa.
Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.

EMILY WILLSON Rendham, Pa.
Charms strike the sight,
But merit (Merritt)) wins the soul.

UNDERCLASSMEN

At times behind a desk they sit,
At times about the room they flit—
They interrupt our perfect ease
By asking questions such as these—
"What would Cass do if I should flunk?"
"You care if I sit on your trunk?"
"Where do we throw our laundry bag?"
"Are you quite sure this doesn't sag?"
"Why do we need a chaperon?"
"You think that they will send me home?"
"Oh, you can't guess the thing we did,
"At ten we had a mid-night spread!"
"Why do the boys go up to Bloss?"
"How much do ice cream sodas cost?"
"Do you think that my looks are queer?"
"Say, why on earth did you come here?"
We groan and feel a trifle blue—
Once we were underclassmen too!

MUSIC

THE NORMAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Will George Butler, Mus. Doc., Director.

The work of the Conservatory of Music is founded on the plan of the best schools of Europe and America, and gives the aspirant to high musical culture a training at a very moderate price that is equal to the best that can be obtained anywhere.

Everything is done to create an artistic atmosphere and a wholesome enthusiasm for the study of music. To this end artists are obtained for our concerts that appear as a rule only on the artists' courses of the large cities. Among those who have appeared here recently are: Leopold Winkler, pianist, noted pupil of Rubinstein; John Barnes Wells, tenor (twice); Betsey Lane Shepherd, soprano (twice); John Hepple Shepherd, organist (twice); Percy Hemus, baritone; Hans Kronold, cellist; Thurlow Lieurance, composer; Princess Watahwaso, soprano; Flavian Vanderveken, violinist; and Alex Skovgaard, violinist.

Lectures are given three times a week by the Director of the Conservatory upon musical appreciation, biography of the masters, musical history, and current musical events. This has proven a splendid means of stimulating enthusiasm.

Frequent recitals are given by the members of the faculty, which give the students the benefit of the excellent ability of the splendid corps of teachers retained by the institution. Aside from the regular faculty recitals, special programs have been given by Miss Hoag, piano and organ; Miss Farnham, piano and organ; Dr. Butler and Miss Hoag, violin and piano; Prof. Keim and Miss Farnham, voice and organ; Prof. A. J. Friedman, voice; Miss Aston and Miss Farnham, voice and organ; and Dr. Butler, "Folk Songs and Familiar Melodies" with illustrations.

Every two weeks a group of students gives a recital before the other members of the department, offering them a definite aim to work for and strengthening their confidence and ability for public performance. Student recitals open to the public are also given and the Vesper Service, the last Sunday evening of each month, is in charge of the Music Department, affording other opportunities for the public appearance of students and faculty.

An orchestra of symphonic proportions under the baton of Dr. Butler is maintained with two rehearsals each week. The works of the masters are carefully studied and at least two Symphony Concerts are given each year.

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Aston, is doing fine work, and the Boys' Glee Club is in enthusiastic training with splendid results under Dr. Butler.

The String Ensemble furnishes delightful music on the various programs of the school.

A band is maintained for use at the athletic games and outdoor functions of the school. It has been directed by Prof. Keim, Charles St. Clair, and is now under the direction of Norman Chapman.

An Opera is most attractively given each year by the Conservatory. It is presented with full orchestra and chorus and has been under the direction, for the past three years, of Prof. Keim. This year Dr. Butler will conduct the production. Three years ago, "The Gondoliers," by Gilbert and Sullivan, was given with Nellie F. Munro in charge of the dancing and stage action, and Miss Hoag at the piano. Two years ago, "The Doctor of Alcantara," by Jules Eichberg, was presented, and last year "The Yokohoma Maid," by Arthur A. Penn, was staged with Miss Hoag

directing the dancing and stage action of both productions and Miss Farnham presiding at the piano. This year's opera is another work of Arthur Penn, "The Lass of Limerick Town," which promises to be most attractive.

The excellent rendition three years ago of Liza Lehmann's "In A Persian Garden" by the pupils of Prof. A. J. Friedman is most pleasantly remembered.

In connection with all the work in music a very thorough course in the science and theory of the art is given by the Director, including harmony, counterpoint, melody writing, composition, and instrumentation and the highest musical ideals are fostered.

THE PIANO.

The piano is the most widely played of musical instruments. Music in the home is a necessity. He who says it is not has spoken wrongly. We CAN EXIST with only shelter, clothing and food, but we cannot LIVE without the influences that lift our eyes to the hill tops and God. Soul inspiration is a necessity to life and aspiration must have a medium through which to express itself, which, when expressed, inspires new and higher aspirations in a continuous chain. Music in the home is a necessity and "necessity is the mother of invention" and the pianoforte as we know it today is one of the most elaborate examples of the composite invention and genius of the years.

It was a happy day in the long ago when Orpheus chanced to find upon the shore a prism-tinted shell upon which a membrane dried in the sun was stretched trembling with the music of the sea! It was a happy day when he touched the strings and found that the lofty harmonies of the soul could mingle with the majestic melody of the deep. It was a happy Day when Orpheus discovered that upon his harp the rolling of the waves and the throbbing of the heart could play double counterpoint to the canto firmo of God! It is a long way from the harp or Orpheus to the piano in our home, but the evolution came by the path of invention and is the child of necessity. It came through the spinet or virginal upon which the cultured Queen Elizabeth and the stately Mary, Queen of Scots, were accomplished performers; it came through the harpischord featured by Peri, the father of opera, in his "Orpheus and Eurydice" in 1600, and led the score in Monteverdere's orchestral compositions until Gluck, the innovator, discarded it. When Christofori made the first piano in 1720, he cast the die for the concert grand and the upright or parlor grand of our family circle. Almost every home has a piano. It is no more a luxury, it is a necessity! It is the most used musical instrument, and, possibly, the most abused. It should not be and would not be if those who played knew how to use the instrument. It is very important to know how. No talent or even genius can thrive without science and art. We must know how and we must be taught. Our piano course is based on the ideas of the best conservatories and gives to the student at a low rate work that is equal to the high priced schools. One of the best pianists we ever graduated came to us a piano "pounder", he left us a delightful artist. Have you realized the absolute necessity of music in a well poised life and its important place in a finished education? If you do not play the piano, would you like to learn? If you do play, is your playing the product of training?

THE VOICE

The earliest attempts at musical expression were vocal, because men and women were born with voices, while instruments had to be invented and evolved. Vocal music in its correct state is natural, while instrumental music at its best is more or less artificial. Emotions that are common to the experiences of mankind must have found their way to the throats and lips of our earliest parents in some form of vocal music, however primitive and crude it might have been. And I am not so sure but that our parents who lived in the early dawn of the world were not better singers than any Melba or Caruso who ever charmed a Metropolitan Opera House throng. Voice, and breathing, and health, in those prehistoric days must have approached very close to perfection. People had not learned so many of the wrong ways of doing things. If our voices and breathing and health and thinking were as our Maker originally intended they should be, we would need no vocal culture. But we have lost the way and there must be someone to help us find it again. We hear a great deal about voice placing, and this is a very essential part of vocal culture, but the majority of the great singers were born with naturally "placed" voices. Jennie Lind, Patti, Melba, and Caruso studied hard with good teachers to find their "placement", the natural way, and, after they found it, they simply sang the natural way and the world was at their feet.

The vocal teacher has one of the greatest problems of all teachers for he must find the natural way for each voice, and the natural way is conditioned by the impediments that misuse have thrown in nature's way. There are more bad vocal teachers and charlatans in voice than in any other profession. Evan Williams told me sometime ago that he almost ruined his voice with poor teachers. And then he said he went out into the forest and studied the songs of the birds and found his path back again to nature's way.

If you have a good voice, sing, and sing a great deal, but be sure you are singing correctly. Have some one who has studied with recognized teachers help, guide, and drill you. If you have no voice apparently, give it a trial with a good teacher, and you may be happily surprised in the discovery of a voice. Some of the best singers have found their voices in this way.

THE VIOLIN.

On my studio table among the many personal mementos of the great masters of music I have known are two gifts which I highly prize. One is a statue of the tall, lean, almost grotesque figure of Paganini, presented to me in New York by Victor S. Fletcher, the venerable repairer of the violins of Ole Bull, Camilla Urso, Edouard Remenyi, Eugene Ysaye, and others, while he was repairing the bow of Jan Kubelik, whose music with Mme. Melba in the strains of Bach-Gounod's Ave Maria, and his own inimitable reincarnation of Paganini's Concerto in D. major of the night before were still ringing in our ears. The other valued gift is a beautiful leather-bound, hand-tooled, hand-illuminated copy of "A Little Journey to the Home of Nicola Paginini" by Elbert Hubbard, who must be conceded one of the greatest masters of modern English. The great master of subtle values and appreciations gave me the book the morning after my last recital at "ROYCROFT", and he had written in the exquisite little volume: "For Dr. Butler, in loving token of his beautiful music.—Elbert Hubbard." Upon the elaborate program Mr. Hubbard had issued for my recital the night before, he had caused to be printed this line: "The Violin Expresses for Us the Thoughts that Are Beyond Speech!"

In all of Mr. Hubbard's words of wisdom, he never voiced a greater truth. "Music is the universal language", but many times it is misunderstood. The violin, played even fairly well, speaks understandingly and sets the soul to singing and to hoping and to aspiring, sometimes when even the voice is not appreciated.

"There is balm for hearts o'erburdened in the magic of the bow,
Tho' one may dream of days to come, and one, of long ago!"

My violin was made in 1753 in Mittenwald, Germany, by Johann Carl Klotz, whose instruments are rare and the best made by the celebrated Klotz family. It was 17 years old when Beethoven was born and had become "of age" when Paganini was born in 1784.

I can hear Mr. Hubbard now in his remarks during my program say: "The good violin may be patched, mended, taken apart and glued together again, but the wood once soaked with sunshine, dipped in the silence, and charged with the melody of bells calling men to prayer, gives out its sacred sounds whenever it is caressed by a sympathetic hand and is held close to the heart of one who loves it."

In Paganini's day only the favored few played the violin; today it is quite generally played and is most popular. One need not be a Paganini to enjoy the art or to make others enjoy it. It requires some talent to do anything, but enthusiasm and a determination to achieve are more important. The last paragraph of Hubbard's study of Paganini is timely. It says: "And when we remember the prodigious amount of practice to which Paganini schooled himself in youth; and join this to the recently discovered record of his long monastic retreats when for months he worked and played and prayed, we can guess the secret of his power. If you wish me to present you a receipt for doing a deathless performance I would give you this: Work, travel, solitude, and prayer."

THE PIPE ORGAN.

The presence of the great pipe organ which was installed at Mansfield in 1910, and which is undoubtedly the finest school pipe-organ in the state, has developed a general musical and cultural atmosphere in this community otherwise impossible.

The organ was built by the Austin Organ Company, Hartford, Conn., and is operated entirely by electricity. It contains thirty-one speaking stops and twenty-nine mechanical couplers and appliances. With this complete and modern equipment the unusual opportunities for study can readily be understood—a fact which is appreciated and taken advantage of by many of the students. The course of study includes a thorough knowledge of general pipe-organ technic, but emphasizes the practical study of church music.

The installation of this beautiful instrument has made possible the rendering of many recitals to which it has been the privilege of the students and citizens of Mansfield to listen. These recitals include those given at frequent intervals by the organ instructor, also by visiting artists.

THE SUPERVISOR'S COURSE IN MUSIC.

The aim of the Supervisor's Course in Music is to fit its graduates for teaching or supervising music in the public schools.

Special attention is given to the methods of teaching music. The Course of Study in Music for the Horace Mann Elementary School, Teachers' College, Columbia University, based upon "Education through Music," by Prof. Chas. Farnsworth, of Teachers' College forms the basis of the work. Methods from other excellent courses of study are also studied.

Emphasis is laid on the value, selection and interpretation of rote songs, the training of the less musical children, the development of children's voices and the technique of music.

The aim of bringing the student teacher in direct contact with the problem of the schoolroom is accomplished in two ways: first, as each new phase in the course is discussed, the method or methods of presenting that phase to a class of children is outlined and each student is given an opportunity to try his skill by teaching the rest of his classmates as if they were a class of children. This gives much pleasure as well as valuable help to all. Second, each senior teaches music daily in the Model School under the supervision of the music critic.

High School methods, chorus conducting and community singing are also emphasized.

The other subjects of the course studied are harmony, ear training, sight singing, history of music, orchestration, melody writing and subjects in pedagogy.

The entire course is thoroughly enjoyed by the students who work conscientiously and accomplish excellent results in their practice teaching as well as in their recitations.

The Normal in Early Days.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NORMAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

By Will George Butler, Mus. Doc., Director.

Unlike the majority of institutions of this kind, there has been a provision made for the study of music since the day of the school's beginning in 1862. In the early days the instruction in music, both instrumental and vocal was in the hands of one teacher, as is the arrangement in the majority of Normal Schools at the present time. When Hamlin E. Cogswell, now Supervisor of Public School Music in Washington, D. C., became Director of Music in 1887, the first attempt was made to organize the work on the Conservatory plan with special teachers at the head of the several departments.

Seventy teachers have served the school as instructors in music in the history of the institution up to the present time, and forty of these seventy teachers the writer of this sketch has known personally and has had the pleasure of playing on programs with twenty-seven of that number.

Mark C. Baker, a highly cultivated singer and splendid pianist, who was director here two years, '75-'77, was the earliest teacher of music here that the writer has had the pleasure of meeting, not while Mr. Baker was here, of course, because that was before the writer had come into this earthly vale of sorrow and of tears! The writer had the pleasure of playing a recital with Mr. Baker in Gloversville, N. Y., about eight years ago, and he recalls with delight the singer's beautiful voice and masterly interpretation. The writer also had the pleasure of appearing with Mr. Baker on the Semi-Centennial program in Alumni Hall in 1912. The Gloversville program was given under the auspices of D. O. Putnam, the organist and pianist, who is a product of Mansfield and a pupil of former Professors Baker, Hoyt and Cramer. Charles H. Congdon, of the class of '76, who has distinguished himself as a composer and inventor of the Congdon Pitch Pipe, was, in his Normal days, and is today, a warm friend of Mr. Baker's.

It is interesting to note that our beloved Professor Van Norman, the dean of our faculty members, was, in addition to his duties as instructor in English, the teacher of the regular course in public school music in '86 and '87.

During the winter of '86, Hamlin E. Cogswell, who had made an enviable reputation for himself as a bandmaster through the playing of his well-known Thirteenth Regiment Band, of Scranton, Pa., especially at the 1876 Centennial in Philadelphia, and through the nation-wide popularity of his "Montrose Quickstep," (known to every veteran bandman), and who at the time was directing a band and orchestra in Elmira, N. Y., was invited by some of his friends in the faculty who had known him in Scranton, to come to Mansfield and give a concert in Alumni Hall which had been opened but a few years before. At that time he was one of the best known cornet soloists in the country. He also played the violin very well. He did not have his violin along, but one was secured clandestinely from the director's studio and he sang songs, played the violin, the cornet and the piano and told his genial stories late into the night, making friends with all who heard him. The following spring he brought an orchestra from Elmira for the Commencement music and the board of trustees at once made arrangements with him to take charge of the music department. For many years after that orchestra music was the main feature of Commencement week, but was usually an imported orchestra. Mr. Cogswell had the perfect sympathy of the management of the school and at once he employed specialists in the several departments and developed the work along the lines of the Conservatory idea.

It was at this time that the writer of this sketch, then a lad of seven years, heard Mr. Cogswell direct his Elmira band and play a cornet solo, and sing a number on the program. The song in memory's ear is still singing, ran like this:

"Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a little happiness,
Just a little pain,
Just a little poverty,
Just a little gold,
Then the great eventful
Tale of life is told!"

It was at about this time that the writer came under his instruction and he wishes here to bear testimony as to the high worth of his teaching and of the teaching of those who were associated with him. Among these teaching associates were his wife, Mrs. E. D. T. Cogswell, who taught voice and musical history, '92-'96 and '02-'05; John C. Bostlemann, the violinist, '90-'91; Harriet J. Bannister, piano and theory, '93-'95; Clara H. Merrick, violin and piano, '94-'99; Frank Losey, the composer, band instruments and band director, '97-'98; and Clara Coons, piano and theory, '94-'96, an accomplished pianist and a theorist of wide attainment.

Mr. Cogswell is a conductor of unusual ability and the people of Mansfield and vicinity have not forgotten the splendid work of the local and school musical organizations under his able baton.

At the close of Mr. Cogswell's first period here in '96, Miss Myrtle J. Stone, a graduate of the class of '91, who had just completed her conservatory course at Oberlin, was made director of the department. She remained three years, accomplishing splendid results.

The director's mantle rested for the next year, '99-'00, upon the shoulders of Richard Welton, a splendid musician, enthusiastic, able, and resourceful.

After William T. Schneider's directorship, '00-'01, Mr. Cogswell returned and remained as head of the department until 1905. Upon the resignation of Mr. Cogswell, Frank E. Chaffee and Floyd H. Spencer each became the director in '05-'06 and '06-'07 respectively.

From '07 to '09 Dr. Charles H. Lewis, a physician to whom the call of music was stronger that the call of medicine, was at the head of musical affairs in the school and the writer had the pleasure of playing for Dr. Lewis at two commencements and in a recital with Mrs. Mae Dora Whalen, his teacher of voice during his first year.

1909 the management of the school had the good fortune to secure the services of John Hepple Shepherd, a pianist and organist of exceptional ability and enthusiasm, and his wife, Betsey Lane Shepherd, a superb artist, who has become a singer of national reputation. The Shepherds remained here three years and during that time presented many splendid programs, including several choral concerts and concerted numbers. It was through Mr. Shepherd's zealous efforts that the beautiful Austin pipe-organ was installed in Alumni Hall at a cost of nearly $1,500 and is today one of the strong assets of the musical equipment of the institution. The Shepherds had associated with them Georgia L. Hoag, piano, '12—; Pearl Lauderbach, (Mrs.

Percy A. Coles), voice, '11-'13; Norma Aleck, piano, '08-'10; Lucy Bacon, piano, '10-'12; Evelyn Beardsley, Mus. B., violin and piano, '03-'06, '08-'11; and E. C. Unwin, violin, '11-'12.

When Mr. Shepherd left in the spring of 1912, Harry Jennison was made director and was at the head of the department until the spring of 1914. With Mr. Jennison were associated Vaughn D. Cahill, violin and orchestra, '12-'14; Leroy Hoffmeister, voice, '12-'14; Miss Hoag, piano; Mildred Lloyd (Mrs. Emory Rockwell), piano, '13-'15; Miss Lauderbach, voice; Augusta Piatt, piano, '13-'14; and C. Bernard Keim, voice, who upon the resignation of Mr. Jennison in the spring of 1914, was made director of music and gave faithful and efficient service until he resigned during the fall term of 1917. Mr. Keim and his associates presented three very successful operas and many enjoyable programs during his directorship. Those who labored with Mr. Keim were Miss Hoag, piano and organ; Miss Lloyd, piano; Beulah Layman (Green), violin, '14-'15; Georgia L. King (Secord), piano, '14-'15; A. J. Friedman, a voice teacher of high order; '14; Elsie Farnham, organ and piano, '15—; Helen Pollock (Neal), piano, '15-'16; Vivian Aston, voice, '15—; Mary Teal (Evey), voice, '15; Florence Oakden, voice, '15-'16; and the writer of this sketch, violin, orchestra and theory, '14—, who was appointed directer of music during the fall of 1917.

The organization of the department at the present time is as follows: Will George Butler, Mus. Doc., director, violin, theory, history, orchestra and chorus; Georgia L. Hoag, Mus. B., head of piano department, ear training classes and opera coach; Vivian Aston, voice, ladies' glee club; Elsie Farnham, Mus. B., head of organ department, piano, Normal course music classes; Vivian Reynolds, music supervisors' course, public school music methods, sight singing and Model School critic.

Miss Hoag is an artist of high ability and attainment and very resourceful in ideas for operatic productions, and Miss Aston's singing always gives much pleasure and is enthusiastically received. Miss Farnham is most efficient at the console of the organ and an accomplished pianist, whose selections are always enjoyed, and Miss Reynolds is a splendid teacher with inspirational methods and positive results.

Other teachers who have taught in the department during its history are: Anna Eleanor Chase, '62-'63; Frances A. Cochran, '63; Mary Willis, '63-'64; J. C. White, '64-'66 Isaac G. Hoyt, '66-'71 and '84; Alice Seeley, '66-'67; Evan Meredith, '67-'68; David C. Jewett, '71-'74; Lillian C. Root, '73-'74; Grace A. Oviatt, '74-'75; Burt W. Baker, '73-'74; Winfield Scott Hulslander, LL. B., '75-'86; A. Kaelin, '77-'79; M. Emily Davidson, '80-'81; William Cramer, '81-'84; Ruth M. Fisk, '99-'00; Mable F. Evans, '99-'00; Mrs. Alice Hobart, '00-'02; Emily Louise Thomas, '01-'02; M. Louise Logan McChesney, Mus. B., '02-'04; Ada G. Craft, '03-'04; Anna Laura Johnson, '04-'06; Beatrice C. Throop (Mrs. George Protheroe), Mus. B., '04-'08; Bertha E. Jones, '06-'08; Ida E. Bragg, '06-'07; Bessie T. Salmon, '08-'09.

This brief article has fallen far short of doing justice to the many splendid instructors who have labored for the cause of music in this institution, but what has been said has been based in the writer's own personal knowledge.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Vivian Aston, Directress.

Adelene Reed
Harriet Van Duzer
Elaine Manley
Ruth Hughes
Miss Wheeler
Miss Vail
Miss Reynolds
Lela Lindsley
Catherine Urell
Clementine Woodmansee
Louise Blair
Anna Stein
Gertrude Stevens
Clemence Gillette
Ruth Chase
Lucile Palmer
Louise Barnhardt.
Frances Weeks
Helen Howe
Grace Meine
Ruby Hughes
Marion Barnes
Beatrice Lindsley
Goldie Grice
Florence Updyke
Hilda Lieber
Mary Monohan
Almira Spencer
Faye Peck
Alice Keating
Arline Phillips
Ruth F. Moore
Mary Evans
Mayme Rogers
Ruth Howard
Ruth E. Moore
Marguerite Palmer
Elizabeth Janicelli
Mariam Wardle

Miss Bond
Freda Willard
Hazel Brooks
Enola Owlet
Esther Drum
Leora Dimon
Luella Lord
Helen Redcay
Bertha Kelley
Beatrice Gibson
Helen Price
Rena Reinhardt
Elma Prince
Irene Walsh
Lois Doud
Marguerite Taylor
Harriet Samuel
Ernestine Barnes
Alma Dills
Emily Willson
Marion Stevens
Louise Mayer
Elizabeth Cornelius
Ruth Knell
Cynthia Rathbun
Gertrude Batcheller
Vera Carter
Ruth Jones
Margaret Wilson
Margaret Comer
Irene Perry
Frances Twaddle
Harriet Johnson
Emelie Schmidt
Esther Phillips
Helen Clark
Frances O'Mally
Letitie Farrel
Vivian Kennedy

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Dr. Will George Butler, Director.

J. Holley Ashcraft
Theo T. Ayers
Gordon E. Bailey
Linn Card
Norman Chapman
Myron Deily
Hubert Dowson
Stanley Easter
Lyle M. Ferris
Harry S. Fish
Irving Francis
Andrew J. Gombar
Harold M. Havens
Paul Hettes
J. Albro Hoban
Raymond J. Horan
Charles C. Joyce
R. C. Kichline
Walter C. Lippert
Harry R. McInroy
Andrew T. Nicholls
William L. Nicholls
Herman L. Norton
Daniel H. Regan
George Squires
Joseph V. K. Wells

MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. Will George Butler, Conductor.

First Violins:

Raymond Horan, Concertmeister
Manderville Bartle
Almet Case
Stanley Easter
Albro Hoban
Helen Keating

Second Violins:

Hubert Dowson
Celeste Warren
Clementine Woodmansee
Gordon Batcheller
Esther McCarthy
Florence Updike
Marie Davis

'Cello:

Gordon Bailey
Elizabeth Cornelius

Double Bass:

Elsie Farnham
George Squires

Flute:

Donald Hoard

Oboe:

Walter Forrest

Cornets:

Frank Cihocki
Norman Chapman

Trombones:

Lyle Ferris
Walter Lippert

Traps:

Hiram Dartt

Tympani:

Ronald Kichline

Piano:

Georgia Hoag

MANSFIELD NORMAL BAND

Top Row—Left to right:

Frederick Burnham, E-flat Bass
Howard Obourn, B-flat Bass
Donald Strait, Euphonium
Walter Lippert, Trombone
Lyle Ferris, Trombone.

Middle Row:

Donald Hoard, Flute
Norman Chapman, Leader, Solo Cornet
Walter Forrest, Solo B-flat Clarinet
Manderville Bartle, E-flat Clarinet

Bottom Row:

Hiram Dartt, Snare Drum
Charles Kelley, Solo Cornet
Harold Keeney, First Cornet
Caspar Gillette, E-flat Alto
Gordon Bailey, E-flat Alto
Raymond Horan, Bass Drum

"THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN"

A romantic comic opera in two acts, written and composed by Arthur A. Penn, presented by Mansfield Normal Conservatory of Music, May 10, 1918.

CAST.

Sir Charles Worthington, An English Squire ..... Lyle Ferris
Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, His Son ..... Gordon Bailey
Lady Worthington, His Wife ..... Beatrice Gibson
Betty McCoy, Ward of the Judge ..... Ruth Hughes
Rose McCoy, Cousin to Betty, Ward of the Judge ..... Gertrude Stevens
Judge Hooley, The Guardian ..... Albro Hoban
Justin O'Flynn, An Amorous Attorney ..... Stanley Easter
Mrs. O'Flynn, His Mother ..... Alma Dills
Ezra Q. Hicks, An Elderly Yankee Farmer ..... Norman Chapman
Pat, An Inn-keeper ..... R. C. Kichline
Mike, An Ostler ..... Thomas Hiscox
Molly, A Waitress ..... Dorothy Hoard
Mr. Partington, The Butler ..... Daniel Regan
Chorus of villagers, guests, men servants, etc.

Act I. Outside the "King's Head" in, Limerick, Ireland. (A week lapses).
Act II. The entrance hall of Judge Hooley's home, Limerick.
Time—Early summer in the year 1890.

MUSICAL NUMBERS—ACT I.

Overture—
1. Opening Chorus ..... "Lads and Lassies"
   (b) Song (Pat) ..... "I am the Landlord"
   (c)) Chorus ..... "As We Drink to Your Health"
2. Song (Mike) ..... "Molly Mine"
3. Duet (Judge Hooley and Rose) ..... "Tick-tock"
4. Song (Rose) ..... "Was Ever Fate so Cruel as Mine?"
5. Chorus ..... "Betty is a Darling"
6. Song (Betty and Chorus) ..... "Betty McCoy"
7. Duet (Betty and Rose) ..... "Wealth and Poverty"
8. Quintette (Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Justin, and Judge Hooley)—
   "Hey-diddle-diddle, Oh, Here is a Riddle"
10. Song (Capt. Worthington) ..... "Ireland Dear, My Heart's for You."
11. Chorus ..... "Watch Him Greet His Bride-to-be"
12. Duet (Capt. Worthington and Betty) ..... "Your Eyes are Bright"
13. Finale Act I ..... "Oh, Mr. O'Flynn"

ACT II.

14. Opening solos and chorus ..... "'Tis Nine O'Clock"
15. Trio (Rose, Betty and Capt. Worthington) ..... "'Tis the Heart"
16. Song (Justin) ..... "Come Back, Beloved"
17. Song (Judge Hooley and Chorus) ..... "Maggie Maguire"
18. Ensemble ..... "Sir Charles and Lady"
19. Duet (Sir Charles and Lady Worthington) ..... "Youth Undutiful"
20. Song (Ezra Q. Hicks) ..... "A Farmer's Life"
21. Duet and Finale ..... "I Love You, Little Sweetheart"

MANSFIELD, HAIL!

Written in 1917.

Words and Music by
Will George Butler, Mus. Doc.
Class of 1897.

Vigoroso.

1. Old Nor - mal high up - on the east - ern hill, Dear Nor - mal, hail to thee!
2. The world is bet - ter for the bea - con light Which thou hast shed a - broad,
3. We nev - er can for - get the days we've spent With - in thy hal - low'd walls,
4. The vis - ion that we caught be - neath thy spell Has o - pened up the way
Thy loy - al sons and daughters with a will Sa - lute in mel - o - dy.
Strong hearts are stronger for the test - ing fight That leads men up to God.
We'll learn sometime what all your les - sons meant When lar - ger du - ty calls,
To op - por - tun - i - ty and serv - ing well Up - on the King's high-way.
We bring a lau - rel wreath of praise, And pledge our love thro' all the days;
In all the va - ried walks of life, In peace - ful paths and stress of strife,
For ev - 'ry law and rule of thine Is made to fit our life's de - sign.
We love the mem - 'ry of thy ways, Strong lads and lass - ies fair as fays;
Our Al - ma Ma - ter, dear, all hail to thee! Old Mans - field, hail to thee!
We find thy sons and daughters true to thee, Old Mans - field, hail to thee!
We'll con - se - crate our lives to Truth and thee, Old Mans - field, hail to thee!
Our Al - ma Ma - ter, dear, all hail to thee, Old Mans - field, hail to thee!

Copyright, 1917, by Will George Butler.

ALMA MATER.

Air—"Annie Lisle."

Far above Tioga's waters,
With their silver sheen,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
On her shaded green.

CHORUS

Lift the chorus, sing her praises,
Over hill and dale,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater
Normal, hail! all hail!

By the purple hills encompassed,—
Guardians of her fame—
Mansfield standeth crowned with honor—
Hail her stainless name!

Blest by love of all her children,
Nothing can she lack;
See her colors proudly waving,
Hail—the Red and Black!

PRAISE SONG.

Air—"Dartmouth, Our Dartmouth."

Normal, our Normal!
Thy name is ever dear,
Thy memory to us near,
Where'er we be;
Thou—mother fair to view,
Thou—guardian wise and true,
They name doth e'er renew
Our love to thee.

Normal, our Normal!
Thine is a noble sight,
Hill, wood and stream unite
To grace the scene;
There thro' the autumn's glow,
There thro' the winter's snow,
There thro' spring's green we know
Thou stand'st serene.

Normal, our Normal!
Loyal are we to thee!
Thy honors ours shall be,
Ours to maintain.
Mansfield shall be our pride,
Dearer than all beside,—
"Mother of men."

—(Adapted from Dartmouth Song.)

NORMAL SONG.

Air—"Maryland, My Maryland."

Long ago she rose and stood
In a quiet valley,
Girt about by hill and wood
Where the sunbeams rally.

CHORUS

We will love thee ever,
Alma Mater, fair to view;
We'll forget thee never!

Here are shaded walls of green,
Streams where lie reflected
Waving boughs and skies serene,
By the stars protected

This is where the student band
Drinks from Learning's fountain,
By the pleasant breezes fanned,
Blown from Wisdom's mountain.

—(Adapted from Holyoke Song,)

SERVICE SONG.

Air—"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Across the night of ignorance,
Across the cloud of shame,
The crimson hue of sacrifice
Doth glow with living flame;
Our brothers perish in the dark,
Our loving help they claim,—
They claim the light of life.

CHORUS

"Give, oh give"! the world is crying,
Hear the student-band replying,
"In a sacrifice undying,
We give the light of life."

From out the gloom of discontentment,
From out the shade of vice,
From sorrow's pall we hear the call,—
The call to sacrifice;
Our noblest deed, our fullest self
We give, nor count the price,—
We give the light of life.

The time of youth is holy time,
The preparation hour,—
A work befitting every soul
That seeks the world to dower;
There must be something great to spend
E'er sacrifice have power
To give the light of life.

—(The "Message of Red-and-Black.)

ART

ART DEPARTMENT.

Art has been defined as the ability to answer in terms of beauty a human need. The purpose of art education is the development of appreciation of the beautiful and power to produce beautiful things. Through a knowledge of art, one may appreciate that which gives beauty of form, line, color and proportion to any object manufactured for utility, to any decorative design, and to any printing or work of art that is executed for pure culture and aesthetic enjoyment.

The educative effect of a study of the Fine Arts can scarcely be over-estimated. It broadens the vision, increases efficiency, refines the taste, and gives expression to the soul vision of justice, of love, and beauty, in which the artist is both the recorder and the creator.

Artists may produce excellent designs and pictures, but they will avail little unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them. "A history of art is a history of civilization," and hence it is the history of all that has been best in the lives of any people.

Auguste Rodin says, "Art is taste. It is the reflection of the artist's heart upon all the objects he creates. It is the smile of the human soul upon the house and upon the furnishings. It is the charm of thought and sentiment embodied in all that is of use to Man."

The Department of Fine Arts of the Mansfield State Normal School is conducted in the most modern methods. The tradition of the school is thoroughness. In representation and illustration, accurate drawing and good technique from still life and the antique is required in a direct study from life and nature. The classes in painting and charcoal work from still life and nature, and when sufficiently advanced—from life. The classes in design and applied design study the principals of design and their application through different media; as in the crafts of basketry, china painting, brass and copper, block printing, tooled leather, stenciling and clay modeling. It includes the study of plant form, and decorative treatment, and color harmonies.

The purpose of the art teachers' course is to give a thorough training in drawing, design, color and construction, together with practices in the adaptation of the details of these subjects to the needs of the children in the public schools. Theory and practice of teaching and supervision is given in the Model School, and this includes observation and discussions with the planning of lessons and courses.

The study of the History of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting is also emphasized and the students taking this course have their own reproductions of Historic ornaments, and collections of notes and illustrations. This also includes a study of the galleries of our own country and Europe. The work done by the art students of the now closing year has been highly gratifying, characterized, as it has been, by industry, enthusiasm, thoroughness, ability and taste of high order.

During Commencement week of each year the work of the students is placed on exhibition, to which the friends and public are cordially invited.

"Art is not a luxury, but distinctly a necessity in the developing life of man. It is today as essential to his perfect growth as the elements of food and air. Commercial and mechanical advances must not distance the progress of aesthetic culture of man's greatest promise, if happiness is to be realized."

ELOCUTION

ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT.

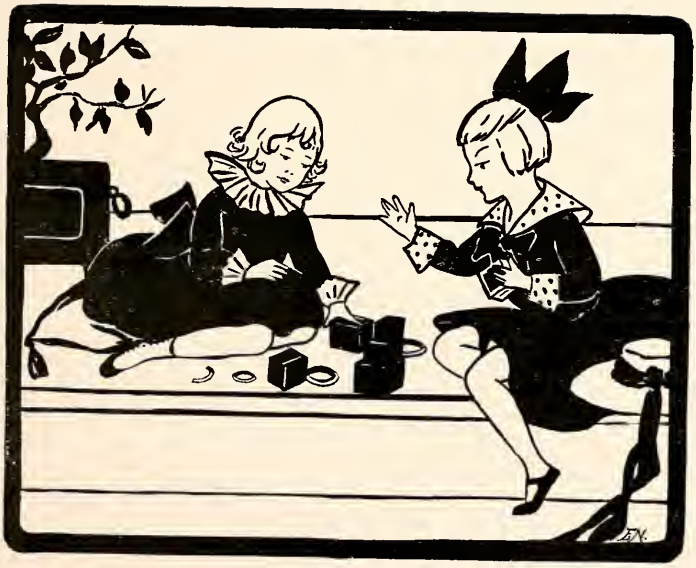
"Expression is necessary to Evolution!" With this as our slogan, the girls and boys of the Elocution Department are putting great zeal into the work, which is at hand.

In addition to the private lessons, all elocution students are given, free of charge, a class lesson one evening a week. At this class are given lessons and practice in pantomimes, lessons in evolution of expression, lessons in the art of stage coaching and stage make-up. Also, the the Emerson College chansonettes are given daily to all elocution students. These exercises, while simple, aid the pupil very greatly in breath control, correct standing positions; and they tend toward grace in gesture.

The pupils of the department presented the play, "Cupid's Partner." The play is entirely a girl cast and through this we endeavored to change the well-worn idea that girls alone cannot give a whole play and sustain interest.

Each senior of the department is required before graduation to give a recital. This recital may consist of a miscellaneous program; but several of the girls have chosen cuttings from such plays and books as, Eleanor H. Porter's "Just David;" Charles Klein's novel, "The Lion and the Mouse;" William C. de Milles' play "Strongheart;" Winchell Smith's play, "The Fortune Hunter;" and John I. Long's novel, "Madame Butterfly." The seniors of the music department assist in making the recitals enjoyable. Much interest has been shown at each recital in the last number of the program. This consists of a one-act play chosen, cast and coached by the student giving the recital.

The plays which have come, or will come, under the direction of the department outside of the elocution plays are: "Green Stockings," a three-act comedy presented by members of the faculty for the benefit of the Red Cross; "The Man on the Box," a play based on Harold MacGrath's novel of the same name, given by members of the Alta Petens and Philomethean Literary societies; also a play given by the Emersonian and Athenaean societies called "The Prince Chap", which will be the last play before the annual Commencement play.



KINDERGARTEN

THE KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT.

A well-lighted, well-ventilated room on the first floor of Alumni Hall has been set aside for the use of the Kindergarten. The Kindergarten is free to all children between the ages of three and six—and the regular attendance and enthusiasm of the little ones proves that the Kindergarten has not been established in vain. "Be sure and come tomorrow, or you'll miss something!" said by one child to another, is testimony in itself.

The object of the Kindergarten is to bridge over the freedom of the home to the more exacting life of the school-room. This is accomplished by a "freedom under law": a complete freedom of body and speech—the freedom to do original things, say original things—under a few easily understood laws. These laws of time, co-operation and helpfulness must be observed for the good of the whole Kindergarten; laws that make the forming of good habits; habits that make the character of our future citizenship.

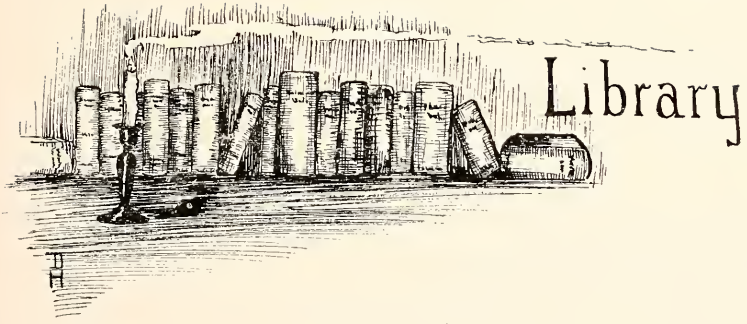
All of this is made possible in a Kindergarten room by the use of light chairs and tables that can be moved easily, leaving a large space for play—the entire exercise of the whole body.

The Kindergarten is well-equipped with all Froebelian and Montessori material. The Froebelian Method is used in the Kindergarten. The children's future education is foreshadowed by songs, games and stories; they learn the skill of their fingers by building with blocks and by hand-work.

The child, in the age of imagination, is given free play to original thoughts and works; rob him of this, and you take from him originality which in mature years makes for the very essence of success.

A two years' course for the training of Kindergartners under the Froebelian Method is given to young ladies who have completed four years of high school or its equivalent.

—Edna Young Bond.


Library

A Book

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

—Emily Dickinson

It is in this power of feeding the spirit, and liberating the imagination, that the highest value of books consists. In this capacity they minister to that which is eternal. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been such testimony to the spiritual power and value of books as that given since the beginning of the present war. Men at the battlefronts, worn, harrassed, sick in spirit, are preserving their sanity and saving their souls alive through literature.

The wonderful revival of interest in poetry during recent years—the reading of poetry, the writing of poetry, the seeking for new and simpler means of poetic expression—forms an index to the power of this old, but ever new, resource of strength.

"I had forgotten that beauty existed anywhere", said a young English officer in telling how, coming one night upon a lonely sentry hut, he burst into tears of joy and relief on hearing the sentry reading to himself in low tones these lines from Milton's Comus:

"Before the stormy threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspired
In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth....."

In America we are only beginning to feel the tide of this demand for the idealistic in literature. But men in camp and cantonment are calling for the enduring things, —for poetry, for philosophy, for the great biographies.

A contemporary English novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells, in his novel, "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through," recognizes this vital need of the soldier when he makes "Hugh" write home to his father from the trenches: "So send me some books, books of dreams . . . . . and the golden age and fairyland."

Why is it that some readers fail to obtain the precious, sustaining quality of books? It is not due to immaturity, for the tenement child poring over his beloved fairy-tale from the library knows no more that he is poor.

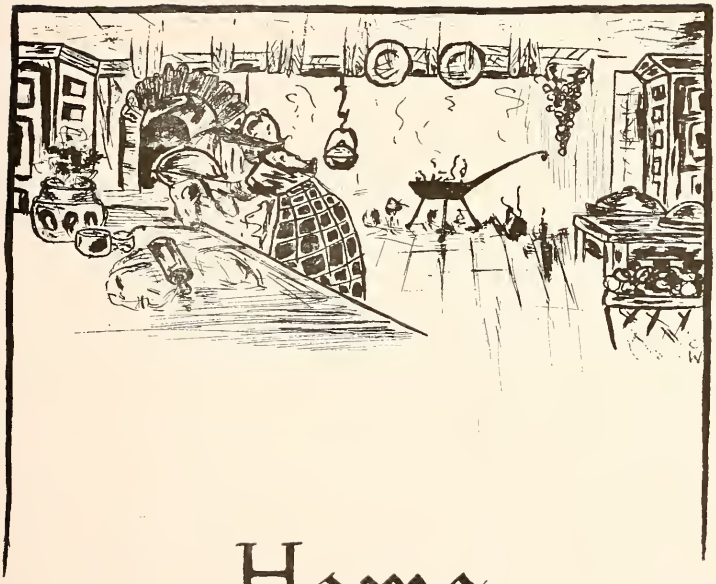
"Come up here. O dusty feet,
Here is fairy bread to eat,"

sings Stevenson to the children.

No, if books fail to feed our spirits, it is due perhaps to some withholding of sympathy on our part, some lack of surrender to the best. There must be a certain openness of mind and spirit before a book may truly become a "bequest of wings."

Members of the Class of 1918:

Have you a love and an enthusiasm for books—for the best books? If so, and if you can communicate that enthusiasm to your pupils, it is by far the finest thing you can impart. It is living, vital, educative in the highest sense. Set your torch aflame at the fires of fine poetry and noble prose and pass that living flame to others. If the Library has in any way helped you to light your torch, then its existence is justified and its mission fulfilled.



Home Economics

THE DEPARTMENT OF HOME ECONOMICS.

A study of Home Economics is of inestimable value, especially in the present time of food conservation. Science and art are applied to the preparation of foods, house furnishings, and household activities. The purpose is not how to keep house, but to have an intellectual conception of all the parts and activities of the household as well as a view of the coherent whole.

The profession of home-making is most intimately related to human life. The life of the family and its relation to society is dependent upon the life of the household, as well as the health of the members of the family and their ability to work is dependent upon the food they eat. To solve the problems of living it is necessary to have a knowledge of the sciences, art and literature.

The Department of Home Economics at the Mansfield State Normal School offers all the subjects relating directly or indirectly to home training, such as cooking, sewing, design, chemistry, foods, textiles, basketry, and many others. It trains not only to grapple with the problems concerned with food and home, but also to impart this knowledge to others.

The equipment is of the best and most modern appliances. Electrical plates and ovens are used in cookery.

Two terms' work in domestic science is required in the regular Normal Course. Here is opportunity for experience in teaching for the senior Home Economic girls have charge of these classes in cooking and sewing.

Another phase of the work is emphasized in demonstrations. Each girl is required to give a public demonstration. A few of the subjects considered this year are Wheat Substitutions, The Use of Vegetable instead of Animal Fats, and Sugar Substitutes.

Practical application of their knowledge of foods is made in Quantitive Cookery. In this class meals are prepared for a large number of people and served in the school dining-room. Further experience in this line is gained in planning, preparing and serving dinners, banquets, etc., on various occasions.

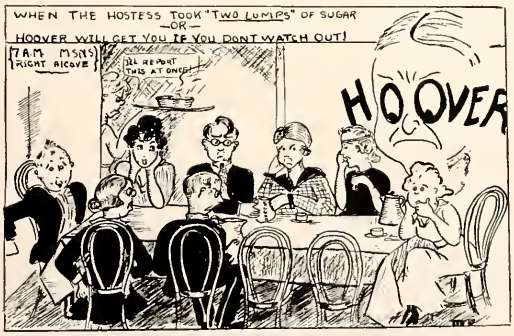
Mr. Hoover states that graduates of this department will find themselves called to places of usefulness far surpassing in number and responsibility anything heretofore thought possible.

The Food Council

The War Food Council: an assembly of faculty, students and stewardship of the school which meets to discuss ways and means of conserving food and being economical while the war lasts.

It is a council whereat all important matters pertaining to "eats" are rehashed before we get it—the hash. "How do the students seem to like onions?" Not so well as sugar, I'm sure. Peanut butter and cheese are more popular as substitutes for meat than spaghetti or boiled rice. Ask us. Really, we begin to see what the co-operation of the students means to the school and to the nation. We will win the war.

Members: Dr. Straughn, chairman; Miss Doane, Mr. Dunlap, Mrs. Dunlap, Miss Post, Mrs. Nares, Prof. Kichline, Prof. Strait, Miss Smith, Elsie Biddleman, Thusnelde Zeller, Gertrude Stevens, Harry McIlroy, Hartley Dean, Lyle Ferris, David F. Davis, Donald D. Arnold.



ORGANIZATIONS

Y. M. C. A.

The Cabinet, noted for their ability and leadership, are:
Harry McInroy, President.
Lyle M. Ferris, First Vice President.
Paul W. Hettes, Second Vice President.
Walter C. Lippert, Secretary.
Theodore H. Smith, Treasurer.
Prof. George B. Strait, Advisory Member.

This old world is ever changing, but still progressing. The Y. M. C. A. is keeping pace with it and adapting its needs and methods of working to the needs of the hour.

Let us look back some forty years, to the time when this society was first organized, under the principalship of Dr. Thomas, a man who gave a great deal of thought and time to this work of good. The total membership of that time did not exceed a dozen, and the meetings were held at the same hour that they are now, but in various class-rooms or in some student's room in South Hall. The nature of these meetings was what we would call old-fashioned. The boys would meet, offer prayers, sing several hymns, and various ones give testimonies.

Sometimes noted men or ministers would be the leaders. The joint meetings of that time were held in the old chapel, now our library, and were conducted similarly to revivals. They lasted from Sunday to Sunday, meeting every night directly after supper.

The organization has grown until it is what we see it today, with its membership quadrupled and a large meeting room of its own. Under our present able president and other members of the cabinet the meetings are held every Thursday night from 6:15 to 7:00 o'clock. These are enjoyed by all, as well as being instructive and giving aid to the fellows. These helpful talks are not only given by the members, but by other men who strive to strengthen our morale. The talks help every one who hears them to overcome his weaknesses, and to meet the temptations and difficulties of life; also equipping him so that upon leaving school and taking up his life's work he may be a leader and an example of right in his community.

I think this almost fulfills the object of the Y. M. C. A. as a Christian organization.

The future of the Y. M. C. A. is particularly dark on account of so many of the fellows leaving to give their aid and their lives to their country. However, we know that after every dark spell there comes a bright one which makes everything look so much more beautiful.

Last fall a considerable sum was sent to the Y. M. C. A. War Relief Fund, which meant a sacrifice on the part of the fellows, but that is the spirit of the time.

Last spring three delegates were sent to the Y. M. C. A. Secondary School Conference at Blairstown, New Jersey. By this means our society was brought in touch with Christian workers from other sections and better enabled to render its meed of service.

THE Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet members are:
President, Gertrude Stevens.
Vice President, Thusnelde Zeller.
Secretary, Elaine Manley.
Treasurer, Ferieda Homet.
Bible Study, Harriet Murdock.
Room Committee, Ruth Howard.
Social Committee, Mary Young.
Membership, Anna Austin.
Social Service, Lena Smith.
Finance Committee, Ferieda Homet.
Publicity Committee, Edna Naumann.
Missionary, Mary Finley.

Normal School life is a busy life, as every student of M. S. N. S. can testify. Fun and frolics hold their own and, together, with the common interests of the classroom help very materially in preserving the friendly atmosphere that exists among the students.

But far and above all this there is something that binds us together—something deeper, something quieter, something infinitely more compelling in its power and influence. It goes hand and hand with the Spirit of Helpfulness and Love of Service. It enters lives, and makes them purer, broader, more splendid. It is The Christ Spirit —and because it has entered hearts here at our Normal School we have our Y. W. C. A. organization.

We have a large membership of over two hundred and we are justly proud of it. Interest is not forced, our meetings are well attended and because of the hearty cooperation of the student body the Cabinet members have not met with discouraging disappointment in their efforts, but only with heartening success.

Each year we send delegates to Eaglesmere, where our Y. W. C. A. Conference is held. We are supporting with the rest of the Pennsylvania Normals, Miss Shepard, a missionary, in South America.

We raised this year over $600 for the Prisoner's War Fund, all this money came as a voluntary offering, and, more than this, every penny meant something purposely sacrificed by the student giving.

We earnestly hope that another year will find still more of a general interest in the association, and that, in all the school, there will be no passive listeners, only active workers, for the glory of the "Name that is above every Name."

THE ATHENAEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

In the year 1866 there was one literary society, namely, The Normal Literary, in the Mansfield State Normal School. Some of the students thinking that there were so many members in one society, also that the charades and entertainments were unbecoming and valueless to them, as students, determined to form a reading circle. This reading circle was limited to twelve persons. They held their meetings from time to time, by going to the room of one member one evening, and to that of another the next.

Among the members of the reading circle may be found the names of H. W. Jones, Austin Leonard, Mary Baldwin, Stella Young, Hannah Dartt, Vine Pratt, J. C. Doane, and Mary Hughes.

In this reading circle, the Athenaean Literary Society had its origin. It was founded by Prof. H. W. Jones, who was at that time Professor of Mathematics and Sciences in the school.

The following is a copy of the minutes of the first meeting:

"On Saturday evening, January 23, 1869, Mr. H. W. Jones met with seven students of the Normal School to organize a literary society. On motion of A. T. Woodward, Mr. Jones was elected President, and Ella R. Doane, Secretary pro tem. Mr. Jones offered a constitution which was adopted for the present time. The following officers were duly elected for a term of four weeks: A. F. Woodward, President; C. V. Merrick, Vice President; E. R. Doane, Secretary; and R. L. Darlington, Treasurer.

"On motion, the President appointed H. W. Jones and M. A. Stahr as a committee to prepare the constitution and order of exercises.

"Adjourned to meet on Wednesday evening, but afterward adjourned to meet on Saturday evening.

"(Signed) ELLA R. DOANE, Sec."

The society was ten years without a charter. The charter was applied for January 23, 1879, and filed February 6, 1879. D. L. Wilcox was President at the time when the members applied for the charter.

The motto was adopted May 22, 1869—"Amicita, Literae et Virtus."

Out of a reading circle of twelve people has grown one of the leading societies of the school. The meetings are held regularly every two weeks. These meetings consist of a literary program including readings, musical numbers, and short plays.

This year we are joining with the Emersonians in giving a play entitled "The Prince Chap."

Each term, twenty-five cents dues is paid by each member. This year, the amount left, above expenses, was given to the "Prisoners' War Relief Fund."

The Athenaeans of the past have shown their ability to cope with the perplexing problems of society preservation. It remains for the Athenaeans of the future to shoulder the burden willingly and to see their efforts crowned with success.

E. Biddleman, '18.

THE EMERSONIAN SOCIETY

"Don't be afraid to show your colors"! is the advice given to young people when they are starting out in life and Emersonians are proud to point to the Gold and Brown of their banner because it embodies all the principles and symbols for which they stand and strive for. The Society asks that it may give, not that it may be done for.

In the Fall of 1914, when fraternities were abolished and societies came into existence, the Emersonian was organized. She had but twelve members, but those twelve charter members laid the foundations so firmly and enthusiastically that now 1918 finds the Brown and Gold the colors of the largest society in school. These charter members were, President, Olin Mittan; Secretary, Mildred Waldron; Helen Manley, Lola Jaquish, Elizabeth Baird, Eleanor Boyd, Chrissie Field, Lester Albert, James Hiscox, Russell Carey, Mary McDonough and Carlos Dickinson.

Because the society felt, when it started out this fall, that it wanted to do something really worth while, something else besides the rendering of well chosen programs and debates and papers and so forth, the members decided to turn over all the money in the treasury to the furtherance of some good cause. The Students' War Relief Fund furnished us the means and to it we gave our all.

Because the society is essentially literary, each year a play is given by its members. Last year we gave, "Peg O' My Heart," which proved a wonderful success. This year we combine with the Athenaeans, our sister society, and give "The Prince Chap."

We know we have done well but we know we can do much better and with the courage that is embodied in the lines, "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but rising every time we fall," we surely will reach better heights.

The lily typifies for the Emersonians all that they stand for—their emblem of purity, their love of all things sweet and noble, their determination to succeed, their deep reverence for their Alma Mater and their unfailing loyally to the banner of the Gold and Brown.

"THE PRINCE CHAP"

(By Edward Peple)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act I—Scene 1. Apartment in the studio of Mr. William Peyton, London. Time—an evening of the present day.
Scene 2. Same as Scene . Time—One hour later.
Act II—Scene 1. Same as Act I. Time—Five days before Christmas two years later.
Scene 2. Same as Scene 1. Time—Four days later.
Act III—Scene—Sitting room in Mr. Peyton's apartment. Time—Ten years later.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

William Peyton, An American Sculptor.....Hartley Dean
Jack Rodney, Earl of Huntington.....Philip Campbell
Marcus Runion.....Paul Hettes
Ballington, Yadder, Fritz, Students in studio building—
George Navle, Raymond Horan, Albro Hoban
Truckman ..... Gurney Matteson
Claudia .....Kathleen Hayes, Marguerite Palmer
Mrs. Arlington, Claudia's Mother.....Ruth Howard
Phoebe Puckers, A Maid of All-work.....Harriet Barton
Alice Travers, An American Girl.....Freda Williard

PHILOMETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Another milestone has been passed in the history of the Philomethean Literary Society, and another year is drawing to a close.

This has been a good year for the Philomethean. With a membership of forty-eight, we were confronted with a new problem. Nevertheless, we have stood on equal ground with the other societies in respect to the value of our literary programs. The situation of giving each and every member an opportunity of appearing on the program was admirably handled by the program committees.

The function of any literary society is a two-fold one. Its original purpose is to maintain a high standard of literary efficiency, and in addition to this, it needs to cultivate a healthy social atmosphere. Both of these ideals, rigidly held up, have meant much to us during the year.

The Philometheans are closing a happy year, marked by a quiet, but increasing evidence of the Philomethean spirit through cooperation, hard work and loyalty. We regret that at Commencement many of our members must say good-bye, nevertheless, we know that though their paths may lead them far away from the school by the Tioga, yet still, "Their hearts will be turning ever to the hall where dwell the Philometheans."

ALTA PETENS LITERARY SOCIETY.

Alta Petens, you ask, "What is the meaning?" Yes, it is Latin, Alta, high things; Petens, seeking. Therefore, the name means seeking high things. From the beginning the society has sought to live up to this standard.

The first term of the year 1915 was spent in organization and increasing the membership. By the beginning of the winter term the society was on the road to success. Many well rendered programs were given during the year.

In the fall of 1916 more than fifty new members wore the badge of Old Rose and Gray. The programs improved, more time was put upon the production. This interest culminated in the presentation of "A Pair of Sixes."

Commencement of 1916 took a large number of members from our list, but just as many and many more have come to take their places. The remaining few set to work, and with the aid of the new members, many enjoyable meetings have been held. The programs have been largely literary, nevertheless, music has been added to make them more interesting.

On March first the Alta Petens, together with the Philometheans, produced the play, "The Man on the Box," the story of which is founded on Harold MacGrath's novel of the same name.

Each member of the cast worked hard and showed through his or her rendition of the characters that glory was to come to Alta Petens or Philomethean through his earnest endeavors.

The play was the first of the society plays given during the year, and judging from the applause which interrupted the performance from time to time, it easily gained the verdict of being one of "the best school plays of the year."

Helen Susanna Redcay, '17.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

Alumni Hall
March First

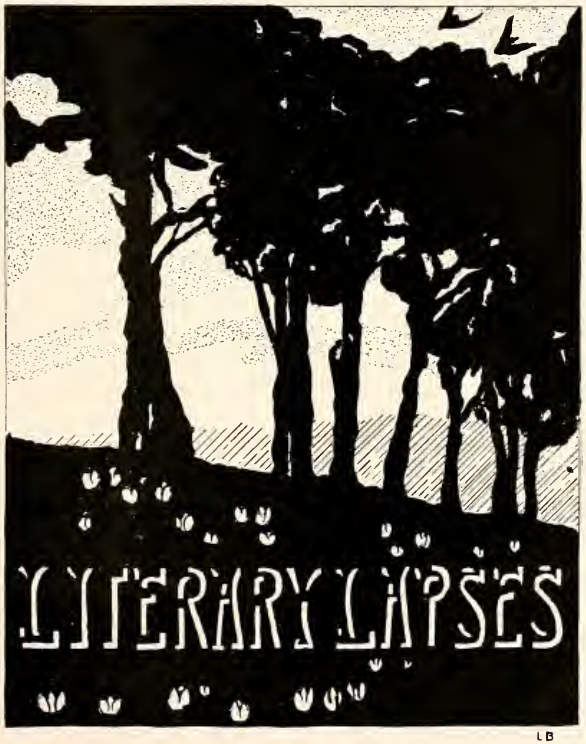
1918

DRAMATIC PERSONNEL

Lieut. Robert Worburton	Donald Arnold
Charles Henderson	Irving Francis
Colonel George Annesley	Carl Merritt
Count Karloff	Clyde Bailey
Colonel Frank Raleigh, U. S. A.	Harry Brennan
Magistrate Watts	Thomas Hiscox
John Martin	Stanley Stogoski
Officer O'Brien	James Toole
Officer Cassidy	Casper Gillette
Monsieur Pierre	Harry Bergen
William	Michael Zuratnak
Nanny Worburton	Alma Decker
Mrs. Conway	Thusnelde Zeller
Cora	Helen Price
Elizabeth Annesley	Norma Frisbie

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act I. Watt's Private Examination Room.
Act II. The "Snuggery" at Colonel Annesley's.
Act III. Same as Act II.


LITERARY LAPSES
LB

"IF"

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

I.

If you can keep your soap, when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you—
If you can make a bluff when teachers doubt you—
And get away with all your bluffing, too—
If you can pack your callers in clothes presses
When comes a knock, and then not deal in lies
While being questioned—tho' you know she guesses,
And yet don't look too good, or talk too wise.

II.

If you can take a squelch, and still be master
If you can dance, and feel no trace of blame,
While watching your new slippers meet disaster—
And treat the man that mashed 'em just the same.
If you can hear the truth about you spoken,
And never offer back a single knock,
But grin, and let them think you think they're joking —
While secretly you certainly are not.

III.

If you can face a "Trig" examination,
Or find A.'s gain, or what poor B. has lost—
And get it right and never get the big head,
Or flunk it flat, and never mind the cost.
If you can force your poor, old tired gray matter
To pull you thru exams the last of June,
And so plug on, when there is nothing in you
Except the will that says to you "Plug on!"

IV.

If you can talk with "him" behind a paper,
Or walk arcades, and never be caught once—
If you can meet his girl and then not hate her,
If all boys count with you, but none too much;
If you can at starvation's very limit,
Fill up that void, with five cents' worth of gum—
Your's is the earth and everything that's in it—
For you've accomplished things that can't be done.

—E. Manley.

THE EPISODE OF THE DOUBLE BOILER.

By Elaine Manley, '18.

Wearily Janice tumbled into the hammock, her racquet fell with a thump upon the veranda and her ball gently and obligingly meandered off down the steps into a pansy bed. Her mother glanced quickly over her knitting; Janice smiled, "Don't look so concerned, Mummy, I guess I had one too many games with Budd, that's all; um-m-m, but this hammock feels good to 'me aged and weary bones', guess I'll take a nap."

The thick lashes fluttered for a moment, then lay quietly upon the pale cheeks. A sharp little look of anxiety trembled in the mother's eyes as she softly arose and drew a shawl about the thin little middied figure.

She had heardly entered the house when an ear-piercing whistle shrilled around the veranda, and Budd, in tennis togs and armed with racquet, leaped up the steps two at a time. As he caught sight of the still little figure in the hammock he paused uncertainly, then tiptoed awkwardly into the house.

Peace and quiet reigned, and the hammock swayed gently back and forth in the breeze, when, "honk, honk", and slithering up the drive rushed a powerful big gray roadster. Janice sat up with a jerk and the grayhaired man surveyed her ruefully. "Well, 'Jannet Child,' what has your old dad done now; woke you up—it's a dirty shame."

Janice rubbed her sleepy eyes and sniffed inquiringly. "Well, I'm glad you did, for if I'm not mistaken, it's biscuits and honey I smell, um-m, after boarding-school hash and potatoes, come on, dad, let's see."

She rushed into the house and nearly upset Budd, who issued leisurely from the kitchen, munching a long green pickle.

"Whee! What's the rush?"

But Janice did not stop on her tour of investigation until her suspicions were satisfied, likewise her appetite, when her brother, in an off-hand manner suggested, "Like to go out to Aunt Matilda's for a week Sis, thot we might run out tonight, moon's up, great night, won't take long, she'd be awful glad to see you—"

"Why, yes, dear, why don't you, it might put a little color in your cheeks. I am afraid you've overdone these last few weeks of school—"

Janice surveyed them, wide-eyed. "Oh, it's a great big conspiracy, I can see that plain as day, and I'm not sick, can't one overdo if they want to, when it's the last couple weeks of their senior year? Oh, Mummy, don't make me go, why Dorothy's party comes off next week, and—"

"Parties aren't just the thing for you now, dear, but Budd will get you home for Dot's party, we promise you; Aunt's cream and strawberries and quiet are just what you need, so hurry now and have Katie pack your things."

So it "happened that the dusk of a midsummer evening found a low gray roadster slipping over the long stretches of country road. Janice dreamily watched the big yellow disk of the moon swing free of the purple rim of mountains; how sweet and cool the air was, how deep and still—

"Here we are, wake up, Sis; hello, Aunt 'Tilda'."

Janice woke abruptly to see the door of the old colonial house swing wide open, and a little old lady with bobbing white curls and outstretched arms come pattering down the path of light .

"Bless your heart alive, it's fried chicken you're wanting, and apple dumplings," cried the wee lady, as she surveyed her a little later, "and bless me, you can be my 'reception committee', oh, Horace dear, it's sorely I am in need of one; peddlers every hour of the day, and my mind driven to distraction and my purse to flatness. I have bought every thing from Greek testaments to copper washtubs, and to save me, I can't refuse, now if Janice—"

But Budd interrupted with a whoop,

"Janice and peddlers, RICH! She'd faint at the sight of one, oh, oh!—" and off he went around the corner of the house in search of a moon-lit, dew-bejewelled strawberry bed, dear to his heart's fondest memories.

Janice fled after him, "You old, Exalted Egotist," she hissed, "I'll show you."

"Auntie," remarked Janice, thoughtfully, next morning, "do you really want me to be doortender, 'cause I'm ready if you do, and there's a peddler person coming up the walk now."

Aunt Matilda directed a keen glance out of the window and another at her niece. "Why of course, my dear, if you wish—"

"I do," murmured Janice, with visions of Budd.

She slipped into the front hallway and drew a long breath, she had no conception of how a peddler might act, but she had an idea, and she was determined to try it out.

The dapper little Jew had ascended the steps and was reaching for the doorbell when he was suddenly confronted by a small, chattering person with bright black eyes and wavy black hair. He drew back distrustfully, he was not accustomed to such receptions; but friendliness fairly radiated from this small person; her gestures, her smiles, her unintelligible chatter; all seemed to invite him to show his goods.

Ardently he unstrapped his cases and held up to her inspection folds upon folds of the most gorgeously patterned silks; she cooed with delight and he heaped them upon a wicker bench; he was displaying more when a rather extraordinary thing happened; with a fresh burst of jargon chatter the small person gathered the whole assortment in her arms and backed, courtesying and smiling, toward the door. The man stared amazed, and terror filled his eyes —she was insane, she was trying to steal his goods! He snatched away the folds and grabbing the cases, stumbled down the steps, wildly trailing after him a royal purple breadth.

Janice paused; the outraged sound of his voice came floating back to her. She laughed weakly, then triumphantly, then hilariously.

"Oh, Auntie", she cried, "Come here! Did you ever in your life hear of anything so funny? What did I do? Oh, Auntie, I conjugated a French verb at him, and it scared him stiff when I backed off with his stuff. Goodness, I'm glad I remembered the French conjugation of 'love' anyway!"

Two days passed, and never a sign of a peddler. Janice began to get impatient. She was confidence personified now, and she longed to exercise her new accomplishment.

On the third day a bleary-eyed gentleman appeared, wobbling uncertainly along on two unmistakably tipsy legs. Salve was his specialty, it seemed, most wonderful salve in all the world, would not the lady in the hammock be so kind—?

The lady in the hammock was very kind and very graciously rose, chanting an unintelligible jargon with the most disarming of smiles. But terror gripped his heart; this smiling woman, what sort of a being was she; there was something evil about her; he took to his tipsy legs, waving his salve aloft as he wobbled away, his bleary eyes gazing fearfully behind him. Janice laughed confidently, she was proud. Nevermore could Budd twit her, and wait till the night of Dot's party when she should have her chance at him.

Her thoughts drifted farther and farther away, and it was with a start of astonishment that she became suddenly aware of the presence of a tall immaculately clad young man standing before her and bowing most ceremoniously, his cap in one hand and a shiny aluminum object in the other. She stared at him open-mouthed, and an amused little smile flickered across the young man's countenance. Her ire began to simmer; she glared at him, from her recumbent position, and then, miracles of miracles, dimples flashed at him, eyes challenged and laughed at him, and friendliness radiated out to him, and meanwhile, a very dainty young person had balanced herself on two very dainty feet, and was

gesturing swiftly and eagerly. The young man felt distinctly uncomfortable, "My dear young lady", he began; when on his ear there burst a veritable avalanche of jargon words. He stared and another torrent followed. The young man gulped, then he turned a faint pink, but a comical twinkle danced in his eyes as he said, "Well. I am very glad you do, young lady, but really, I am unprepared, you see I came here to sell this new aluminum boiler; a most wonderful device, I assure you; will you be so kind as to examine it's inside workings—"

He extended the marvel of workmanship in both hands and she gingerly reached two pink palms to receive it, but, strangely, he did not surrender it, tho' she gave it a gentle little tug. He was staring intently at the object, tho' he continued to rattle off its wonderful merits.

Curiously she glanced down, and saw mirrored in the shiny cover, her own pink and white face; she gasped and tugged determinedly at the thing to find her hands suddenly sandwiched between two strong brown ones and the shiny sides of a double boiler.

Janice was speechless, no French conjugation flowed from her lips. Of all the collossal nerve and impu——!

"Very prettily done, Little Miss French Maid, and it was all correct except in the third person plural, but remember, all peddlers aren't as wooden-headed as they may appear; this one for instance; but practice makes perfect, you know, so keep it up. I am perfectly willing to be practiced on. Are you ready? Now—"I love, you love, he loves, we love, you lo—" He suddenly paused, his eyes glued on a little lady in the doorway. He flushed very pink and immediately unsandwiched her hands; they fell limply to her sides; with a deep obeisance he held the cover next his heart, backed gracefully down the steps, murmured, "Till we meet again", stepped lightly into a little red car and was off in a cloud of dust, gallantly waving an aluminum cover in a touching farewell.

Utterly dumbfounded and outraged, speechless with astonisment she fell into a chair. For fully ten minutes she sat, never stirring, then as one in a stupor she rose. "Aunt Matilda, I guess I won't tend door any more. I—I don't feel like it." Aunt Matilda's eyes twinkled, "Why, my dear child, you aren't ill, are you?" "No, I—I just don't feel well, that's all." Her voice trailed queerly down the stairs. As she disappeared around the top landing the little old lady sat down and laughed till the tears came.

It was a peculiarly quiet and affectionate sister that Budd greeted three days later. He held her off with one hand and poked inquisitively at her pink cheeks. "Doesn't come off," he observed, critically regarding his forefinger. "Sure and you'll make a hit at Dot's party, tonight. We will have to start about six, it's a two hour's run to the lake and then all the fuss of getting across to the cottage. Don Greene's coming; haven't seen him since Prep school. Dot's going to meet him in town; we'll probably run across them."

Janice smiled. They probably would if Budd had anything to do with it, for his devotion to Dot dated back to days of knickerbockers and dancing school.

Six o'clock found them well on their way; the little gray roadster seemed to eat up the miles. Budd glanced at the little white-coated figure beside him; she was good to look at, this little black-haired, black-eyed sister.

Suddenly his foot smashed down in the brake; the engine sputtered disgustedly, and they came to a standstill just at the ascent of a great steep hill.

"Hello", he called, "What's up?"

Janice saw in the dim glare two shadowy figures, a man and a girl, laboring with some mechanism of their car.

"Engine trouble", sounded a masculine voice, which was immediately followed by a shrill feminine squeal of delight, "Oh, Budd Hastings, is that you, is Janice with you? Here, you take us up in your car and we will leave this old thing here; it's so late now mother will be wild. Janice, this is my cousin, Don Green, and Don, this is Janice; you've heard me talk about her."

"How do you do, Janice", laughed a voice from out of the darkness, "I can't see you to make sure it's your hand I'm shaking, but judging from the small 'feel' of it, I'd say I'm not mistaken; where's that confounded moon, anyway?"

Janice laughed, but Budd groaned ,"Oh, Lord, Don, I thot you left that stuff behind you in Prep. Did you ever in your born days say anything to a girl that was sensible?"

"Um-m", mused the voice. "I don't know but I have."

The climb up the mountain was short. Soon they could hear the silvery lap, lap, of the water, on the lake shore.

Janice turned and inquisitively gazed at the face of the man beside her, and was rather piqued to find that he had been occupied in the same task, but the dark was thick between them.

Budd brought the car to a standstill in a little sheltered thicket and snapped off the lights. "Here's where we pile out, we can get boats down at the landing. Come on, Dot; you take cake of Sis, will you, Don?"

"Sure thing," he answered, "that is, if she doesn't object."

"Oh, Sis never objects; here, let's take the shortcut; come on folks, we'll lead the way!'

"So, 'Sis' never objects, eh?" queried the man, as they slipped and stumbled down the path, "must be quite an agreeable person!"

Janice glanced up at him. "Nearly as agreeable as a man that never says anything to a girl except what is agreeable."

He chuckled, "You win; say, do you know you remind me of someone, she was a corker, too. You don't mind my asking where your home is do you?"

Her eyes grew a little wide. "Why, no, of course not; I live in Bradley, next door to Dot. What a funny question."

"I dare say," he murmured, "but, gosh, you had me going for about two seconds, when you first spoke; I wish that the moon would come up!"

"Here we are," shouted Budd. "Say, Don, just push that canoe around a little, will you? Thanks; all right, we are ready. Hear the music?"

They listened, the rythmic beat of a fox-trot pulsed across the lake to them, lights winked and twinkled and moved; the little cottage grounds seemed a veritable fairyland of brightness.

Both young fellows dipped their paddles and the canoes slipped smoothly into the velvet black waters. A golden glow appeared over the mountain-top.

"Moon's coming," observed Don, interestedly.

"Like it?" queried Janice.

"Sure, don't you?"

She didn't answer. Something uncanny seemed to envelope her; there was something strangely familiar about the set of this young fellow's shoulders.

"Hurry up, you two," shouted Budd, after a while, a space of time fraught with silence, "we've landed."

"Coming", answered Don, "don't wait."

They heard them go scuffing up the path; the faintest rim of gold appeared over the mountain top.

Janice swiftly turned up the big wide collar of her soft white coat and snuggled down deep into it. The man leaned forward and looked at her curiously, and there seemed something determined about him as he looked away.

The canoe touched. "Steady there, now, ready, jump!"

Janice jumped, lightly lifted by two strong arms. She shoved her little hands deep in her pockets and turned her back on the moon while he swiftly pulled up the canoe.

Suddenly he straightened his shoulders and looked at the fluffy halo of dark hair above the coat collar. He seemed to deliberate for a moment, then swiftly crossed over to the small figure, took it by the shoulders and turned it about; it gasped, but he paid no attention. With one arm he encircled two small shoulders, with the other hand he slowly loosened a big coat collar and turned it down. Janice shut her eyes and stiffened her little chin, but two strong fingers slipped beneath it and lifted full to the bright rays of the moon, a piquant little face, red-mouthed, blackeyed.

Don Greene blinked and stared and looked again. He drew a long, deep breath—for the eyes that looked up at him so beseechingly were the same eyes that had glared up at him three days before. He bent lower, and Janice wriggled, he scrutinized her face more intently and she squirmed. "I've got you, Little Miss French Maid," he whispered, "and I have a score to pay off; you are something of a prevaricator, you know."

Janice choked. "Oh, you horrid old double boiler thing! I—I—ha—"

"Oh, no you don't hate me; look at me, little spitfire; don't you know that blessed double boiler is putting me thru college, not to mention the fact that it found me you; so don't abuse it; if you knew Don Greene as well as Dot, you'd know he never lets his opportunities slip, so I'm ready, Little French Maid, are you? Well, I'm just about to kiss you unless you conjugate the same verb at me you did three days ago, when I will anyway; waiting—"

Janice glared, "Oh, you hideous thing——'

"Waiting—are you ready?"

"Oh, I suppose you'll have to, 'I never object,' you know, but I hate you, I do, I do—"

"Good Lord, Dot," yelled Budd. "Come here, Sis has fainted dead or something."

A happy Don Greene chuckled in the moonlight. "S'pose we tell 'em I've just learned how to be agreeable, 'Jannet Child', say yes, you little bunch of fluffiness, say it—"

"He—he's just learned—how—to be agreeable, B-Budd."

So ends "The Episode of the Double Boiler."

GETTING EVEN WITH SIS.

By Adelene M. Reed, '18.

"I don't care, I don't see why it is that girls always get whatever they want, and the boy of the family never gets anything he asks for—not even so small a thing as a tennis court. You sent Phyllis to Paris last year to finish her, but 'finish' is the wrong word, I'd say, for now that she's back it's "Phyllis must have this" and "Phyllis must have that." Aw—girls make me sick— selfish things!"

This startling bit of thunder is only one little part of the great word storm which took place at the Merwin home when Jack, asking for the nine-hundred-and ninety-ninth time for a tennis court to be built for him, had again been emphatically told that sister Phyllis must have all the available money for her "Social Debut" next Fall. And having this thrust upon him so forcibly, he abruptly left the room with a tremendous slam of the door and with just as tremendous a determination to get even.

"If they can't do that much for me, when I've asked so often, I WILL play with Freddie! They don't want me to, so I just WILL—so there!" he exclaimed as he started in search of Freddie.

Now Freddie was "Freddie" in name only; not at all so refined in reality. In fact, altho the family had lived in town only two months "Freddie" had so established his leadership among the so-called bad boys of the town, that Mrs. Merwin had forbidden Jack to even speak to him.

"Moreover," Mrs. Merwin declared. "I think it is decidedly condescending for any of us to associate with any of the family. We know nothing at all about them, except that they came here, rented the best house in town, and are trying to make us all believe that they are swimming in money. But money or no money—I base my principles on family records. Fancy a Merwin associating with a Rhodes!"

But in spite of this bit of sarcasm, which was most truly meant to be em-

phatic, we find Jack in a few moments whistling for Freddie at the back door of the village store.

In answer to the call, Freddie burst forth and ran down to meet him, his face beaming with something that aroused all Jack's curiosity.

"Well, what's up now? You look like a balloon ready to burst. Oh, quit that giggle and talk; can'tchu?" asked Jack, as Freddie took him by the ear and saying nothing in explanation of his mirth, led him toward the back door from which he had just emerged. But Freddie answered only with echoing chuckles which, as must be expected, served to make Jack more aware that he was being fairly dragged by his ear, and after about half of another chuckle Freddie was surprised by a rather uncomfortable jab in the region of his diaphragm, and immediately he loosened his hold upon the above-mentioned ear and began to roll up his sleeves. But Jack, awake to the occasion, interrupted the process.

"Naw—I don't want to fight, only you near pulled my ear off and I just wanted to remind you that I was attached to that ear."

"Well, yuh aughto have it pulled—Why didn'tchu come to the meetin' last night? You're the only piker in the bunch. We had some time, too, but we're not gona tell you 'cause you had to mind mama; didn'tchu?" asked Freddie as he rolled his sleeves back down.

Jack for some reason did not consider this to need a reply and so went on with his own thoughts.

"Say, Freddie, I'm mad! Mother says again that I cant have a tennis court. Old Sis has to have it all, and say, I'm gona get even! Do you hear? I'll make her sorry—maybe it won't help me get the tennis court, but I'll fix her anyway. Don't know what I'll do tho'—can you think of something mean—awful mean?"

And here we leave them searching their minds thru and thru for something to do to make Phyllis sorry.

And back at home Phyllis and her mother little dreamed what hard feelings the refusal of the tennis court was causing, nor would they have cared had they known for the thoughts of both were so entirely wrapped up in the plans for Phyllis' debut. For a week this planning went on with the sort of thrill which belongs only to a mother and a daughter at a time like that. And then came a new and more thrilling circumstance, which seemed to absolutely sweep all other plans into a corner.

"Special for Miss Merwin," said the postman with a grin, as he handed a letter to Phyllis.

"Oh, mother! Mother! Come here quick!" she gasped as she quickly scanned its contents. "A letter from a lord—think of it—a lord! Listen, mother, he says that he saw me while in England, followed me to Paris, and now has followed me to America. He says, 'I am in New York now and thru miraculous means have learned your name and address. But all this is useless now. I merely want to beg of you that you will spare me a few moments of your time at your convenience. In the meantime, I am waiting, waiting, always with that same wild pounding in my heart as when I first saw you at the opera in London. I pray you—do not refuse me this my dream of weeks and months. Ah, may it all come true! Awaiting your consent, I am all yours, Lord Albert Anthony Hamilton.' Mother, am I dreaming? Is it true? A letter from a lord—a real English lord—who wants to see me? Speak to me, mother, am I awake?" asked Phyllis, altho the manner in which she was wildly hopping around would easily indicate that she was indeed very much awake.

"Well, I don't know as it is so hard to believe," answered her mother with a proud lift of her chin. "On the contrary, I think it would be hard for anyone to resist the charms of one so fair as you, Phyllis, my dear. Those things happen in stories, you know, and then sometimes in real life—especially in the Merwin line. You know, Phyllis dear, your great-grandmother married into the nobility of England."

Of course it is needless to say that the very next mail carried a letter back from

Mrs. Merwin to Lord Hamilton, saying that Phyllis would be unengaged at four o'clock on the following Wednesday afternoon and could spare him a few moments at that time.

During the following days, things at the Merwin home were in the greatest confusion. Dressmakers were kept busy for Phyllis felt sure that once Lord Hamilton saw her he would make a more extended visit than the "few moments" which her mother had suggested. Daily trips took her in to the nearest city to the hairdressers, the beauty specialists, and the manicurists, for this was conceded by the whole Merwin family to be the most important time in Phyllis' life. And because of this importance, Mrs. Merwin decided that it would be better for them to take up their abode in her sister's house until after the visit of Lord Hamilton.

"For," she explained to Phyllis, "your Aunt Janette's house is larger, and as she is away she will not mind in the least. She is to be gone two weeks yet, so we'll just go over there. You know that wonderful house alone would be a great attraction, and we shall have the use of the servants, also. We'll want to entertain, of course, and our house is so small and with only one servant—you know it would seem strange to him that you should be traveling abroad while back home we have only one servant. He no doubt, thinks we have lots of money and we'll not have to disillusion him if we go over there."

"Oh, mother dear, you always have some good scheme to help me out of my difficulties. That is surely a good idea. And we can use Aunt Janette's livery—you know English lords are always fond of horseback riding," answered Phyllis, happily.

On the morning of the long awaited day, every member of the Merwin family was filled with anxious expectancy which grew and grew as the hours slowly dragged. Even Jack, who had been bribed with a promise of a tennis court, had given his word of honor to keep it a secret that it was their aunt's house and not their own in which they were living during that time. The servants, too, had all been bribed to disclose nothing concerning the affairs of their present mistress, and everything was in readiness.

At four-thirty, a taxi drove up in front of the big stone house and stopped.

"Oh, mother, isn't he good-looking?" cried Phyllis as she bounded up the stairs so as not to appear to be waiting for his arrival.

The door bell rang and the butler, taking the card presented, looked at it, then at Lord Hamilton, and then at the card again, and finally with a bewildered expression upon his face, ventured, "I beg your pardon, sir, but isn't this Mr. Herbert Rhodes? This is Jenkins, your butler of four years ago."

At first Lord Hamilton gasped as he felt his first thrill of fear, but gaining control again, he said, as he handed him a ten-spot, "Well, yes, Jenkins, you're right—but while I'm in this house I am Lord Hamilton. Can I trust you?"

"Certainly, sir," he answered, as he hastened to conceal the bill in an inner pocket and departed with the card.

After a lapse of time sufficient for convention, Phyllis appeared.

"Ah, Miss Merwin, I am chahmed to have this privilege grahnted me," said Lord Hamilton, rising and bowing as only English lords can bow. "I am sorry to be late, but you see I went to the address to which I addressed your letter and they told me that that was the wrong number and directed me here."

"Oh—how stupid of me—I forgot to tell you—I mean mother forgot to tell you that the address you used was not quite correct. I'm so sorry."

"Oh, now really, Miss Merwin, don't mention it. It's all quite all right; don't you know? I suppose you are wondering how it was that I happened to learn your name and address at all. Well, it's quite a long story; don't you know? It begins back at that night in London, at The Palace. "Judith" was the opera that night. Do you remember? Well, I sat in the box right back of you—and well, I learned your name and your aunt's that night at the hotel register. Then you

went to Paris and I went also—you sailed for America and I watched you sail. And this month I came to America to what I feared would be a vain search. But I have a brother in New York who happened to know a certain man—Herbert Rhodes—from this town, who said he had heard of a family by the name of Merwin. So you see it has been nothing short of Providence that has helped me."

"Oh, yes," said Phyllis, "I remember that night at The Palace, and 'Judith' —wasn't it wonderful?"

"Indeed, yes, and that little Frenchman —wasn't he typical?" asked Lord Hamilton.

"Frenchman? As I remember 'Judith' the characters were all English," answered Phyllis in surprise.

"Oh, yes—I beg your pardon—you see I was not terribly interested in the opera. To tell the truth, my mind was occupied with another subject. I wonder if——

But just at that moment, Elise, the French maid, entered with tea, and as she placed it upon a little tea table by the fireplace, they drew their chairs up so as to better enjoy the rich intermingling of firelight and twilight. The old colck in the hall struck five. Hamilton could not but recall a beautiful picture he had seen somewhere, sometime in his life, as he watched Phyllis arranging the tea things. How was it the painter had named it?—oh, yes—it was "The Fireside Fairy." Yes, indeed, Phyllis was—such were his thoughts when the "Fairy" came to life and broke the spell.

"Ask mother to join us, please," she directed to the maid. "You must meet my mother, Lord Hamilton. She will be delighted, I am sure."

And thus the afternoon passed, as afternoons sometimes do, all like a single moment into which had been crowded a whole life-time of joys and hopes. And after the departure—well, it's easy to imagine the state of affairs. Mrs. Merwin, herself, was no less exuberant with joy than was Phyllis, for it was Mrs. Merwin who suggested and planned so anxiously for his entertainment. The following afternoon they should ride alone—the next evening he should dine with them, and the next evening there should be a dinner party given which would make the whole town sit up and take notice, as Mrs. Merwin expressed it. "Fancy what the Rhodes will think of our entertaining an English lord. I guess Mrs. Rhodes will lower her head to the level of the rest of us then, alright!"

"I should think so, too," returned Phyllis. "Oh, mother, I'm so excited! Just think—your Phyllis entertaining an English lord! It has always been my wildest dream and I have practiced how I was going to act, but the reality has completely upset my plans, and I am just an ordinary girl. But then, he says he thinks 'American girls are most chahming because they are so ordinary, so frank; don't you know?"—so I guess I'm glad I'm ordinary after all."

. . . . . .

The next afternoon was delightful and as they rode leisurely along the country roads, lined on either side with tall sweeping trees, garbed in nature's richest hues of red, bronze, and gold, the bright blue of October's sky seemed to smile down upon them and once as Hamilton raised his eyes, it seemed to him that the sun actually winked at him. But in spite of this encouragement he felt somehow, a feeling that something was about to happen to him.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Phyllis, not noticing his silence. "I believe the frost has really opened the chestnut-burs. Let's look for some chestnuts." And in less than a second she was off her horse. Hamilton joined her at once, and it was during the search that something did happen. They were munching chestnuts under the tree and chatting aimlessly, when it came.

"And then for Saturday evening," continued Phyllis, "mother is planning a dinner party.'

"A—A—Oh!" stammered Hamilton, as his brain went thru a perfect turmoil of fears and dreads. "That is jolly fine of her, I'm sure, but I—ah—you see, I—oh, yes, that will be delightful." But as he

made this last remark he knew that it was absolutely false. It would, on the contrary, be far from delightful for him. A big dinner party meant that his mother and sister would be there, and—"Heavens!" he almost spoke aloud, "this is horrible! What shall I do? If the mater catches me at this, well no one knows what might happen. Just the fact that I'm roving around the country when I'm supposed to be in old N. Y. U., studying my head off, will set dad wild. Oh, of all the flabbergasted tangled up messes I was ever in!" And then aloud to Phyllis he said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but you see, I received a cablegram this morning to return to England as soon as possible. Some tangle in my estates, they say. The next boat leaves on Sunday, so I must go to New York Saturday. Really, I cawn't say how sorry I am don't you know?" he explained as they mounted their horses and started homeward.

But Phyllis did not know, and during the ride home the questions uppermost in her mind were, "Why did he not mention so important a thing as that before? Why did he not speak of it until I told him of the dinner? And why did he stammer so about it?" But convention would not allow these questions to be asked, so she went on, "Well, then, perhaps we can arrange it for tomorrow evening. There are lots of lovely people whom you would enjoy, meeting, I am sure."

"Oh, yes—yes, no doubt," answered Hamilton, as he thought to himself, "Yes, and a few who would enjoy meeting me, too."

But he now saw that there was absolutely no escape. He must bluff it thru—unless—yes, he'd do that. He'd be taken suddenly ill with appendicitis about three o'clock in the afternoon, they would rush him off to the hospital and thus he would avoid that awful dread.

And after thus soliloquising he went on, "Oh, yes, Miss Merwin, I shall enjoy it, I am sure, but I'm sorry to change your plans; don't you know."

"Oh, it won't matter at all, really," assured Phyllis, as they drew up to the porte-cochere.

The next morning after a lively set of tennis, Hamilton suddenly awoke to his senses, that as yet his game was really only just begun, for he had made no real advances whatever, so summoning all his courage, as they sat down to rest in the harbor, he began, "Miss Merwin, I have something to say to you which, no doubt, you have already guessed. Can you imagine why I came from London to your home in America to see you? Ah, I see from your smile that you do understand—you do—tell me you do," urged Hamilton.

"Yes, I—I think I do," answered Phyllis, carefully studying the toe of her shoe.

"And, Miss Merwin, do you—do you—that is, may I hope?" he asked as he extended his hand to her.

"Oh, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" came from behind the arbor and Jack and Freddie burst into view. "Didn't know you had and audience; didju? We saw it! Ha! Ha! Ha!" they jeered and ran at breakneck speed down the road.

Phyllis, needless to say, felt an overpowering impulse to get out of sight and without looking at Hamilton again she dashed into the house and upstairs, sobbing to her mother, and demanding that Jack be severely punished.

The plans for the dinner party went on and at two o'clock Hamilton and Phyllis were watching the fish in the aquarian in the back yard, when a familiar taxi drove up to the curb. Quick as a flash Phyllis seized Hamilton by the arm and fairly dragged him into the house thru the back door without a word of explanation. Once inside, she rushed frantically upstairs to her mother.

"Oh, mother, mother, she burst forth, "Auntie has come back! Whatever shall we do?'

"Oh, don't worry, dear," assured her mother. "Aunt Janette will understand, when I explain it all to her. No doubt she will be glad to help us. Oh, yes, Janette," she added turning to her sister who stood staring at them from the doorway as in a dream. "Of course, you are surprised to see us taking possession of your house in this manner. But listen,

and I know you will forgive us. You see—" and she explained it all to her.

"Well, of course, my dears, I'm glad you did it, tho' I really don't approve of such deception, you know. But then since he's a lord, I suppose it's all right," answered Aunt Janette.

Phyllis, remembering that perhaps her conduct should be somehow explained to Hamilton, slipped from the room and downstairs to find his lordship emerging from the hall closet.

"Well, Lord Hamilton—what on earth?" gasped Phyllis.

"Well, Miss Merwin, what on earth? I say," quickly interrupted Hamilton. "I certainly do not understand your conduct," he lied, trying to drive away the frightened expression from his face, now white with fear.

"Well, you see," ventured Phyllis—Mother especially dislikes that lady, and I—wanted to tell her she was coming—you see, she—"

"Oh, yes, I understand," he answered, as they entered the conservatory. "Now may we have some music? I have heard that you sing wonderfully well."

"You've heard? Where did you hear it?" asked Phyllis, blushing and taking her place at the piano.

"Oh,—I—I thought perhaps you could, that is, you look as tho' you could: don't you know?" Hamilton corrected himself.

As Phyllis began to sing, Mrs. Merwin and her sister entered the next room and began to converse excitedly.

"Oh, I'm sure you must be mistaken, Janette," she heard her mother say. "It can't be true! He surely is a gentleman."

"Well, here it is—right here in the paper." answered her aunt. "I read it on my way home on the train: REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF JOHN NEWFORD, ALIAS 'LORD HAMILTON'. John Newford, convicted of murder in London, September 3, 1917, is known to have sailed for America September 4, 1917, and is hidding under the assumed name of 'Lord Hamilton'. Reward of $5,000 for his capture—There you have it—Now what do you think? You say he has been suddenly called back to England? I say, rather, he has suddenly decided that he is no longer safe here and is about to take refuge in another continent, with no thought of returning to England. Can you see it? We must let this affair go no further. Will you tell Phyllis, or shall I?

But at this point, Phyllis having heard occasional snatches of the conversation, rushed in upon them. Mrs. Merwin showed her the newspaper article, and awaited the result. Phyllis read it thru and thru, and then reread it, without changing in the least the expression of her face. Then she raised her eyes, glanced out of the window, and as she bit her lip and her eyes began to fill with tears, her mother realized what had been happening in Phyllis' life, and she feared what might still happen, since she herself had so urged matters along. But her heart quickened as she saw Phyllis throw back her head, give a scornful laugh and quickly and determinedly go back to Hamilton. They followed her and felt relieved to hear her take the matter so calmly.

"Lord Hamilton," she said, "I am sorry, but I must ask you to leave the house."

"Leave your house, Miss Merwin?" he asked in surprise—"And will you be so kind as to explain all this?"

"It needs no explanation, whatever. You know your game, I must admit. However, you need not fear that I shall expose you. I suppose it is my duty, but I—I cannot. I beg of you to go at once."

"And I beg of you to explain to me. I do not understand. What is it of which you accuse me?" he asked, with a puzzled expression.

"Just this," interrupted Mrs. Merwin, as she came into the room and handed him the paper. "We'll not expose you. We'd hate the publicity—but I demand that you leave our house at once."

Poor Hamilton! His brain was in a perfect turmoil. What was to be done? What wouldn't he do to that kid brother of his for getting him into this? First he had racked his brain to keep them from knowing he was Herbert Rhodes, and now—how on earth could he ever prove to them that he was really Her-

bert Rhodes, after all? He'd simply have to confess it all, he decided.

So summoning all his courage, he began, "Mrs. Merwin, I have been deceiving you, but not as you think. I am not Lord Hamilton at all. It is hard to explain it to you. I beg of you to listen while I tell you the secret. I am Herbert Rhodes—"

"Rhodes?—Rhodes?" shrieked Mrs. Merwin. "You're nothing of the sort! You've completely hoodwinked us so far and now you are trying to pass yourself off as someone else. Pray, how many names do they allow a criminal in England?"

"On my honor, I am Herbert Rhodes. If you will listen, I will explain it all. When first I saw your daughter I was smitten dumb. But I heard what you once said, because you disliked my mother, 'Fancy a Merwin condescending to associate with a Rhodes!' So I gave it up until after I should graduate, when I intended to prove to you that the Rhodes name is not to be scoffed at. Then Freddie came to visit me, and thru a desire of your son, Jack, which he shared, to get even for some offense, he persuaded me to play the part I have played. It was not to get even that I entered the plan, but rather because I thought I saw in it a chance to establish myself in the esteem of Phyllis—and—you. But now, I—"

"Keep it up, Bub! We'll swear to it!" shouted Freddie, as he and Jack dashed upon the scene from behind the portieres where they had been listening interestedly.

"Jack, what does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Merwin, glaring at her young son.

"Well, mother, I guess it means that Herbert wants to marry Phyllis. Leastways, he told Freddie so before he started to play lord," answered Jack, struggling to keep back a giggle.

Herbert did not quite know whether to be cross or grateful for this outburst from Jack, but noticing that Phyllis was struggling to suppress a smile, he felt encouraged enough to venture, "Phyllis, can you forgive me?"

"Well," answered Phyllis, as she bit her lip, "I guess you have as much to forgive as I. You see, I—"

"Yes, yes, don't bother to explain. I knew it all the time. It's hard to tell which was really the worst deception, but there's one thing added to mine, Phyllis, which takes away part of the evil—my reason was—love. Yours—Phyllis—what was your reason?" he asked as he extended his hand to her.

But there was no need of any verbal answer, as Phyllis gave him her hand and added, "I was about to say it this morning in the arbor when Jack interrupted us."

And the plans for the dinner party went on, but with added interest and happiness, for instead of the introduction of "Lord Hamilton" it was to be an announcement which would "make the whole town sit up and take notice," as Mrs. Merwin had previously expresed it.

FAVORITE BOOKS.

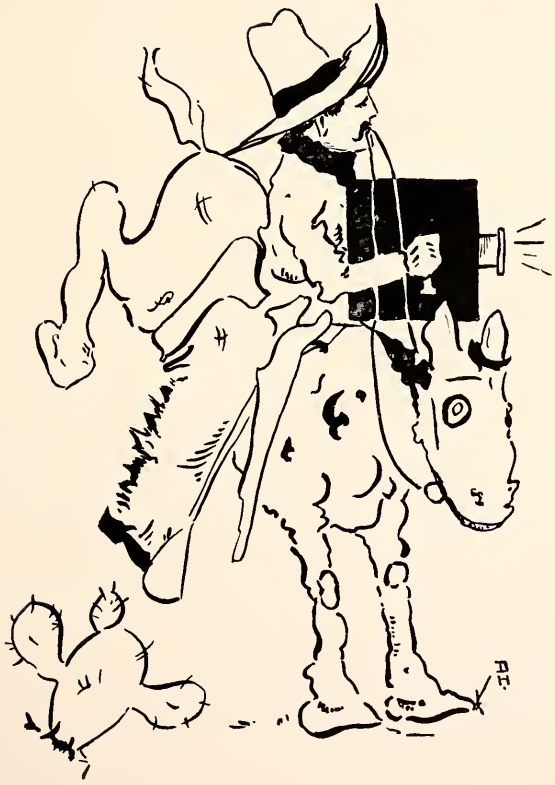
Amateur Gentleman—Jimmy Norton.
The Iron Woman—Mildred Thorne.
Just David—Harriett Murdock.
Come out of the Kitchen—Lynn Card.
Oh Mary Be Careful—Mary Monahan.
The Choir Invisible— "Ro" Fadden
"Tish" Farrell
Return of the Prodigal—"Billy" Walp.
Vanity Fair—Rena Reinhardt.
Innocents Abroad—The Juniors.
Seventeen—Vida Emberger.
Tish—Letitia Farrell.
The Little Minister—Byron Golden.
The Pathfinder—Prof. Cass.
Twice Told Tales—"Daddy" Strait.
We Two—"Addie and Harold."
Daddy Long Legs—Rex Dimmick.
Freckles—"Ted" Ayres.
To Have and To Hold—Olin Decker.
Beloved Vagabond—"Don" Arnold.
Prisoners of Hope—North Hallites.
Peg o' My Heart—"Chappie."
The Woman Hater—"Gus" Granger.
The Doctor—Dora Davison.

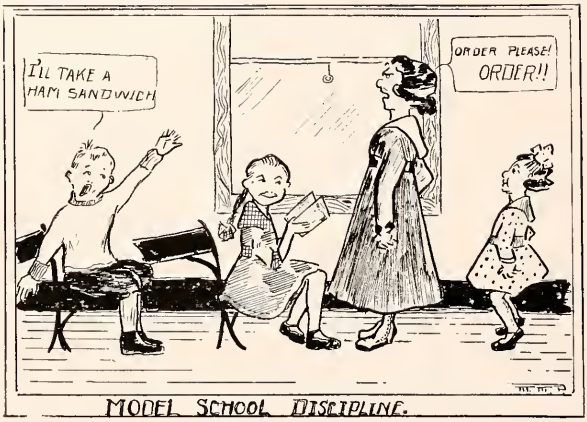
FROM THE ANNALS OF A SENIOR.

Now I am a Senior, I won't say what I've been,
But they say I bore resemblance to a color known as green—
But howsoever that may be, I won't deny it now—
(Just watch the Elocution swoop that bears my noble brow.)
A wise and mighty Senior, I, about to graduate—
(Oh, classmates, bear with me awhile, whilst I my tale relate.)
They begged me, "Come to Normal. Exams? You'll surely pass."
They fibbed; but I believed 'em. (Their names were Strait and Cass.)
And so I came to Normal, aboard the Erie train,
And what I was before that ride, I'll never be again.
I entered at the entrance, and there before my eyes
A "welcome" sign blazed out at me, a black and red surprise.
I swelled with pride because of it, I nearly burst my belt!
(Oh, would that I could feel again the feelings that I felt.)
And then we filled the Dining Room, the purpose was to eat,
With tea, and plums and cracker crumbs, we managed quite a treat.
And then I met a DR. THIS and then a DR. THAT,
And then I met our Dr. Straughn, and thought him rather fat—!
(Oh classmates, dear, I really did, forgive the awful blunder,
I never told of it before, I think him now a wonder.)
I've been abused and much maligned thru all my days at Normal,
And some have called me "Fresh", and then, some others said, "abnormal'.
One night there was a Party, a Baby One, they said,
And all the girls put down their curls and socks upon their legs.
Another night there was a dance, 'twas over at the "Gym",
And one girl sighed and said she'd "die if she could dance with him."
I thot her rather silly, but then I didn't know
The way to aim to endless fame is finding you a beau.
I went down to the Football Field, and boys in black and red,
Were scrapping 'bout a pigskin ball, and one boy's nose had bled.
I offered him my handkerchief, it had wide lace around it,
But he got red and then he said, "Pete, take it out and drown it."
At home they told me I was bright, 'twas all there was about it,
But when I came to Normal School, I soon began to doubt it.
But now I am a Senior, I'll soon be graduated—
Oh please forget you've ever met me as I've here related.

—'18.

REEL KOMICS





MODEL SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

LIMERICKS A LA MODE.

I.

There was a young fellow named Francis,
Who won maidens by mere glances;
He captained three teams,
Flunked exams by the reams,
And was always on hand for "Gym" dances.

II.

"Gus" Granger, a husky old bach,
Came very near striking a match—
He said he'd not budge, but a person named Fudge
Nearly landed him once as her catch.

III.

"Ed" Finn is a desperate duffer,
He daily grows tougher and tougher,
He chews gum and smokes;
Reads "Life" and cracks jokes,
A dangerous, daredevil bluffer.

IV.

We know a young fellow named Walp,
Who, tho' it's none of his fault,
Gets put on the campus
For raising a rampus,
Or having a library talk.

V.

We know a young fellow named "Don,"
Of girls he's exceedingly fond,
He's what they call "nifty,"
He'll go "fifty-fifty,"
And he's splashed a good splash in our pond.

VI.

There is a young fellow named Bailey,
Who flits in society gayly;
He flirts with the girls,
He admires all their curls,
This giddy gay gink we call Bailey.

VII.

We know a young fellow named George,
What at the table is quite prone to gorge.
Altho' he is some dresser,
He'll ne'er be a Professor,
This handsome young chap named Gawge.

VIII.

There is a young guy named Newell,
Who some day expects to teach school.
He'll never be a bach,
Altho' he has a red thatch;
In the mines he'll be driving a mule.

IX.

We are acquainted with a guy named MacClellan,
Who at the top of his voice is yellin'.
If you want information,
He has enough for a nation;
Altho' some think it's fish he is sellin'.

X.

Here's to a guy named Gazella,
Who everyone knows is a good fellow.
He is some athlete;
For he eats raw meat,
And doesn't know the color of yellow.

Take Him Away, Officer; He's Harmless.

C. Joyce, the silver throated tenor, is experiencing considerable trouble with his throat, much to the relief of South Hall. His favorite selection is "Long Tom." When he sings the part which goes "Good-bye, Ma; Good-bye, Pa; Good-bye mule, with the old hehaw," it is noticed that Teddy Ayres looks embarrassed.

THE GLORY THAT IS TO BE.

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When Rupert's last compass is rusted,
And our brains are all twisted awry—
When the last of Grant's test tubes is busted
And our youngest professor has died—
We shall rest; and faith! We shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
With never a State Board Examiner
To set us to digging anew.

And we who have flunked will be honored,
We will sit in a flying machine,
We will fly out the borough limits
To Blossburg, and never be seen.
We will have real eats to be fed on—
There will be no bread pudding at all,
And all the state aid that is left us,
Will be mounted, and hung in the Hall.

Indiana shall never beat us—
And Doctor will never blame—
And Sternos will all be harmless
And our heads will be haloed with fame;
And each shall possess a check-book,
And the accounts will be on par—
And each shall do what he pleases
In spite of the powers that are.

—E. M.

Nagle—"Bill said that he would trust me with his pocketbook. What do you know about that?"

Stogie—"There's nothing in it."

Anna Stein—"I thought your watch had a gold case."

Willy Walp—"It did—but circumstances alter cases."

Prof. Deily—(in Freshman French)—"Monsieur Bedenk, ouvrez la fenetre."

Bedenk—"Just listen to him calling me names."

WHO'S WHO IN M. S. N. S.

Mary Pickford—Rena Reinhardt.

"Divinity"—Louise Barnhardt.

Douglas Fairbanks—the human fly—Bennett Strait.

Alma Gluck—Ruth Hughes.

Sarah Bernhardt—Freda Willard.

Most Popular Athlete—"Gazook" Gazella.

Most Exalted Senior—Hartley Dean.

Most Studious Senior—Helen Carpenter.

Dame Fashion—Miss Bond.

A Reason—other than patriotic—Miss Hoag.

Best "All-round" Prof.—R. C. Kichline.

"Wobbles"—Mr. Sekol.

Literary Genius—Elaine Manley.

Tallest—(this is disputed)—Alma Dills, "Bill" Stagaman.

Tiniest—Kathleen Hayes.

Smallest—Gurney Matteson.

Largest—Johnny Evans.

Most Optimistic—Ruth Smith.

Worst "Case"—Harriet Van Duzer.

Junior Who Knows It All—George Squires.

The Faculty's Joy (?)—Bill Walp.

Our Ladies' Man—Gordon Bailey.

Earliest in Dining Room—Carl Merritt.

Least Understood—Esther Phillips, Myrtle Evans, Faye Peck.

Livy Shark—Arline Stalford.

Source of Faculty's Information—Prof. Deily.

Leading Spirit in Class Meetings—Helen Malikowski.

Evans' Belle.

We often hear of bells that ring,
And also bells that chime;
But Johnny Evans has a Belle
That with him always shines.

FAVORITE SONGS.

"Hawaiian Butterfly"—Pedro Causo.

"They're Simply Wild Over Me"—George Navle.

"What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?"—Lillian Phillips.

"She Ain't What She Used To Be—" —Helen Redcay.

"All the World Will Be Jealous of Me" —Prof. Cass.

"Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss"—'Sumul" Creswell.

"I Ain't Got Nobody"—S. J. Sekol.

"It's Nice to Get UP IN the Morning, But It's Nicer to Lie In Bed"—Lena Smith.

"Last Night Was the End of the World"—Ruth Evans.

"Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny"—Rose Kelley.

"Just A'wearyin' for You"—"Ted" Naumann.

"There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding"—Prof. Deiley.

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"—Helen Carpenter.

"Give Me a Little Bit More Than You Gave Riley"—"Ed" Finn.

"A Wonderful Thing Came Into My Life"—Thuzzy Zeller.

"One Wonderful Night"—Kelley Dills.

"Love, Here Is My Heart"—Harriet Samuels.

"Once I Ordered An Oyster Stew"—Elaine Manley.

"Why Don't You Be Like Me and Get Your Lovin' Free"—Irv. Francis.

Can You Imagine.

Myron Deily playing basketball.

Prof. Strait knitting.

John Newell in a dress suit.

Gurney Matteson on roller skates.

Sumul Creswell in church.

Danny Regan with a mustache.

McClellan with nothing to say.

THE CASE OF CHEESE.

I stood at the bar of Justice,
Sober, but with a jag,
I chewed upon a toothpick,
While my lawyer chewed the rag;
They heaped upon my shoulders
Crimes so heavy my back was bent.
They said I had entered a cheese works
And stolen every scent (cent).
"Silence!" cried the gray-haired judge,
The clerk yelled "Silence!" too;
And a man in back yelled, "Silence!"
And silence was the cue.
Then everyone yelled, "Silence!"
And silence filled the place.
When someone woke the jury up
With a good hard slap in the face.
"Guilty, or Not?" the judge then cried.
"Guilty," the foreman said.
"The verdict is that he be hanged
Three times until he is dead."
"Mercy, mercy," the prisoner cried.
"See, I am on bended knees"
When a voice called,
"Halt, he is innocent!"
And in rolled a case of cheese.
The cheese told a pitiful story—
One the lawyers could not balk;
Told how it felt so strong one day
It had simply gone out for a walk.
So never run down a limberger,
But kindly remember, please;
That you may never know
When your life may be saved
By a poor little piece of cheese.

Famous Sayings By Famous People.

"Kindly repeat after me."—Prof. Van Norman.

"The—ah"—Prof. Cass.

"Now, get this."—Prof. Kichline.

"1-2-3-4, etc."—S. J. Sekol.

"Follow the Leader!"—Dr. Butler.

"I wish you'd be more thoughtful."—Prof. Strait.

"Save food!"—Miss Smith.

"Why, bless your heart!"—Dr. Platt.

"My word!"—Miss Rose.

"It doesn't look well."—Dr. Straughn.

"Get a man!"—Miss Vail.

"This talking must cease."—M. B. Deily.

"This is a very unusual privilege"—Miss Doane.

He—"If I took a kiss, would you call the family?"

She—"Yes, if you want to kiss the family."

Just Good-bye.

Did you ever see Joe and Harriet take leave of each other after an entertainment in Alumni Hall? This is how they do it:

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye. Remember, over at the library, tomorrow."

"I will, goodbye."

"Goodbye, don't forget to come."

"No, I won't. I couldn't get over today."

"Coldn't you? That's too bad. Be sure and come tomorrow."

"All right, goodbye now. Hurry up; here comes Miss Doane."

"I will—goodbye now—don't forget."

"Goodbye" (in unison).

And they separate.

Puff—"I think Agnes is going to cry."

Ruff—"Why?"

Puff—"I saw her going into the ball room."

"Girls Will Be Girls"

(A One-Act Play.)

Scene—North Hall, 4th floor.

Time—8 p m.

Characters—Goldie Grice, Faye Peck.

Attire—Evening dress?

Synopsis. Up to the writing of this story the heroines have always adhered to the laws of North Hall—one of which is, that girls shall not appear in kimonas until 8:30 p. m.

Faye—"Goldie, look in the hall and see if there is a teacher in sight."

Goldie (looking out)—"No, but Gordon Bailey is."

Faye—"Oh! That's all right. We girls don't mind each other."

The Agony Quartette are still singing those old favorites: "Altho father was a Confederate, he wore a union-suit," and "Meet me at the clothesline, Maggie, that's where I hang out."

Romance a La Mode

A moonlight night
A jolly ride;
A comfy seat,
A space not wide.

A sturdy Prof.,
A Mansfield miss,
Two silhouettes
Made one with a kiss.

A lark-loving lass
A teacher of "Lit."
A daring invite,
A special "pe mit."

An Erie fare.
A grand old feed;
A bunch of roses,
Another deceived.

Shocking.

Prof. Strait (in Ag. class)—Miss Dills, name a peculiarity of trees in winter."

Kelly—"Their limbs are bare."

North Hall Doing Its Bit.

The girls are nobly doing their bit under the leadership of Ruth Chase and Atala Ruger. They have given up powder and are sending their share to the boys in France to annihilate the Germans. A few slackers have been found, but were severely dealt with.

Catherine Healey believes in Preparedness. She is very afraid of fire and every night packs a suit case which she leaves in readiness at the foot of the bed.

An Extended Vocabulary.

Mountaineer (to storekeeper)—"Hain't you got bacon?"

S. K.—I hain't said I hain't."

M.—"I hain't askin' is you hain't. I'se askin' you hain't you is. Is you?"

An Upstart.

Helen—"The conceit! Why Kelly, just look at that reporter over there staring at me."

Kelly—"Don't be so conceited. He's just looking at your nose."

Helen—"Why?"

Kelly—"It's his business to look after everything that turns up."

"Football Shakespeariana."

"Down, Down."—Henry V.

"Well placed!"—Henry V.

"An excellent pass"—The Tempest.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.

"I do commend you to their backs."—Macbeth.

"More rushes! More rushes!"—Henry IV.

"Pell mell, down with them."—Love's Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.

"Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbeline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him, rather."—Othello.

"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Anthony and Cleopatra.

"I'll crack it 'ere it comes to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest; thy exercise hath been too violent."—Coriolanus.

"It's the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport."—As You Like It.

—Boston Transcript.

Just a Conversation.

Mary—"I am going to organize an orchestra."

Nan—"An orchestra? How could you organize an orchestra?"

Mary—"Easy. Scoop has promised to play second fiddle already."

Laura's Library Hours (from a sheet lost from Ray's notebook):

Week days, 2:30 to 4:45.

Saturday 10:00 to 11:30.

Emergency on Saturday, 5:30 to ——.

Why girls leave home—Jimmy Norton.

Why they come back—Podge Brennan.

OLD STORIES.

Betty Cornelius—"I couldn't get my Virgil today, Miss Doane."

Godfrey—"Give me a smoke. I left mine in my room."

"Willy"—"I feel sick, Professor. I don't believe I can go to class."

Prof. Deily (in Rhetoric class)—"Miss Wells, give me an example of exposition."

Laura—"Irene Walsh's silk stockings."

Betty Cornelius (In Virgil)—"I know what it is, but I can't express it!"

Helen Jones (sotto voco)—"Why not try parcel post."

Miss Aston—"Alma, you have a very promising contralto voice."

Kelly—"But I'd much rather sing soprano. It's higher-toned."

Mary Gavin—"Did you hear that the school is going to have a house-warming party next week"

Irene Walsh—"No, who told you?"

Mary—"Dr. Straughn. Every student is to bring a lump of coal."

Miss Hoag—"There was a burglar in the hospital last night."

Miss Doane—"Did he take anything?"

Miss Hoag—"There were a number of girls ill; he may have taken a cold."

One of the questions in Prof. Strait's exam: "If twenty men reap a field in eight hours, how long will it take fifteen men to reap the same field?"

Johnny Evans' reply—"The field having already been reaped by twenty men could not be reaped by the fifteen men."

Then Johnny wondered why he had to take a make-up.

Miss Hoag—"How was your speech received last night?"

Dr. Butler (who was critic of Emersonian Lit. Society)—"When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."

Byron Golden is taking Senior Drawing. He drew a picture of a hen so lifelike that when he threw it in the waste basket it laid there.

Miss Vail—(in Physiology class)—"I want a synonym for fat"

Bessie MacDermott—"Say, 'adipose tissue'."

Miss Vail—Too long. Give me something shorter."

Bessie—"How would 'o-b-e-t' do?"

Time—Thanksgiving.

Frances O'Malley—"I think it is a shame that we can't have Literary Society tonight."

Chappie (who was going to play a cornet solo)—"Oh, I'm just as well pleased, Francis, because my lips are not in condition."

(Frances retires amid blushes,)

Miss Jaquish (in Freshman class)—"Can anyone tell what is still harder than making an outline."

Arthur Cole—"Making a date."

Alma Decker—"I'd like to give that lady a piece of my mind."

Gertrude Smiles—"Don't. You might not have any for yourself."

Mr. Kichline (in Geology)—"What is granite used for?"

Emily Wilson—"Cooking utensils."

Somebody would like to know why Peg Comer likes to read, "The Lives of Martyrs."

Conversation After Bells.

First Girl—"Oh, dear, I thought I had those windows fixed. I feel a draft."

Second Girl (who has been trying to go to sleep for an hour)—"Oh, shut your mouth. That's where the draft is coming from."

Anna Clementi (leaning over the railing and seeing Roe Fadden on second)—"Hello, Roe, what are you doing down there?"

Roe—"Minding My Own Business, Anna."

The Seven Darlings have a new place on their visiting list, but Carp's boarding mistress says, "No boys allowed"

"The Old Gray Mare's" new sweater is like the brass band on a Ford, it speaks for itself.

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow; step on a lump and down you go." So said Prof. Strait, after falling for the first time in twenty-five years.

Johnny Evans (at the table)—"If I can't have sugar, I'll raise Cain."

Miss Bond (taking church report at room 541; only one Keating present)—"Where's your sister, Alice?"

Alice—"'Tis she that's in the press."

Pedro asked Rena if she understood Spanish. When she replied in the affirmative, he told her that she was a beautiful girl. Of course, Rena knew that before, but then, every little bit helps.

Economics Class Repartee.

Coach—"If a bricklayer gets $4 a day for working eight hours, what would he get if he worked ten hours a day?"

Answer from back—"He'd get a call-down from the union."

Some Job.

The census embraces twenty million women. Wouldn't you like to be the census?

Myron Deily (coming into Evans' room)—"What is all this noise about?"

Johnny—"Just a few of my loud ties on the rack."

George Squires—"Why do you wear such loud stockings?"

Gert Miller—"To keep my feet awake."

No, Tiny, everybody that wears a wrist watch doesn't necessarily have a lot of time on their hands.

Kelly is looking for a school in Phila. for next winter. Chief reason, U. of P.

Rumor has it that Sumni Creswell was seen oiling the fire escape so as to remove the squeak.

Downson had a bad attack of Haye(s) fever, but it was not very dangerous.

Fish is served regularly to Rose Kelly in library at 4 o'clock.

Coach (on giving Margaret Monahan's recommendation)—"She's slow and sure, like the Erie."

FOOTBALL

OUR CHEER LEADERS

Freda Willard and "Scoop" Hiscox

VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Reading from left to right. Back row—C. Joyce, Walter, J. Joyce, Dean, Bailey, Bedenk, Everett, Rupert. Front row—Coach Kichline, Arnold, Capt. Francis, Johnson, Decker, Naugle, Gazella, Sayre.

FOOTBALL

SEASON OF 1917.

Sept 29: Bucknell University at Lewisburg	25—	0
Oct. 6: Union Endicott H. S. at Mansfield	0—	78
Oct. 13: University of Buffalo at Buffalo	6—	6
Oct. 20: Bloomsburg S. N. S. at Wilkes-Barre	0—	14
Oct. 27: Bellefonte Academy at Mansfield	0—	58
Nov. 3: Lock Haven S. N. S. at Mansfield	0—	86
Nov. 10: Indiana S. N. S. at Indiana	46—	0
Nov. 17: State College Freshmen at State College	31—	0
Nov. 24: St. Johns Military Academy at Manlius	0—	7
Nov. 29: Syracuse Freshmen at Mansfield	0—	9
	78—	258

September 25 Coach Kichline issued a call for football candidates. About twenty-five responded. With six of last year's letter men as a nucleus to build around, the task was not an easy one to make a winning football team.

From the very first it seemed evident that this was to be no ordinary team, but a machine with each fellow an important cog, working and striving for the success of his team and Mansfield Normal. They faced the hardest schedule that any footfall team representing this school has had to face in some years. One has only too look at the result of the games and judge for himself whether this was a team to be proud of or not. Six games were victories, three were lost, and one was a tie; 258 points were scored to our opponents 78, and not a point was tallied by our opponents on our home grounds.

Some of the credit must be given to the scrubs who went down to the field night after night and took the knocks, kicks and bumps only that the varsity might be given practice. Scrubs, we honor and thank you. You, too, will not be forgotten.

The Games.

Bucknell, 25; Mansfield, 0.

September 29th the team, after only three days' practice, went to Lewisburg and played their first game, with the sturdy Bucknell University eleven. Owing to the fact that the University team was much the heavier and had had more practice, they won, after a hard battle. All through the game Mansfield's line stopped the terrific onslaught of the enemy. The backfield played a good game despite the fact that they had only a few plays to rely upon. Two completed forward passes and one intercepted forward spelled defeat for the Normal team. Mansfield became dangerous at the end of the first half on long runs by Bedenk and Walters. The ball was carried far into Bucknell's territory, but it couldn't be pushed over the goal line.

Bedenk, Walters, and Gazella made good gains for Mansfield, while J. Joyce and Decker were strong on the defense. For Bucknell, Wadell, Smith, Elliott and Morrison showed up the most prominently.

Union Endicott, H. S., 0; Mansfield, 78.

October 6th, Union Endicott came to Mansfield to play their annual game. Usually this game has been one of the most interesting on the schedule, but this year they were hopelessly outclassed. After the first few minutes of play it

became evident that all Endicott was trying to do was to keep down the high score. However, the home team secured touchdown after touchdown almost at will. The Endicott boys never became dangerous.

The chief point getters for Mansfield were J. Joyce, Capt. Francis, Brown and Everett.

University of Buffalo, 6; Mansfield, 6.

At International Baseball Park in Buffalo, October 13th, the third game of the season was played. Mansfield at all times showed gameness and superiority over the University team. This is an extract taken from a Buffalo newspaper commenting on the game: "A better exhibition of gameness than that displayed by the little Normal eleven has not been seen on the local field for many a day. Barring the breaks of the game and the unusual number of penalties inflicted by both the referee and umpire, they would have won. But even in defeat the visitors left the field knowing that they had both outplayed and out fought the local eleven." Mansfield made thirty-five first downs to Buffalo's five, but were penalized 366 yards to Buffalo's 20, this alone being sufficient to show which was the better team.

Capt. Francis took the ball over for our touchdown in the first quarter. Bedenk and Everett carried the brunt of the attack and the whole team fought with all their might. For Buffalo, Wolfe's kicking was the one redeeming feature.

Bloomsburg, 0; Mansfield, 14.

On October 20th Mansfield defeated Bloomsburg Normal at Diamond Park, Wilkes-Barre. "Bloom" was outclassed and at no time were they able to gain much ground. Mansfield worked the forward pass in elegant style, while Bloomsburg was unable to complete one. Five minutes after the game was started Everett was sent over the enemy's line and Bedenk kicked the goal. Both sides failed to score again during the first quarter. Mansfield had the ball on Bloomsburg's three-yard line when time was called. Two minutes after the second was started Francis went over for the second touchdown and again Bedenk kicked the goal. This ended the scoring for the remainder of the game. "Bloom" became dangerous near the end of the second quarter, but failed to tally.

The game was witnessed by a large number of students and friends of both Normals. Everett, Sayre, Walters and Francis played a good game for Mansfield. Dormack and Kiokuff were the stars for Bloomsburg.

Bellefonte, 0; Mansfield, 58.

October 27th at Smythe Park, Coach Kichline's machine was in perfect working order and developed such power that it was able to run away with Bellefonte to the tune of 58 to 0. The game was full of spectacular playing and each score was the result of splendid teamwork on the part of our eleven. The score does not seem to indicate that Mansfield had any real opposition, yet Bellefonte showed a remarkable fighting spirit at certain stages, only to be beaten down by a superior aggregation. Bellefonte became dangerous at one time, after many of the varsity had been taken out and scrubs substituted in their places, but Mansfield just put a little more oil on the weak spots and it was no trouble to hold them for downs.

The students marched down to the field, headed by the school band. It was an ideal day and everyone had a good time, with the possible exception of the Bellefonte fellows, and even they were good-natured, though dragged down to defeat. The men on our line showed strength and ability in opening up holes for the backfield and on the defense held well when called upon. Bedenk, Gazella, Francis and Decker seemed to stand out prominently in every play.

Lock Haven, 0; Mansfield, 86.

November third, Lock Haven Normal was met on Smythe Park and easily vanquished with the score of 86 to 0. It

would take no little time and space to tell how each point was made or to enumerated the long runs as touchdown after touchdown was chalked up for Mansfield.

The whole Mansfield team played hard and successfully, while Ganaposki was the one who deserved the most credit for Lock Haven.

Indiana, 46; Mansfield, 0.

At Indiana November 10th, Mansfield met her strongest opponent—Indiana Normal. In the first part of the game the home team was clearly outplayed. However, the effects of the long and tiresome trip began to weaken our players and they were unable to withstand the powerful attack of the best team that ever represented Indiana Normal. Luck seemed to favor the home team and we were beaten, but not disgraced. Indiana certainly had a fine, well-balanced aggressive and powerul eleven. Even in defeat we knew honestly that they deserved the title again of, "The Normal School Champions of Pennsylvania." Indiana, we bear you no malice. May your school and Alma Mater remember with true pride your deeds of 1917.

State College Freshmen, 31; Mansfield, 0.

The team rambled away to State College and played the Freshmen on November 17th. Last year we were snowed under by more than fifty points, but this time State had to fight and strain every muscle for each point. It was no run-away game for them as they will testify. for the last two years the State Yearlings have not had their goal line crossed, yet twice Mansfield had the ball inside the Freshmen's 5-yard line, only to lose it through some hard luck on our part or good fortune on their part.

The whole team played well. Decker, Arnold, Gazella and Brown being especially noticeable. The State team was heavy and kept up their good reputation as superior football players.

St. Johns, 0; Mansfield, 7.

November 24th on a field of snow and ice we met and conquered the soldier boys from St. John's Military Academy at Manlius, N. Y. The soldiers were in full battle array and the game was a warm one despite the cold weather. Our team being crippled by the injuries of Gazella, Decker and Everett, was placed at a disadvantage. Until the last minute of play the fight was a see-saw affair up and down the field with neither side able to score, then C. Joyce tucked the oval under his arm and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Bedenk kicked for the final point and the scoring was ended. Both teams played good football. Our fellows had much praise for the royal treatment they received at the hands of the students of St. Johns.

Syracuse Freshmen, 0; Mansfield, 9.

Thanksgiving Day saw the greatest football game played in Mansfield in 15 years. Mansfield was by no means a favorite before the game, but turned the tables on a team that outweighed it twenty pounds to a man. The average weight of the Mansfield team was 157 pounds and that of Syracuse was 177.

The first quarter ended with the ball in Mansfield's possession on the 50-yard line. Score 0—0.

In the second quarter Sayre opened his box of plays just enough for Mansfield to get within Syracuse's 25-yard line. Here the team showed its punch and experienced no trouble in crossing the goal line. Bedenk missed the cross-bar from a difficult angle. Neither side could score again. Score, Mansfield, 6; Syracuse, 0.

The second half started with a rush when Mansfield received and quickly carried the ball to Syracuse's 20-yard line through a long run by Brown and brilliant work by the back-field. Syracuse held and Bedenk dropped back for a kick from placement. The ball sailed high and true and three more points were added. The Freshmen now tried the forward passing game, but were unable

to tally. Score, Mansfield, 9; Syracuse, 0.

In the last quarter Mansfield ran the ball down to Syracuse's 1-yard line, only to lose it by a fumble. Syracuse then punted out of danger. Mansfield started another march for the goal, but the whistle blew with the ball on the 12-yard line, thus ending the game and a successful season.

This is the first time in the history of the school that Mansfield ever defeated Syracuse Freshmen in football. To mention the names of individual stars would discredit the work of their team-mates. Every man played exceptional football and deserved all credit given them for this great victory.

The Team.

W. H. Alexander Brown, L. E.

Height, 5 ft., 7 in.; weight, 140.

"Alec" played left end and was certainly a wonderful player for his size. No fellow worked harder than he for the good of the team nor did any have more "pep" and real fighting spirit even when the cause looked almost hopeless. "Alec" was always cheerful, agreeable, likeable and clean. Since the season has closed he has had to leave school. We give him our best wishes and rest assured that he will make good wherever he may be and whatever he may do.

Fred J. Bedenk, L. T.

Height, 5 ft., 8 in.; weight, 170.

This was "Dutch's" first offense in the athletic world as a football man, but S——sh, don't tell Bloomsburg, Bucknell, Syracuse or Penn State, for they would most likely question the veracity of such a sweeping statement! "Dutch" was placed at left tackle, which place he filled very creditably, did all the kicking splendidly, and plunged the line with an almost irrestible force. He was a very valuable player and we hope that he will return to Mansfield again next year.

Donald D. Arnold, L. G.

Height, 5 ft., 7 in.; weight, 160.

"Tucky" is another varsity man picked from last year's reserves. Pluck, determination in the face of all obstacles, strength and skill were all noticeably present in his playing. Though usually outweighed from fifteen to twenty pounds, very few gains by the enemy could be made through this part of the line, so staunch was the defender. "Tucky" is a senior. The lessons learned in football should be of great assistance to him later in life and great things are to be expected of this popular athlete.

Olin G. Decker, C.

Height, 6 ft., 1 in.; weight, 175.

"Iron Neck" has been the regular center for the last two seasons of football. He was called one of the best Prep school centers in the state and he always tried to live up to this "rep". The better man "Iron" has to play, the harder does he work. Many of the best gains for Mansfield were made through center by means of his efficiency in knocking aside his opponent, frequently making a hole big enough to drive an ambulance through the gap in the enemy. Olin has recently entered Syracuse University and we rest assured that he will give a good account of himself.

Ernest W. Johnson, R. G.

Height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 196.

"Hack" came to Mansfield from the town of Knoxville, Pa. It is his second year as a student here. With no previous football experience he has earned his "M" both seasons. "Hack" was one of our best linemen and never knew what it seems like to be disabled in any way. Remembering this latter characteristic, one does not have to wonder long how it happened that this Cowanesque citizen was always in the game from start to finish. Ernest, too, has left school since the football season, but we trust he may come back again next Fall.

Hartley B. Dean, R. T.

Height, 6 ft., 1 in.; weight, 155.

Here is our class president and a very successful term has he served. But Dean is also a football warrior. He played right tackle until the latter part of the season and, though not very heavy, his adversaries had to hustle some to budge him and inch. "Dean" worked three years on the scrubs for the chance as a regular varsity man and when he got this chance he promptly made good. May others look to Hartley for one of the finest examples of what real back-bone can do and does do in athletics and in the game of life.

Joseph P. Joyce, R. E.

Height, 5 ft., 7 in.; weight, 168.

Joe has been one of our stars for two years. He played with Bloomsburg Normal before coming to Mansfield. Joe is good on the defense or offense, strives always for the good of the team, and gives the best that is in him every day. When he graduates this June, the school will lose one of the best ends it has ever had. Joseph, we wish to you every success and may your pathway be strewn with only the pleasant things of life.

(Capt.) Irving H. Francis, R. H. B.

Height, 5 ft., 11 in.; weight, 170.

Irving's ability as a football man can be judged from the fact that he led the team on one of the most successful seasons that Mansfield has ever had. As a captain "Irv" displayed tact in leading. A general leads rather than drives his men. This held true in "Irv's" case, as he always had a word of encouragement for all. Along with all this Irving's end runs gained much for Mansfield. It was noticed, that when there was a gain needed through the line, "Irv" was called upon to make good quite often. He, too, is a Senior and probably has played his last game for the Normal.

Walter B. Everett, R. H. B.

Height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 165.

Walter was a most dependable player during the whole season. He was always steady, cool, and reliable. Though not heavy, he was our star line plunger. Walter could be counted on to make a gain or to quickly down an opponent who had wiggled through the first line defense. He will always be especially remembered for his unexcelled playing against Syracuse Fresh. Uncle Sam now has our left-half-back to down the Kaiser's linemen and our popular athlete is ready to go over the top at any moment.

Michael W. Gazella, F. B.

Height, 5 ft., 6 in.; weight, 160.

"Gazook" is our star athlete. This year he played full-back and quarter-back. He was one of the best broken field runners in any Normal School or Prep School in Pennsylvania, could run interference and tackle the runner with deadly efficiency. "Gazook's" little stature, agility, quickness, and speed enabled him to scramble through holes and come out from the very midst of the enemy unscathed and still clutching the pig-skin under one arm. Michael leaves Mansfield this June and the school will lose one of its best athletes of all time.

Alfred F. Sayre, Q. B.

Height, 5 ft., 7 in.; weight, 135.

"Al" showed much promise last year as a scrub and this season had little trouble making the varsity as signal caller. He used his head in picking out the right plays at the right time, tackled hard and sure when called on, and was always good for a gain through the line when it was needed the most. "Al" was one of our swiftest men in running back punts and a broken field was his delight. He is a Junior, so we may hear some more about his deeds next Fall.

William E. Walters, R. T.

Height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 160.

"Bill' left Stroudsburg Normal and joined our colors this year. He played either tackle or full-back and gave a good account of himself at either position. "Bill is notably proficient in the art of hurling forward passes far over the scrimmage directly into the waiting arms of his team-mate. We hope your passes in life may be just as true and accurate, William, and may you pass many on your climb up the ladder of fame and honor.

Charles C. Joyce, R. H. B.

Height, 5 ft., 6 in.; weight, 150.

"Chas." played substitute half-back and end. He toiled with the scrubs in 1916, but in 1917 his efforts were rewarded and he was given a varsity berth. "Chas." was a hard man to put out of the game, a very good hurler of passes, and a fine open field runner. If one would fully appreciate his ability, he has only to read the account of the St. Johns game and see for himself the prowess of this sturdy athlete.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top row—Helen Price, Esther McCarty, Miss Vail, Edna Naumann, Rosarii Fadden, Thusnelde Zeller.
Bottom row—Gertrue Smith, Alice Keating, Eleanor Battenburg, Dora Grace, Catherine Healey.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Reading from left to right: Back row—Coach Kichline, (Capt.) Francis, Stogoski, Bedenk. Front row—Norton, Walters, Gazella, Ascraft.

BASKET BALL

The basketball season was a grand success. Every game was a clean cut victory for Mansfield, which is a record to be proud of when one takes into consideration the teams that were met and defeated.

Games were very hard to secure and the original schedule could not be closely adhered to because of the numerous cancellations. Finally, however, better teams took the places of those dropping out and some red-hot contests were the result.

There was more team-work and less individual playing than is usually the case on Normal teams. All members seemed to work always for the good of the team. To the scrubs must be given some of the credit for this team-work and also our coach, who worked so hard for the success of the team. Praise should be given where praise is deserved so we honor all who helped in the basketball season of 1918.

We are "Champions of the Pennsylvania Normal Schools" in basketball, for not a Pennsylvania Normal would tackle us, either at Mansfield or anywhere else. This is our third champion team in basketball in the last ten years Mansfield may justly be proud of her athletics for her standard is always high and above all unstained and spotless.

The Games.

Jersey Shore Ex. High, 29; Mansfield, 39.

On January 12th, with only a week's practice, the basketball team started the season with a victory over the fast five from Jersey Shore at the Normal gymnasium. The game was hard fought and interesting from start to finish Lack of practice seemed to handicap our fellows but their fighting spirit gradually beat down the art and skill of the enemy. The score was close up to the last few minutes of play; then our team struck its stride and the game was won by the safe margin of ten points.

For Jersey Shore, Carpenter seemed to outshine the rest; while Gazook was the star point getter for Mansfield.

Blossburg, 4; Mansfield, 61.

The second game was played in the "gym" Saturday, January 19th. It was a somewhat one-sided game, the Blossburg team not being able to match the speed and skill of the Normals. In the beginning of the contest Coach Kichline told his men not to attempt caging a basket during the first five minutes of play. Here our players showed that they could play a good floor game. When the five minutes were up it was no trouble for Walters, Ashcraft and Norton, the forwards, to toss them in and roll up the score. Bedenk and Francis, playing guards, had a chance to add to the score besides keeping Bloss from scoring a single field goal. Blossburg received their points through fouls, Walker being the only man who could throw them.

Westfield, 15; Mansfield, 30.

January 25th, at Westfield, our quintet of basketball stars took the measure of the well-known Gym Team of that place. Westfield was outplayed and outclassed, but they were game and fought hard to keep the score as low as possible. Mansfield was full of pep and fight and jumped into the lead from the very start. The crowd was noisy, cheering every effort of the players. It seemed at times as though the roof would surely be taken off, so loud was the shouting of the onlookers.

The whole Mansfield team played a great game. For Westfield, Cushing secured the most points.

Shepard Electrics, 15; Mansfield, 26.

The powerful Shepard Electrics were the next to fall before the attack of the Normal team in the gymnasium, Saturday, February 2nd. A large crowd was on hand long before the game started. When the boys brought this team to their knees, they had the satisfaction of beating one of the best teams in New York state.

During the first half of the game it did not look very promising for a victory, the score being 12 to 7 in favor of the visitors. In the beginning of the second half the whistle had no more than sounded when the Penna. boys started off with a jump to overcome the lead which the opposing team had held through the first half. The shouting and cheering from the Normal students put strength and courage into their players and enabled them to do things which they never thought they could do. Ashcraft, Francis and Stogoski played an exceptionally clever game; not allowing their men to score a single field goal, with the exception of Morris. Gazella. Bedenk and Walters in the last half were on their toes every minute. For the Electrics, Morris and Owens were the stars; but every man was clever in passing the ball. The game will always be considered as a big victory for Mansfield.

Hobart College, 24; Mansfield, 36.

February 8th, at Mansfield, Hobart College varsity was defeated 36 to 24. Our fellows jumped in the lead at the start and were never headed off. In the last half, Hobart became dangerous once, but here Mansfield showed her real class by gradually drawing away from the college boys who fought their hardest to keep down the swelling score. It was a good, clean game and was interesting from start to finish. There were no particular stars, but each fellow did his best for the good of his team.

Syracuse Freshmen, 27; Mansfield, 30.

February 23rd, the last game of the season took place with Syracuse Freshmen as the contenders for our scalp. Mansfield has had some very close games with Syracuse in basketball, but always our colors had to be lowered to their's. Again this year even the most loyal supporters of the Red and Black were dubious as to the outcome of this important contest. As usual a large crowd of students and friends was on hand to watch the game and here it must be said that they were not in the least disappointed at the spectacle which they witnessed from the side-lines.

In the first half the points were chalked up first for Syracuse, then for Mansfield, the half ending with the latter in the lead with the scant margin of one point. The first year men soon caught up with us in the last period and took the lead. With almost superhuman efforts the Normal five strove to get on equal terms with the fast flying Syracuse quintete. Finally with only a minute of play left Bedenk dribbled the ball the whole length of the floor and caged a field goal, this making the score 27 to 27. The whistle blew and a five-minute period was added. Gazella secured a two-pointer and a foul, but Syracuse could not score. When the final whistle sounded Mansfield found herself conqueror of two of Syracuse's teams for the first time in the history of the two schools. Ye athletic fans, write this down in your memory as a very successful and never-to-be-forgotten ending of a glorious season of basketball.

The Team.

Michael W. Gazella, Right Forward.

"Gazook" was the star point getter of our championship team. Over half the total points were secured through his skill in securing field goals and accuracy in shooting fouls. In the game every minute, striving his hardest to win, helping out the team-work by splendid passing, were some of the noticeable features of Michael's basketball career at Mansfield. Next year he will be among the

missing, but his deeds will never be forgotten as long as the Red and Black is represented on the basketball floor.

William E. Walters, Left Forward.

Bill played left forward most of the time and did well. He did not secure as many baskets as some of his team-mates, but his quickness on the floor and in passing the ball was a big help to his co-workers. Bill was hardly a star in basketball this year, yet he was a valuable asset and when the next season in this sport shall come again he will be among the missing and it will be no easy task to fill the shoes left vacant by this sturdy athlete.

Stanley Stogoski, Center.

"Stogey", a member of last year's reserves, developed into a fine ball-tosser and through his consistent playing landed the pivot position. He outjumped a large majority of his opponents and secured the ball for his co-workers to advance to the basket. His lightning speed and accuracy in shooting were evident in all contests. This ability to cage double-deckers often turned the tide of defeat and placed the team in the winning column. When Commencement Day is at hand Mansfield will lose another of her fine athletes.

Fred J. Bedenk, Right Guard.

"Dutch", a former shining light of the Mansfield High School quintet, upheld his fine record this year and has gained the distinction of being the best guard who has occupied a berth on a Normal team in many a year. His work on both the offensive and defensive was a revelation. Agility, aggressiveness, and determination featured his playing on the basketball floor, and these qualities alone are proof of his material benefit to the team. "Dutch" is a member of the Junior Class and we all sincerely hope he will return next year and again lend his assistance in upholding the athletic standard of the Red and Black.

(Capt.) Irving H. Francis, Left Guard.

"Irv" guided the basketball team thru one of the most successful seasons any athletic team has ever had at Mansfield, which fact alone gives us a criterion of his playing ability and quality as a leader. A bad ankle was a handicap at times, but "Irv" played every game despite this hard luck. In close games he could be relied upon to place the five on the road to victory and as a guard he was a sentinel of no mean ability. Irving, we regret to lose you, for your countenance and spirit will be greatly missed in the athletic frays hereafter.

J. Holley Ashcraft, Forward.

"Petey" played on the scrubs last year and was so proficient in the fine arts of the game that he was promoted to the varsity this season. It was a pleasure to watch him in action for he played hard and fast all the time, giving his opponent a fruitless chase and seemed to be enjoying himself every minute. Smallness of stature didn't seem to worry "Petey" much. He was in the fight every minute and was always looking for more to do. Here's good luck to you, Holley, in the battles to come, keep the same fighting spirit in everything you tackle and life will contain a much larger string of victories than defeats for your efforts.

Herman L. Norton, Forward.

"Hungry", a veteran of last year's varsity, delivered the goods and secured the highly coveted "M" for the second time. His accurate eye enabled him to cage the two-pointers from all angles of the floor and the final individual standing indicates that he was among the top-notchers. Coolness at the critical moment and plenty of pep were big factors in his work and these qualities alone made him a valuable asset to the material benefit of the team. With the close of the 1918 school year, Herman will receive his sheep-skin and his athletic career at Mansfield will come to a close.

BASEBALL TEAM

Top row—Coach Kichline, Turock, McInroy, Bedenk, Granger, Moore.
Bottom row—Williams, Walters, Cresswell (Capt), Hayes, Sayre.

BASE BALL

The baseball season of 1918 has to be predicted rather than reviewed for this goes to press by necessity before a game has been played. Bad weather has kept the squad idle most of the time, but a successful season is to be looked for just the same.

During the past several years there has always been without exception an excellent baseball nine each spring. In 1917 the team won eight out of eleven games and against such aggregations as Penn State Freshmen, Elmira Independents, Blossburg, etc. Only two games were lost during the 1916 season. Scholastic games in baseball have always been difficult to secure but some little idea of Mansfield's standing in this phase of athletics may be secured by this brief survey of her record.

It is almost impossible to tell exactly who will play regular this spring because of the abundance of promising material and the stage of the game that this has to be written. Moore will undoubtedly hold down the catcher's position, with Gazella and Hayes doing the pitching. All three are tried veterans, cool, steady and reliable. At first base, Walters is making the strongest bid and practically has the position tucked under his hat. Granger, a veteran of three years, is stationed at second and looks able to defeat all comers. Cresswell (Capt.), who won his "M" at short-stop last year, has been picking up grounders and spearing liners better than any of the new men and can be counted on to play his hardest and to lead the team on to many victories. At third base Bedenk's form is seen the most. Left field is being held down by McInroy, center field Sayre, and right by Williams. All are old garden hands and, as many hits were cut off in the outfield last season by these same men, so will few balls fall safely this year with them as guardians of this ground. Gombar, Turock and Naugle are working hard for positions on the varsity and success may crown their efforts.

As good a schedule as is possible has been arranged. It contains the American Bridge Works, the Morrow Plant, of Elmira; Syracuse Freshmen, Towanda, Elmira Independents, Corning and Athens. More games may be added to this list. It was impossible to secure good school games because of the scarcity of materials and othe conditions prevailing at this time.

In closing this account of the athletic activities for the school year of 1917-1918, it would be wrong not to mention the fact that the fellows playing on the teams have given their very best and that the student body has always given their loyal support to their teams. These are two big factors in one's success—(1) to do your very best, (2) to know that your efforts are being appreciated and helped by others.

CHRONICLES

September 11.—Arrived in Mansfield by Erie Flyer. Thence to a supper of spuds. Home was never like this!

September 12.—Hub-bub reigns. Sobs and programmes in lime-light.

September 13.—Plans for blowing up Model School found on Gurney Matteson, foiled by Rex Dimmick.

September 14.—First love games occur on tennis court. Watch Lucius and Emily.

September 18-19-20.—Fair! Also confetti and Hawaiian dancers.

September 21.—Y. M. and Y. W. reception.

September 22.—New pupils become acquainted with Vosburg's.

September 23.—Vespers and homesickness reign supreme.

September 24.—Faculty insists that real work begins.

September 25.—Military Corn Soup for dinner—one could occasionally find a kernel.

Sepmember 26.—Older boys sell tickets for chapel and Gym Social with great profit.

September 27.—Vosburg's menus disappearing for scrap books.

September 28.—Dr. Straughn's Sociology class defines love.

September 29.—Bucknell wins.

September 30.—Sunday. All quiet along the Tioga.

October 1.—Miss Hoag is reported to have played bass viol in chapel. Only viol is visible.

October 2.—Class nominations for president.

October 3.—Stogie attends all classes.

October 4.—Rumored that Dr. Platt is going to leave us.

October 5.—Boys are much interested in watching the girls clean rugs.

October 6.—We beat Endicott High. Everybody happy.

October 7.—Sunday. Florence and George out to dinner.

October 8.—Blue Monday.

October 9.—Class election. Plenteous fire, also gas attacks.

October 10.—Very calm today.

October 11.—Charlie Joyce and George Squires hike to Canoe Camp.

October 12.—Nothing much.

October 13.—We played Buffalo.

October 14.—Ice cream for dessert. Dunlap's special.

October 15.—Decided that we shall have a class-book.

October 16.—Every day brings its sorrow. All professors able to meet their classes.

October 17-18.—The human mills are still grinding, but some of the cogs are becoming bare.

October 19.—Rumored that Gus will dance.

October 20.—Team played Bloomsburg. Opposing team's remains were gathered from the field and sent home.

October 21.—We sing "Lead Kindly Light" at Vespers.

October 22.—Prof. Strait returns to Francis O'Malley her lost Agriculture.

October 24.—Dr. Straughn gives the boys some fatherly advice.

October 25.—George Navle removes his moustache.

October 27.—Joy! We beat Bellefonte.

October 28.—A great day for hikes. Reference—Ralph Van Fleet.

October 29.—"Gazook" wants a remedy to thaw frozen faces.

October 31—Mask in the Gym. Coach surprises everybody.

November 1.—Prof. Keim leaves our midst for Georgia.

November 2.—Joe Joyce forgets to sleep in History of Education class.

November 3.—Mansfield vs. Lock Haven. Mansfield is again conqueror.

November 5.—Polly and Henry spend a quiet hour in the Library.

November 6.—Ungodly fifth floor cuts up and are cut down by hall teachers.

November 7.—Dr. Butler's famous speech in chapel, "For patriotic reasons and otherwise."

November 8.—Prof. Strait escorts his "Ag" class to the mill.

November 9.—Consternation in our midst. Letitia mislays her complexion.

November 10.—We played Indiana—they won; defeat somethimes comes to the mightiest.

November 11.—Sabbath. Margaret Wilson renders her favorite song, "Oh where is my wandering boy tonight."

November 12.—Let us give thanks. Letitia has found the lost.

November 13.—Some boys and girls experience the Joys and Sorrows of a Co-Ed School. Social privileged.

November 14.—Queer reports about South Hall. Promiscuously, ink, and and broken transoms, all in the wee hours.

November 15.—Girls have knitting craze; carry it to chapel, but are gently and firmly barred by Dr. Straughn.

November 16.—No more time-tables in the station. Billy Walp has taken an extra furlough for himself.

November 17.—Football game with State.

November 18.—Sabbath disturbed by Bennett Strait falling asleep in the bathtub.

November 19.—Orchestra plays extra number in chapel.

November 20.—Harry Bergen gets a piece in his laundry that does not belong to him.

November 21.—Mary Brobson receives at letter from Don Smith.

November 22-28—These days are busily spent receiving boxes, getting ready to go home and making up the tables for Thanksgiving dinner.

November 29.—Wonderful day. Played Syracuse and won. Kelly's idea of a good combination—sling and crutches.

November 30.—Dance after supper, during which Ray and Laura had a falling out. She has demanded her picture.

December 1.—Emersonian and Athenaean have joint meeting. John Newell escorts Alma Decker to movies.

December 2.—Dr. Swift of Anti-Saloon League speeched at Vespers. Gertrude Smiles is thrilled thru and thru.

December 3.—Laura and Ray smilingly wend their way thru Room M together. Tables changed.

December 4.—George Squires started to examine Miss Doane's hand bell. His examination is not completed yet.

December 5.—"Daddy" Strait talks about poultry in "Ag" class. Wanted to know if we ever heard of a chicken catching cold. Ed Finn did.

December 6.—Polly lost a stitch, but Olin Decker found it after searching North Hall diligently for an hour.

December 7.—Social Institute. Ralph and Ruth very comfy in a seat at back of the auditorium.

December 8.—Formal Dance. Everybody remarking what a cute couple Johnny and Vera are.

December 9.—Some people desperately roaming halls to get places at their tables. Some didn't succeeed very well—ask Deily.

December 10.—Cold night. Noses and ears frost bitten. Goldie Grice out skating before breakast.

December 11.—"Irv" Francis discards curtain pole that he has used as a cane since the Syracuse game.

December 12.—First exam. Language Methods.

December 13.—Another exam in History of Ed.

December 14.—Dandy time dodging the pools of water at Gym Social. The results of last night's snow storm.

December 15.—Dance Committee have fine time resining the floor. George Navle is very adept with a mop.

December 16.—Lois Squires has the measles.

December 19.—Stanley gave Helen her Christmas present. Who told him she liked mice?

December 21.—Grand rush for Erie.

1918

January 2.—Erie Flyer arrived at

Mansfield at 12, mid-night. Cases didn't mind it.

January 3.—Dr. Straughn announces Sugar Law.

January 4.—Nothing doing; not even Gym Social.

January 5.—Vosburg's is principal pastime.

January 6.—Young preacher at Vespers. Quite a few girls say their prayers right for a change.

January 7.—Jimmy Norton finds Trench French interesting.

January 8.—Dom. Science girls serve their spread. "Dutch" wanted to know if it were "Doc's" birthday.

January 9.—Dr. Pierson of Swarthmore speaks. Tells faculty he is popular with his pupils because he is away so much.

January 10.—Elaine Manley transformed into a bouncing ball on way to Model School.

January 12.—"Strait's Telephone" presented by Athenaean Society.

January 14.—Chief attraction—the Pond. Even faculty were there with skates on.

January 15.—Many invalids as results of Miss Vail's Frog Dance.

January 16.—Eleanor Battenberg is elected Captain of Senior Basketball Team.

January 17.—Man from "Chiner" (so pronounced in memory of Dom. Science) speaks on "China and Its Possibilities."

January 19.—"Ro" and "Tish" are moved to second. No more heart-rending duets after bells. Also sleighrides to Blossburg.

January 20.—Sunday—like its predecessors.

January 21.—Everybody arrives in French class on time. One for Deily! Yea—!

January 22—"Sumul" and Billie have estranged themselves from the fair sex's company for nine weeks by Daddy's suggestion.

January 23.—Miss Doane gives exams in Virgil. Both classes died in agony. Their remains will be laid away when the papers are returned.

January 24.—Ferieda Homet presides over dining room.

January 25.—"Monte", the marvelous cat owned by Ed Finn and Gus Granger, spends the week-end with friends in North Hall.

January 26.—Wanted—by Kathleen Hayes, another room-mate.

January 27.—"Funeral March" from Chopin played at Vespers.

January 28.—Letitia is a day late with excuse card for Deily.

January 29.—Francis O'Malley drops "Trig" with a bang.

February 1.—Gym awfully cold for Social, but we survived.

February 2.—Pugilistic basketball game with Shepard Electrics. Arthur Cole escorts Rena to movies.

February 3.—Miss Nygren renders a cutting of "The Melting Pot" at Vespers.

February 4.—Shepard's burned. Much fire-water in evidence.

February 5.—Spread at Miss Doane's table.

February 6.—Boys dance in corridor. Stogie and Scoop give thrilling exhibition.

February 8.—Dr. Straughn dismisses girls from chapel to give some paternal advice to boys.

February 9.—Girls' basketball game. Seniors win.

February 11.—"Freckles" didn't come. The dance in Bloss. We came home early—in the morning.

February 12.—Everybody feeling the effects of the morning after the night before.

February 13.—Billy Walp got his proofs. He doesn't like them because he's sober. Hard luck, Billy!

February 15.—Today we are saddened by the death of our dear class-mate, James O'Brien.

February 16.—Naugle does sentry duty, while occupants of North Hall look on admiringly. In the afternoon, Charles gets his feet wet.

February 18.—Coach's table has box of candy at supper. Sort of farewell spread.

February 19.—John Barnes Wells Recital.

February 20.—Tables changed.

Note:—No cases together.

February 21.—Movies, "The Gentleman from Indiana" and a comedy. Mostly comedy.

February 22.—Gym Social—the new hold is taught to girls under the direction of Miss Rose.

February 23.—That last and wonderful basketball game of the season—Syracuse Freshmen—27-25.

February 24.—The Surprise Symphony at Vespers. A surprise in more ways than one.

February 26.—Charles Joyce and Stanley Easter pay some social calls after Glee Club meeting.

February 27.—Stogie couldn't go to Arnot. Car broke down.

March 1.—Pugisiltic combat between some children in Model School is only excitement.

March 2.—Great day for walks. Principals—Deily and his flock.

March 3.—Somebody in N. Hall caught skipping church.

March 4.—Dora Davison precipately leaves Senior Grammar. Cause: This sentence—"I live in a land where there is no snow."

March 6.—Hartley Dean calls a class meeting to decide the "kind and cut" (quoting Hartley) of the girls' class day dresses.

March 8.—Dr. Straughn's calm announcement "No more Sunday visiting until further notice."

March 10.—Boys appear at dinner in flannel shirts and bow ties.

March 11.—Today we have heard with great sorrow of the death of our dear class-mate, Lura Sterling.

March 12.—Movies. Dartt gets some new ideas for an alarm clock.

March 13.—Dr. Straughn tells boys to wear their flannel shirts again at the first Gym Social in Spring Term.

March 14.—Mr. Baker puts some pails on the trees around campus with dreams of maple syrup.

March 15.—Gym Social two hours. Margaret Finn falls and drags Johnny Evans down with her.

March 16.—Bennett Strait makes raid on sap pails.

March 17.—Much green in evidence. Evan Williams appears in steamers.

March 18.—Exams begin. Seniors looking for substitutes much to Prof. Dimmick's grief.

March 19.—Exams still on.

March 20-21—Vacation begins. Joe forgets his hat in his haste to take Harriet to 7:45 train.

March 26.—We return. Did we?

March 27.—We hear of the wonderful time those who remained at school had.

March 28.—Song service in the corridor.

March 29.—Who said "Spring Fever"? Flannel shirt Gym Social postponed.

March 30.—Tomorrow's April Fool

April 1.—Seniors in the Model School are aware of above fact.

April 2.—"Tucky" wears a jubilant expression, we wonder why?

April 3.—Everybody lazy. "Tucky" very dreamy-eyed; we begin to suspect.

April 4.—Preparations for the formal and "Tucky" leaves for Elkland and so does SHE. Happy reunion!

April 5.—The formal.

April 6.—Bread pudding.

April 7.—Sunday!!!

April 8.—Carontawan editors rest for a breathing space.

April 9.—Proof comes from the printer.

April 10.—We are warned that this record must soon come to end. Joy!

April 11.—Class Day officers hard at work.

April 12.—Gym Social and some new "cases".

April 13.—Just war talk!

April 14.—Ideal day for hiking (not riding).

April 15.—Recommendations, positions and applications chief topics for Seniors. Doctor's "hot bread" speech in chapel.

April 16.—Doctor announces in chapel that he has a position open for one of the boys in a feeble-minded institute in Brooklyn.

April 17.—Gladys Cobb furnishes music for the dining-room. Instruments, two teaspoons and a tumbler.

April 18.—Three of The Staff migrate

to the printing office and see the first pages of this book.

April 19.—Betsy Lane Shepherd recital. Great!

April 20.—The mysterious Y. W. Faculty meeting in Alumni. Hartley closes window and forgets where Ferieda sat.

April 21.—Floods of rain and church excuses.

April 22.—Carontawan Staff meeting. "Davy" away; we all preside. Assistant Business Manager discusses "politics" in South Hall afterwards.

April 23.—Real sunshine at last.

April 24.—More proof from printer. Reception room very busy.

April 25.—Agony—pianist plays wrong time in Y. W. meeting.

April 26.—"The Prince Chap." Most wonderful play. Great!

April 27.—Saturday. Bread pudding, and more sunshine; also first baseball game. Score 18-2. Hurrah!

April 28.—Sunday! Johnny and Agatha do acrobatic stunts on the corner of the campus after Vespers.

April 29.—We parade for the Third Liberty loan and Lieut Might speaks.

April 30.—We learn that "The Crisis" is our Commencement play.

May 1.—Play is cast and parts assigned.

May 2.—Doctor's talk on Responsibility in chapel.

May 3.—Business Manager informs us Chronicles must end.

May 4.—Friday, gym social, pie, Pennsylvania Program and the Chronicles go to press. Hurrah!

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Hartley Dean

Faculty, Relatives, Friends: We, the Graduating Class of 1918, welcome you to the annual Commencement at Mansfield Normal. We are glad and proud to welcome you for today is a great day to us. Soon that goal will be achieved toward which we have labored for years and we shall assume the toga of responsibility. We shall soon come forth from the ranks of the privates and receive our commissions as officers for the battle of life. We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course.

Doubtless to our Faculty and others who came in contact with us, there was nothing unusual or extraordinary about the Class of 1918. But to us it is a great Class, it is THE Class—for it is ours. Moreover, it seems that we must have mastered our subjects and conducted ourselves as well as did those who have gone before us, for insofar as we can recall only a few of the Faculty have told us that we were the dullest class they ever taught. From those who have, we considered such an inoffensive little remark, a compliment rather than otherwise. But there is more than this.

Former classes have graduated in times of peace, when conditions were settled and events followed one another in logical sequence. We, on the contrary, have completed our school career under the most unsettled conditions, when the very Universe sat astonished by the havoc of war and no man could safely fortell what would happen next. It has been hard to hold our minds to dry studies in such stirring times, but we have succeeded. It is this good fight, this victory that gives us pride and pleasure.

To be sure we have not come through the battle with full ranks. As a Junior Class we were the largest in the history of the school. A few of us fell by the wayside and for those we are sorry. Some were called to the colors to uphold the honor of our nation and protect the rights of innocent people the world over. Today we are prouder of those than of all else. Three others, who were with us as Juniors, have passed to the Great Beyond. For these we hardly know whether to weep or rejoice and we grieve that it is not within our power to pronounce an elegy concerning them. Words will not express our feelings and it is only in our hearts that we can do them justice. Here the sweetest and most sacred memories of those departed ones must remain. And so, while not the largest Senior Class, we are at least one of the largest to finish at Mansfield.

Perhaps someone will say that the boys of this class ought to be in camp, that the girls might better be occupied in some work to help the nation in its hour of need. True, for more than a year our country has been engaged in war with a powerful and relentless enemy; we, although outside the sound of marching feet and roaring cannon, have felt the excitement and heard the call to service. But the leaders of our nation, those men who perhaps even now see farther into the future than we shall ever live to see, advise the youth of the United States to remain in the schools.

Here was one of the great mistakes that France made. They were the students and teachers who opposed the Prussians in 1870. Again in 1914 they were the students and teachers who met the Germans at the Marne. After the peace of 1871 it took the schools of France many years to recover from the Prussian invasion. We fear that it will be so after the peace which is to come. And what is a nation without schools and without education? From France, we have learned our lesson and we have tried to keep our schools as nearly intact as possible.

I fear too many of us think that the only patriotism is that which upholds the country's honor upon the field of battle. To be sure, that is the greatest and truest patriotism. There could be nothing finer than for men to give up their lives for their country. It is here that they offer up "the last full measure of devotion." But we cannot all enter the army; they could not use us; they do not want us. Herein lies our fault. We are too apt to think that because we cannot actually do the fighting we are absolved from all responsibility. This is not true. We are just as much responsible for the winning of this war as the men in the trenches. Any work we can do, any sacrifice we can make to increase or conserve the resources of our country helps. This quiet and unpretentious patriotism counts for, "they also serve who only WORK and wait."

There is still another phase of this subject which presents itself to me. That is the aspect which pertains to the future welfare of our country and our people after the war shall be finished. Of course the war is the great problem now and we are in it to win, but the end of hostilities must not be the end of our plans and ambitions. We must be ready to turn our attention to the neglected institutions and industries without delay and without confusion. We must be prepared to engage again in the occupations of peace. You have heard it said, "In times of peace prepare for war." As we now make ready to go our several ways and meet whatever fortune the future has in store, let us say, "In time of war, prepare for peace."

CLASS HISTORY

Elsie Biddleman

We are all familiar with the saying, "Experience is the best teacher." The purpose of this history is to give to the Seniors of the future a bit of our experience, hoping that they may profit by it.

Counting heads, we find there are one hundred nintey-four; one hundred forty-eight suffragists and forty-six anti-suffragists. I need not describe these heads because we all know that some have large, some, small; some, round; some, flat ones. Although the anti-suffragists are fewer in number, yet they rule our class, but when Pennsylvania gets Woman Suffrage the suffragists hope to be in power.

Most of us recall the fact that the American History which we studied here, under the direction of the Head of the Department of History, until our books were worn threadbare, was divided into five epochs. Not so, with our class history, for it covers only two short epochs, from September, 1916, to June, 1917; from September, 1917, to June, 1918.

The reason that we have completed our history at the Mansfield State Normal School with such marked success, can easily be explained by this little story:

"A college professor was driving along the road, at some distance from home when a trace broke, and a little negro mended it with a bit of grapevine, cut from a clump of bushes at the side of the road. Asked to explain why it was, that he could think of such a plan, when the college professor had been unable to do so, the small colored boy replied, ''Hits because some people are jes' natchually smahtah than others.'"

As a class, during the first epoch, we passed through great dangers. We were not allowed to enter until September 18th, a week later than scheduled, because of Infantile Paralysis.

Above all other perils was the one encountered when we risked our lives by travelling on the Erie Limited between Elmira and Mansfield.

We duly became acquainted with our teachers, each one expounding on the merits of his particular subject, and telling us that our future rested upon the mastery of THAT subject.

We discovered a great many things during that first epoch. Some of the most important were:

It is not at all proper to dance in the White House that is situated near North Hall.

It is not the best policy to become alarmed when some one from the Fourth Floor Hospital yells "Fire"!

We have learned that when told to retire to our rooms, on Sunday night, at the wee hour of eight, we must do it, but not allow ourselves to become so patriotic as to sing "America" in unison, from the windows, at least, not the same evening.

An important rule of the school is that no one should go joy-riding to neighboring villages, even if it is just the night before Commencement.

This year has been an eventful one, not only in our class history but in the history of the world.

Athletics! What does that word of nine letters bring to your mind? The most exciting games of football and basketball; the cheering at these games which resulted in terrifying the citizens of Mansfield and the raising of the roof of the gymnasium. Then, again, comes the thought that this year the Mansfield State Normal School won the championship, for athletics in the Eastern States.

The Class of 1918 has been the first class in the history of the school to expe-

rience heatless, wheatless, meatless, sweetless, and treatless days. Yet we have willingly and cheerfully tried to do our bit. While a number of the young men have joined the ranks of the army, the girls have been doing Red Cross work, especially knitting. In the Fall we had knitting with our breakfast, knitting with our dinner, knitting with our supper, knitting everywhere but in chapel and in classes(?).

Too much cannot be said for the boys who have gone to war. Those leaving their homes, friends, fine positions, institutions of learning, from a sense of duty and devotion to their country, in its battle for human liberty, have the praise and love of all. It has been said that this war is going to give these boys a post graduate course in the very things our faculty has tried to teach them.

Those things are courage, loyalty, obedience and self-sacrifice. They will learn these things in the trenches.

We expect, and rightfully expect great things of the boys of the Class of '18. After the war and this post graduate course they will come back to be the men of the day and an honor to their Alma Mater.

MANTLE ORATION

Harry McInroy

Teachers, Fellow Students, and Friends: We have come today to the parting of the ways—the cross-roads in our lives, where each must take his own path unaided and unhelped by the teachers and friends at Mansfield. It seems as though we were standing on a high hill looking back on a long and very happy school life. A winding road leading into a strange country lies before us. The journey along this road will have its battles, defeats, victories, sorrows and joys.

Our time is indeed a perilous time yet full of opportunities and unfinished work. It has been hard for us to do the trivial tasks in order that we might be able to do the more difficult problems in the real battle of life. We have won the fight and are now standing on the threshold of this new and mysterious land.

As loyal Americans we must do our utmost to win this greatest war of all history. Every person must sacrifice now for the present generation and those to come so that when peace is again established it may not be a false truce with each side waiting for the chance to fly at the other's throat, but a peace crowned with true honor and the highest ideals of democracy for all mankind. For this we work and lay down our lives if need be. Reverses and disappointments may take place, "And though there may be many times when your banner shall droop over sinking hearts there will come a time when it shall float before the very face of heaven and be born onward to a certain and perhaps a not far distant victory."

As we meet the daily tasks in the busy life to be, our thoughts will come back to these halls we love so well. Familiar faces will appear again. Experiences will be lived over once more. The little discomforts and disappointments are all forgotten now and just the joys remain clear and distinct as at the time when they happened. Can these school days be forgotten? No, they will remain as the happiest in our lives! Do you wonder that we are rather solemn and quiet at the thoughts of this, our last week as a class here? No, you must understand and appreciate our feelings! However, we have determined not to look backward too long, but live in the present and keep our eyes on the goal set by each as the highest reward for character, culture, service and sacrifice.

There is a duty that we must perform today. Juniors, you are about to receive a big honor: you are ready to take the symbol of seniorhood. You have honestly earned this distinction. The class of 1918 wishes you every good thing in life and gives over to you all the privileges it has enjoyed. May your load be a light one, a pleasant one to carry and a profitable one for your fellow beings.

Class of 1919, we bestow on you this mantle of Red and Black. Guard it as your dearest possession. One year from today you will be in our places here and may this banner be handed over by you to the Class of 1920 standing for more and meaning more than ever before. We bid you, good-bye!

CLASS POEM

Elaine Manley

We have come to the end of a winding way—
  At last we have gained the rise
Where we see white beckoning highways slip
  To the hills, where a deep mist lies.

Oh we linger just for a moment—
  Just a moment we stand and gaze
Down the still little path we are leaving,
  The Path of our Senior Days.

Oh you, who gave of your best to us,
  Who shared in the sorrows we bore—
You left in our hands the golden keys
  That open life's golden door.

You gave them to us, when, weary and worn,
  You smiled at the day's tired end—
It was patience you taught us, and truth and love—
  And faith in our fellow men.

There were lessons taught that we made our own—
  We learned what a friend might be,
And we toiled, for we knew that the higher we climbed
  The farther and clearer we'd see.

One sad, sad day Death's angle came—
  'Twas well; but we can't forget—
Or the tear-drowned eyes of boy and girl
  That vigiled where "Jimmy" slept.

Oh grief-bowed hearts who sadly mourn
  A blue-eyed little maid—
And a dark-lashed girl, be glad, for they
  Could meet death unafraid.

So we linger, just for a moment—
  Just a moment we stand and gaze
Down the still little path we are leaving,
  The Path of our Senior Days.

But we see the beckoning roadways slip
  To hills that are touched with flame—
And we must lead on, for we've duties there,
  That hold no exemption claim.

Those who were class-mates heard the call—
They answered, "Here", each lad,
Oh we smiled thru tears as we proudly fixed
Those stars to our Service Flag.

Oh boys, in your hands we have placed our trust—
We know that your souls will be tried—
But in those hard moments just look, and you'll see—
Love, soldiering there, by your side.

We watch you go forth with an ache in our hearts,
And a blinding mist in our eyes—
For the Star Spangled Banner your life you would give—
And for it we bravely would die.

Oh boys who have gone, Oh boys who will go.
A symbol is given to you—
Safe-guard it, uplift it, God grant there shall wave
Thru the ages, Our Red, White and Blue!

But hark! Hear the voice that is thrilling the air—
It rings and it sings with command,
Columbia speaks—she is speaking to us—
To us, the Youth of the Land.

"Come into the lists, oh children of mine,
And take the head of the field—
To the clean young hands of youth I trust
My white and my stainless shield."

Oh dear little Path of our Senior Days—
With this vision before our eyes,
We say, "good-bye", and we turn to go
Where the Mist of The Future lies.

CLASS WILL

Donald D. Arnold

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Faculty, and Friends:

I have called you together, on this sad, serious and solemn occasion, in behalf of my client, The Class of 1918, Mansfield Normal School, Mansfield, Tioga county, State of Pennsylvania, to hear her last will and testament and to receive from her dying hands the few gifts which she has to bestow.

She has tried to be just in the distribution of her worldly possessions; in the flighty condition of her mind it is possible that she may have over-estimated her wealth. but such things as she thinks she has, she gives freely into your keeping, trustfully hoping that you will use them for the further benefit and enlightment of all mankind.

Listen, therefore, one and all, and you shall hear the document as duly drawn up and sworn to.

We, The Senior Class, of Mansfield State Normal School, Mansfield, Tioga county, State of Pennsylvania, U. S. A., about to pass into the sphere of another world, with almost superhuman memories and a miraculous understanding, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, making void any others that in doubtful dubiousness of the future may here-to-fore have been made.

Our funeral services are all arranged; the mourners hired; the florists notified; the ceremony will take place very shortly after you have received these gifts which we now with all solemnity and proper pomposity do bestow.

Item 1. We give and bequeath to our dear faculty, they, whose beacon lights have at times uncomfortably beamed upon the wayward paths we tread, our full forgiveness, a mind at rest, and endless succession of peaceful "quiet hours", unreservedly the use of the Reception Room on the condition that if shall they abuse the privilege it goes to the unrestricted ownership of the Junior Class, and finally any insipirational thought or scrap of knowledge which they may have received from time to time from our various examination papers, to be imparted to the future classes in the name of mental achievement. No longer need they worry over our specials or our State Board. We realize that it has been a long, hard ordeal for them, but now we feel their troubles and tribulations are over and they shall have their just reward as we are sure they have done their duty well.

Item 2. To our beloved Principal, William R. Straughn, we give our deepest reverence, our affections and our great gratitude. His vigil shall be to observe us out in the great beyond; to note our every effort, our every attempt, our every victory; and to accept for himself every iota of praise which may be forthcoming to us; for in our inmost hearts we know all triumph is due to him; to his righteous guidance; and to his frequent exhortations.

Item. 3. To Prof. Grant, we give a place in our memory that will always be nearest our hearts. In this way we are only paying a small tribute to the benevolent influence he has exerted upon us.

Item 4. To the Junior Class we bequeath our chapel seats, the campus benches and the stools in Class Room S, may they fill them as promptly and expeditiously as we have always done. To this same Class we bestow our Senior dignity, may they uphold and use it at the proper times and endeavor to realize its importance in spite of their total inability to do so. We give to this Class any boys or girls who may

not have been able to keep pace with the boys and girls of our class. We hope that they will treat them kindly and cheer them in their trials of lonesomeness sure to come.

Item 5. The following items may seem insignificantly small, but we hope they will be accepted in the same spirit in which they are given, as valuable assets and to remind those who receive them of our constant thoughts though departed hence.

Item 6. The "Silly Seven" will the seclusive corner of the gym, which they inherited from the "Dirty Dozen" to the coming social set. They realize it will take some time for their successors to get thoroughly accustomed to the conspicious position, but hope they will remember the little poem, "Try, Try Again."

Item 7. To the football team of next year goes the ability of William Walters, Olin Decker. Ted Ayers wishes to keep his.

Item 8. The balance in the class treasury to Dunlap to hire some boy to bring in the tennis nets next winter.

Item 9. "Mac" leaves his vast worldly knowledge to John Cox.

Item 10. Hon. David F. Davis wills his parliamentary procedure to James Toole.

Item 11. William Walp leaves his knowledge of the fire-escape to "Sumul" Creswell on condition that he digests, assimulates and combines said knowledge with any thought he might have in his own possession; the finished product to be unreservedly "doped" out and administered to any poor unfortunate who chances to be in need ot it.

Item 12. "Batty" wills the edifying of all her posters to the Normal School, to be placed in the office, elevator and Alumni Hall.

Item 13. "Gus" wills his time honored "rep" of woman hater to Arthur Cole.

Item 14. "Kelly" bestows upon Lilliam Phillips her book entitled "The Flutterings of a Man's Heart," and her position of football cheer leader to Johnny Evans.

Item 15. Madge Lutes wills the gym piano to Mabel Reidy.

Item 16. "Thuzzy" wills Myron to the tender care of the Junior Class, and her position of faculty advisor to Gertrude Miller.

Item 17. Vera Carter and "Stogy" will the middle of the gym floor to Danny Regan and Bessie McDermott.

Item 18. Esther Gere bestows her gift of baby talk upon Fred Bedenk.

Item 19. Helen Hitchcock and Helen Wood will the front seat in the 1.45 German class to Prof. Van Norman to bestow upon whosoever he sees fit next year.

Item 20. Harriet and Almet will their "perfect understanding" to any two Juniors, who at any time next year may happen to be in need of it.

Item 21. "Addie" Reed wills her movie film "(Strait)" and Narrow Way", to the school as a perpetual memorial of her gratitude.

Item 22. "Ed" Finn bestows his office of Mayor of Blossburg upon Joseph Purvin.

Item 23. Paul Hettes wills his pamphlet on the Terpsichorean Art to George Squires.

Item 24. And lastly, we do make and constitute Miss Hutcheson the sole executor of this, our last will and testament, making void all others.

In witness thereof, we hereunto fix the seal of the Class of 1918, of Mansfield Normal School, this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen.

Signed, sealed and delivered by the Class of 1918, as their last will and testament in the presence of

HERBERT HOOVER,
GENERAL PERSHING,
SECRETARY BAKER
Witnesses.

Signed for the class by Donald Arnold.

CLASS PROPHECY

FREDA WILLARD

I.

Oh, a dream is a fanciful, mystical thing—
'Tis a whisper, a shadow, a river that sings—
'Tis a star-silvered stream that silently flows
Thru a dew-be-jeweled field
Where the red poppy grows.

II.

Oh, I've dreamed me a dream,
'Twas a night dark blue—
'Twas the eve when the dreams of the world come true;
'Twas the eve of the year when all that you see,
Some day in the future is sure to be.

III.

The even' was calm and the moon was bright,
And the whole world dreamed in a glory white—
When down thru the moonlight a wee fairy came
Advancing and dancing and whispered my name!
One moment she hovered on gossamer wing—
And then in a rapture she started to sing.

IV.

"Oh wonderful, beautiful night, dark blue,
Oh dream, mortals, dream, and your dreams will come true.
Oh, come with me now to the far land of dreams,
And I'll show you the pool of the silver moon-beams.
For its there in the white changing depths you will see
All that has happened, and is yet to be."

V.

Softly I knelt by the beautiful brink—
Hardly wishing or daring to think;
In the silvery depths my wondering eyes
Caught the glintings and tintings of warm summer skies;
And the fairy sang softly, "The things that you see
Some day in the future are sure to be!"
And the things that I saw on that night dark blue,
Are the things that I prophesy now unto you:

Elaine Manley was always curious to know whether she would win success in literature. Rear me! It looks as though the ink in this pond would fill big books!

In literature!—her compositions fair;
Her penmanship—but that's not here nor there,

For authors never write a decent scrawl; yes, some day she will become the celebrated writer of America.

During the days of Mansfield, Helen Price often wondered whether she would win success in art! Dear me! She may succeeed—and then again she may fail.

Who darest say? 'Tis all in her own mind,
That she success or failure has to find!

What is this? Oh, Rena always wanted to be a nurse, and I'm quite sure she might have done better had she tried, but no matter—

There's always need of loving heart and hand
To care for those who constant care demand;
And she seemed gifted with a tender heart,
Yes, I think she'll be quite fitted for that part.

Margaret Wilson was always anxious to get married and decided to answer "Yes!" to the first one who dared to proffer her the honored name he bore. Well, well, she certainly was wise and surely could with one sweet smile bewitch the bravest man; and she will choose the better part—

To reign at home, the queen of one man's heart
So you see, dear friends and classmates,
That 'twas nothing but a dream
I've been telling, however natural
And real to you it may seem;
But in this old world of wonders,
Dreams have often-times come true
So, who knows but this, my vision,
May be realized by you?

Ruth Hughes was always fond of music. Now, who would ever dream of such a thing? But, yes, she is to become Prima Donna in the Metropolitan House.

Lillian and Edna Naumann will some day occupy the Latin quarter in Rome.

Now comes a startling revelation; Gurney Matteson is to become a candidate for President of the United States.

Some day in the near future Hartley will gratify Freda's ambition and make her the wife of a "Dean", by that time Evan Williams will have completed his course in the ministry and will perform the ceremony.

There in the gleaming waters of the pool were reflected the faces of Anna Austin and Harriet Murdock, missionaries in the field of Africa, where another missionary will become famous, not in the field of religion, but in that of politics —David Davis.

And then, to my amazement, it was revealed to me that Theodore Ayres, Stanley Stogoski and Carl Merritt were to become well known Wall Street Brokers.

When at school it was Mary Young's ambition to become an actress fair, the idol everywhere. She will some day become a tragic star in Paris.

Herman Norton, soon after graduation, will become Superintendent of the Kis-Lyn Reformatory, assisted by his charming bride—Almira Spencer.

Irving Francis and William Walp will have a special addition added to their homes in order to hold their many prizes won in athletic contests.

Walter Passmore has become pre-eminent as a designer of magazine covers after his famous painting of Vida Emberger.

Esther McCarthy is to take up the unfinished work of Miss Allen and Miss Nygren at the Mansfield State Normal School, where Helen Carpenter will become famous as Preceptress of the same school; social privilege will become a thing of the past; campusing and rooming will no longer be known and the "Honor" system will reign supreme.

Ten years from now the social columns of the newspaper will contain wonderful accounts of Walton McClellan, who is almost driven to despair by the "alluring eyes of Clementine Woodmansee."

Harry McInroy, not an orator as he was in the days of old Mansfield, but a successful farmer, digging potatoes in a "Field" near Canton.

Mary Croak will some day become a wonderful aesthetic dancer in a roof garden in Philadelphia.

Now I see before me the future of one our best liked class-mates, Harriet Samuel, performing the duties of Florence Nightingale on the field of battle.

Byron always wanted to become a millionaire!
He knew not that great wealth is but a snare!
To lay up fleeting treasures on the earth
May cost him all his soul,
However he will change his plans and devote his higher self to "Pinkie."

Gus Granger will become a successful undertaker in some large city, caring for all cases cured by Dr. Navle.

In the near future women will take the place of men in the street cars and Alma Dills will be the first to prove her belief in Woman's Rights.

In the pool of glistening water I see a mammoth city by the side of which I know that New York, the nation's glory, will stand but a feeble show, on the well-known corner where Vosburg's used to be is a Fish stand, and some day behind the greasy counter Willy Walp will stand, shouting "Fish!" with all his might.

"THE CRISIS"

Our Commencement Play, the cast of which is composed entirely of members of the Senior Class and given the week of our Commencement, June 1918.

Stephen Brice	Donald Arnold
Mrs. Brice, his mother	Elaine Manley
Judge Whipple	Harry McInroy
Colonel Carvel	Clifford Balch
Virginia Carvel, his daughter	Freda Willard
Clarence Colfax	Gordon Bailey
Puss Russell	Ferieda Homet
Anne Brensmade	Vida Emberger
Maude Catherwood	Ruth Howard
Eugene Renault	Lillian Scaife
Elephalet Hopper	Walter Lippert
Carl Richter	Paul Hettes
Maurice Renault	George Navle
Jack Brensmade	Carl Merritt
Mrs. Colfax	Flora Nolan
Ephum	Gurney Matteson
Tom Catherwood	Almet Case
Nancy	Belle Horton

FAREWELL.

I.

We have come to the edge of a highway
  Where the throngs of the world go by—
Where humanity's ceaseless clammer
  Beats up to the quiet sky.
We leave thee, mother, we leave thee,
  Thy halls and thy class-rooms dear—
And the lips of thy children whisper
  A prayer, as they linger here.

II.

Help them, Mother, oh help them—
  These men of the crowded street—
Who have lost the echoes of Eden
  In the trampling of restless feet.
Let them turn in the dust of the highway
  To where, 'gainst the blue of the sky
And the sun-flooded hills thou are standing—
  Good-bye, Mother Mansfield, good-bye!

—E. M.

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